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[WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS, 1S.]

## EXEUNT AUSTRIA AND THE FOUR POINTS!

AUSTRIA has clung to the Conferences to the last moment, and to the last shred. But Time has at length put an end to them, and to her intervention as a peace-maker. These windy and empty shams collapsed on Monday last; and Count Buol—the Austrian Gladstone—the expert special pleader—the glib of tongue but the unwise of counsel—has been temporarily deprived of the opportunity of splitting straws for the bewilderment of plain men. Within the limits of his own *Chancellerie* he may continue to indite vain words and quibbles to the representatives of his master in the petty Courts of Russian Germany. In this capacity he will do little mischief, though he may cause every true Austrian to blush, that the destinies of so fine an Empire should be confided, even partially, to such incompetent direction. It is, of course, free to Austria to essay some new effort; and to reappear in the arena of diplomacy with fresh proposals. But it is also competent to England and France to decline any further parley, except with Russia direct, and on the express demand of that Power. Whether the English Ministry has the determination to assume such high ground remains to be seen; but we think it is evident, from the dreary history of these infructuous negotiations, that Viennese diplomacy has had its day; and that nothing is to be gained by any further deliberations under the auspices of such men as Buol and Bruck, or any other Austrian statesman now in office. Whatever course the British Government, in the excess of its courtesy to such a great and independent Power, may think fit to assume, the British people—whose opinions are not represented by Mr. Cobden or Mr. Gladstone, or by any other member of the hybrid Peace-at-all-price and pro-Russian party in the House of Commons, or by such degenerate Peers as Lord Grey (who ought to receive a diamond snuff-box or the Order of St. Vladimir, at the least, from the new

Czar)—has made up its mind that Austria is out of court, and that Russia herself must ask for peace before peace be again debated.

There was a time when Austrian assistance, boldly and honestly rendered to the Allies, might greatly have shortened, if it had not altogether prevented, the war. But that time is past. Austria either did not see her true policy, or, seeing it, had not courage to pursue it. She and the Four Points must therefore stand aside, and let the real business of the world proceed—as it is proceeding, and will proceed—in the Baltic and the Sea of Azoff. The Four Points are virtually defunct. Events have gone far beyond them; and the next attempt at drawing up terms of pacification will probably include Six Points, if not Seven. Point Five will be Indemnification by Russia for all the expenses incurred by France, England, Turkey, and Sardinia, in the prosecution of the war; Point Six, the restoration of the Crimea to its ancient owners; and Point Seven, the re-establishment of Poland. If the successes of the Allies and the obstinacy of Russia should lead to Point Five, Point Six will follow, and Point Seven may perhaps not lag very far behind its legitimate predecessors. How such a rearrangement of the map of Europe would suit the views or the interests of the Emperor Francis-Joseph, and his timid counsellors Buol and Bruck, it is for them, and not for the Allies, to consider. But if Austria does not at once cast in her lot with the victorious masters of the Crimea, of the Baltic, of the Black Sea, and of the Sea of Azoff, she need expect no deference or consideration, in the hour of triumph, from those whose conquest she impeded. As yet she makes no sign. She is afraid to declare herself neutral; for such a confession would be too degrading. She is afraid to declare herself the friend of Russia, for that would let loose upon her a couple of avalanches which she knows to be impending and trembling over her head;

and she is afraid to declare herself for the Allies, because they have not been strong enough to take Sebastopol, and annihilate the Russian forces in the Crimea. In one sentence;—she is afraid to take the course which she knows, and feels, and has over and over again admitted, to be the rightful one, lest the Allies should prove to be the weaker in the struggle, and she should thereby incur the vengeance of the Power which saved her from Kossuth in the day of her peril and extremity. Meantime she will, according to Count Buol, adopt what he calls “an expectant policy,” in other words, she will wait till she sees who is to be the winner. Unhappy Austria! She has thrown away a noble opportunity. She has discouraged and disgusted her friends, and given strength to her enemies—external and internal—and must bear the penalty that, sooner or later, will be exacted from her—by fate, by necessity, and by justice. Her policy is to be “expectant;” but she is pretty certain to suffer much that she does not expect, but which people out of the boundaries of her own dominions can see, if she cannot.

Yet, in considering the position in which Austria—even more blameable than her unworthy neighbour of Prussia—has managed to place herself, we would ask how it is that Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Cobden, Mr. Bright, and all the other benevolent philosophers, who speak with such horror of the miseries inflicted upon the world by the Demon of War, have no denunciations to throw at the head of Austria and Prussia? Against Russia—who provoked hostilities by her wicked ambition and rapacity—they have not a word to say. Against Austria—who, by adopting a bold policy at the commencement of the disputes, might have prevented the firing of a single gun, or the loss of a single life—they have nothing to allege. But against their own country, and against France—who have taken up arms to prevent the peace-breaker from riding rampant over all Europe—they allege all imaginable crimes. Mr. Glad-



CONSECRATION OF THE BURIAL-GROUND AT SCUTARI, BY THE BISHOP OF GIBRALTAR.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)



stone draws pathetic pictures of the unutterable cruelties of war—of its antagonism to the Christian spirit—of its murders—of its robberies—of its ruthless destruction of all that civilised and religious men hold dear; but he applies none of his blame to the aggressor. He and his Quaker friends heap all their odium upon the States who resist the evil-doer, and launch no blame against the evil-doer himself. We suppose Mr. Gladstone and his new allies pay the police-rate. Let them do so no longer, if they have faith in their own doctrine, that Russia is right and England wrong in the present struggle. In the commonwealth of nations, if their arguments be good for anything, the policeman is as bad as the murderer, and the judge and executioner are both as execrable as the assassin. But others out of their pale can denounce war with as much zeal and sincerity as they can. The so-called "Peace Party" have no monopoly of their detestation of it. All Christian and sensible men detest war; but, unlike these one-sided and fallacious reasoners, they do not shower their sympathy upon the aggressor, and confound in one common denunciation not only the Power that invades the right but the Power that defends it.

Let the constituencies of Great Britain put a mark upon the pro-Russians. Like Austria, they help to prolong the war which they dislike; but, unlike Austria, they lower the reputation of England in the eyes of the world. Austria can damage her own reputation; but that of England is beyond her reach. Mr. Gladstone, Sir James Graham, Mr. Cobden, Earl Grey, and their followers, have more power; for their words are supposed to be those of influential statesmen, and not only encourage Russia in her obstinacy, but cause foreign nations to be doubtful both of our power and of our determination. A Parliament unanimously resolved to fight it out with Russia to the last extremity would be of more value in putting an end to the war than an army of 100,000 men. The people of England have other duties to perform than those of tax-paying and finding heroes for the struggle. It is their duty to mark such men as Mr. Gladstone and other pro-Russians, and exclude them from the next Parliament. It is by no means too soon to consider that part of the question. It is time for the constituencies to stir, and to take means for being more worthily represented. A dissolution of Parliament may not be so distant as one-half of the members of the present House of Commons desires; and, when it comes, the people will be untrue to themselves if they allow a single pro-Russian to be elected to that assembly.

#### CONSECRATION OF THE BRITISH CEMETERY AT SCUTARI.

WITHIN the past month another burial-ground has been formally added to the cemeteries of Scutari, already immense, owing to the predilection which the Turks of Europe preserve for being buried in Asia—that quarter of the world in which are situated the holy cities, Mecca, Medina, Jerusalem, and Damascus. Every one who has read the charming romance of "Anastasia" will recollect how picturesquely the author has described these dreary realms. "So long and so busily," wrote the author, many years since, "has time been at work to fill this chosen spot—so repeatedly has Constantinople poured into this ultimate receptacle almost its whole contents—that the capital of the living, spite of its immense population, scarcely counts a single breathing inhabitant for every ten silent inmates of this city of the dead. Already do its fields of blooming sepulchres stretch far away on every side, across the brow of the hills and the bend of the valleys; already are the avenues which cross each other at every step in this domain of death so lengthened, that the weary stranger, from whatever point he comes, still finds before him many a dreary mile of road between marshalled tombs and mournful cypresses ere he reaches his journey's seemingly receding end; and yet every year does this common patrimony of all the heirs to decay still exhibit a rapidly-increasing size, a fresh and wider line of boundary, and a new belt of young plantations, growing up between new flower-beds of graves." The increase has continued to the present day; but the addition we have now to record has associations of redoubled gloom in this new cemetery being demanded by the necessities of war.

The ceremony of consecration took place on the 16th ult. by the Bishop of Gibraltar, the Right Rev. Dr. Tomlinson. There was little preparation for the occasion, and it was scarcely known in Pera; but our Artist chanced to pass in his way to visit a sick friend at Scutari. On the spot where the service was read by the Bishop was a platform raised about two feet from the ground, upon which was placed a desk provided with the book of prayer; at the foot was a small cushion, and near it an arm-chair, these being the only accommodations prepared for the ceremony. The several persons having assembled on the ground, a procession was formed by the clergy in their canonicals; followed by about thirty nurses from the British Hospital at Scutari, a few officers, and about a hundred soldiers in arms. The cortege having walked round the ground allotted for the cemetery (half of which is already filled with graves), the several persons grouped around the platform, which the Bishop and his assistant ascended, to read the impressive consecration service. There were few spectators of the scene; scarcely a dozen of the convalescent soldiers, who, a few minutes after the ceremony was over, might be seen crowding the cafés and wine-shops of Scutari. Had the consecration been publicly announced, it would, in all probability, have been attended by thousands from Stamboul and Pera; and the assemblage would have greatly added to the impressive character of the scene. As it was, its scant simplicity would have surprised the Turks, whose religious ceremonies approach the pomp of spectacle.

Towards the centre of the group who took part in the ceremony might be recognised Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who was evidently much impressed by the solemnity of the occasion, and the sad recollections to which it gave rise. Amidst the nurses surrounding the clergy might be seen Lady Redcliffe and her daughters.

In our Artist's Sketch, nothing is seen of Scutari; but the magnificence of the distant view is brought into vivid contrast with this new home of the dead. On the left lies the Sea of Marmora, busy with ships, steamers, and men-of-war. In the opposite direction extend the heights of Galata, and far in the extreme horizon may be discerned the tower of that suburb. Among the other interesting objects shown in the View are Seraglio Point, the points of St. Sophia and Achmet's mosques, cypresses, and the square tower of the Old Seraglio; the broken line was admirably set off by the deep red tints of the setting sun.

"TOO WIDE AWAKE FOR THE BRITISHERS."—When the *Driver* was sent in to Balthic Port, to serve the vessels lying there with the official notice of the blockade, she found among others an American barque called the *Sammy Appleton*, of Boston, U.S., a fine craft of about 900 tons register, whom she also served with a warning to clear out within six days. A day or two afterwards the *Driver*, being out cruising, fell in with this very same American, and an officer of the *Driver* was sent on board to examine the ship's papers. They were found perfectly in order, whereupon the officer demanded to see the bills of lading. The American captain objected to this, and began to make difficulties, which excited the suspicion of the British officer, so he insisted on their production, which was at length complied with, and from which it appeared that the *Sammy Appleton* had just landed at Balthic Port 50,000 rifles and 10,000 revolvers, besides about 800 cwt. of cotton, as the ostensible part of the ship's cargo. "Oh! oh! you have been landing rifles, have you, my friend?" quoth the Lieutenant. "Now we'll just search your hold, and taking the carpenter of the *Driver* with him, as usual in such cases, he proceeded to examine and ransack the hold of the American ship, but without finding anything suspicious. "You may thank your stars, my man," said the Lieutenant to the Skipper, when the search was concluded, "that I found no arms on board your vessel; for had there been one single rifle more than the number of hands on board, you would have been nabbed, as sure as my name is—"  
"Ah, I calculate I was too wide awake for you Britisners this time," said the Yankee, chuckling with delight; "and I reckon I'm on the safe side of the hedge now." Nothing could be done, and the *Driver* beat her way off. I may add that the *Sammy Appleton* entered the Sound on the 16th of March, and arrived at Balthic Port on the 12th of April.—*Letter from Madrid.*

#### FOREIGN AND COLONIAL NEWS.

##### FRANCE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Thursday.

SUMMER has decided on paying us another visit; how long she means to remain, if she intends starting again in a day or two, or taking up her abode for the season, of course we cannot pretend to say; but, wisely profiting by the proverb that tells us to make hay while the sun shines, Parisians and foreigners alike turn the sunshine to account, and the streets, boulevards, gardens, and promenades, are alive with *fâneurs*, native and imported, and Paris looks even gayer than is its wont to do in June. A hint *en passant*. Stranger, you who wish to behold the city of sights, this paradise of idlers, for itself, come not in "the season," when the sunshine is, like that of the North Pole, visible at midnight, and confines itself to *salons* and theatres; come in May or early June, when the Parisian lives out-of-doors, and every street—let alone the Tuilleries, Champs Elysées, Luxembourg, &c.—boasts some verdure, some shade, some gusts of lilac breath, some hint of the country, something to brighten and freshen the especially dingy and dirty aspect it has been wearing for so many months; for, apart from the great places and thoroughfares contained within a comparatively small limit, the rest of this mighty metropolis presents anything but a *riant* physiognomy.

The King of Portugal is greatly fêted here. It is said that a splendid reunion is to take place in his honour—at St. Cloud, if the weather be favourable; at the Tuilleries, in the contrary case.

It is, we believe, decided, or nearly so, that the Palace of St. Cloud is to be offered to Queen Victoria during her stay; the Elysée was the residence first intended for her, but it appears that the Emperor, considering the situation of St. Cloud much more likely to suit the tastes of her Majesty, in affording her constant opportunities and considerable space for enjoying air and exercise, has been led to the latter choice. The Empress, we are told, takes the utmost interest in the preparations in progress of this reception, and superintends them in person. Her Imperial Majesty has ordered a *ceinture* in diamonds, which she purposes presenting to the Queen.

The King of Sardinia is also expected in Paris, and it appears now but little likely that the Emperor and Empress will be able to execute their plan of a visit to Biarritz, as was proposed.

Since the price has been reduced, the influx of visitors to the Exposition Universelle has enormously increased. The erection of an immense fountain, and placing brown holland, which is to be continually watered, within the glass roof, will, it is hoped, prove some safeguard against the intense heat, which is so much complained of; though the latter plan will have the effect of making the lower compartments of the building extremely dark—a disadvantage from which many of them suffer already. If these means be found insufficient, it is probable that the project of a Belgian—Dr. Van Hecke—will be adopted for establishing a means of ventilation. There is little diminution of the discontent felt against the Company of the Exhibition, and new grounds of complaint daily arise. Among other summary proceedings on the part of the *employés*, that of declining to give change is one. Last Sunday—the four-sous day—two acquaintances of the writer, going together, put down a franc; the money-taker immediately slipped the coin into the box and compelled them to pass on, despite their remonstrances, minus the twelve sous due to them. When, on the occasion of one of his late visits, the Emperor expressed his intention of defraying the expenses of the free day, for the benefit of the *ouvrier* class, the Company made objections to the arrangement commencing so soon as the Emperor proposed, stating that the first of these occasions, being still in the month of May, would deprive them of the full receipt of some of their five-franc days. His Majesty immediately replied that that difficulty should be obviated, as he would indemnify them according to the measure of their most profitable day since the opening of the Exhibition. It appears that the Prince Napoleon pays the utmost attention to the complaints made by the exhibitors, and endeavours, as far as possible, to remedy the evils they represent.

On Monday took place at the Champs de Mars a magnificent review, before the King of Portugal. The troops from Versailles, St. Germain, and nearly all the garrisons within a few leagues of Paris, were assembled to take part on the occasion; and, the weather being beautiful, the affair went off brilliantly.

Horace Vernet, whom the Paris journals reported as having gone to Frohsdorf, to paint an equestrian portrait of the Duke de Bordeaux, has not yet left Paris for that purpose, in consequence of being retained as yet by his numerous works in hand. It is stated as a positive fact that the Comte de Paris has definitively given in his adhesion to the *branche aînée*.

Negotiations have been going on to arrange that the post of *première dame d'honneur* should be held by the Duchess de G—, whose name, besides that of her late husband, was one of those most conspicuous at the Court and in the exile of Charles X.; and a place about the person of the Empress was designed for her daughter. The Duchesse has, however, declined, on the plea of her health having for some time been precarious.

Nothing can exceed the brilliant triumphs of Mme. Ristori, the star of the *troupe* acting at the Italian Opera. From the beginning of these representations her popularity has been gradually growing; but in Alfieri's tragedy of "Mirra" it has reached its height. Mme. Ristori is, in this chef-d'œuvre, no mere actress, nor does she resort to any of the stage-tricks or stage-aids supposed here and elsewhere to be necessary to stage-effect. She is the woman, not the tragedian; she loves and suffers; she feels—not feigns—remorse, horror, passion, despair, jealousy; all these work their traces on her face, whose muscles are not masked with paint and lard; she carries the audience—breathless, palpitating—through every shade, every cadence, of growing horror, till her death sets loose their emotions in tears and cries. Rarely, indeed, has a French public manifested the enthusiasm with which this great tragedian has been received; and long will the impression she has made on it be remembered. It appears that, by *ordre supérieure*, M. de Rouvière is to be engaged at the Théâtre Français, to play in the "Hamlet" of MM. Alex. Dumas and Paul Meurice.

#### THE CARLIST INSURRECTION.

A telegraphic despatch from Madrid, of June 2nd, announces a signal defeat of the Aragonese Carlists on the 31st ult. Disposing his force in five columns, General Gurrea made a sort of battue of the enemy, who was stationed in some broken ground called Los Valles. A number of Carlists were killed, and the routed remnants gave themselves up in great numbers. The General expresses his conviction that the Carlist insurrection in Aragon will speedily be at an end. Three of the chiefs were taken or killed. One of these fought hand to hand with a Major of the Carabiniers, and wounded him, but was himself slain. This is an important blow; the more so, at this particular moment, that it will probably act as a check upon the Carlists in other provinces, who will be less disposed to take the field now that the stanchness of the troops, the loyal feeling among the Nationals, and the little they can expect from the nation in general, has been proved by recent occurrences in Aragon.

The Gazette of June 2nd contains a Royal order authorising the provincial deputation of Toledo to raise, in case of necessity, bands of musketeers for the defence of the province, and to purchase 500 muskets for the National Guard.

The Government has applied to that of Portugal to send the Carlists there resident, who have approached the frontiers, into the interior of the country.

The Government has ordered the Ecclesiastical Seminary at Toledo to be closed. Within its walls, a few days ago, cries were uttered of "Viva Carlos VI."

#### THE WAR IN THE CRIMEA.

A telegraphic despatch from Lord Raglan announces that the bombardment of Sebastopol recommenced on Wednesday afternoon. In a day or two we shall probably hear of some result.

The main interest of the news from the Crimea this week relates to the proceedings in the Sea of Azoff, where the flotilla of the Allies has gained signal successes. In the despatches from General Raglan, Admiral Lyons, and Admiral Bruat, which will be found in another column, full particulars are given of the taking of Kertch. Since the date of those despatches we have only the meagre reports received by telegraph, but they are explicit enough as to the leading facts. After taking possession of Kertch and Yenikalé, the fleet proceeded to Genitchi, landed a body of seamen and marines, and, after driving the Russian force from the place, destroyed all the dépôts and vessels laden with corn and supplies for the enemy. In this affair one man only was wounded. On the 26th ult., the Allied flotilla having appeared before Berdiansk, the enemy set fire to four of their steamers and to some large storehouses. On the following day the Bay of Arabat was visited, but no vessel was seen. The fleet exchanged a brisk cannonade with the forts, and one of its shells blew up a powder-magazine. Altogether, the enemy has lost, in four days, an immense quantity of provisions, four war-steamers, and 240 vessels employed exclusively in provisioning the troops in the Crimea.

The *Oest. Deutsche Post* of Vienna, in the following passage, takes a rather different view of our successes in the Crimea from that which Mr. Cobden gives in his speech of Tuesday night:—

The conquest of Kertch and Yenikalé is perhaps more important than the occupation of Perekop would be. It was long thought, but erroneously, that the Russians received all their reinforcements by the isthmus of Perekop, and it is only during the progress of the campaign in the Crimea that the Allies have discovered that the Emperor Nicholas had caused bridges to be constructed over the Palus Meotis, by means of which the Russian army received the greater number of its reinforcements and its supplies of provisions. When masters of the Sea of Azoff, the Allied vessels will without difficulty be able to destroy these bridges which connect the fetid lagoons of the Guloje More. The consequences of that conquest will soon be felt by the Russians. It is more particularly the cavalry concentrated in the Crimea that will be the first to suffer. Their number is estimated at 40,000, exclusively of the horses of the artillery. The quantity of forage required for so large a number of horses was drawn almost exclusively from the south-eastern part of Russia. The closing of this road will soon compel the Russians to reduce the force of their cavalry, which now gives them so great an advantage over the Allies.

The whole of the correspondence between the Governors of Kertch and the military authorities, together with the archives of the place for many years, were found floating in the harbour by a midshipman of the *Royal Albert*, and are safe in the possession of the English. From these it appears that the want of provisions was much felt in the Crimea, bread having risen to double its former price. A letter was found from the Russian Commander-in-Chief, ordering the immediate preparation of an hospital for 16,000 sick and wounded—a proof that the Russians expect not only an unhealthy season, but a bloody campaign.

Accounts from Simpheropol and Karasu-Bazar, which lies nearly halfway between the former town and Kaffa, state that the families of the Russian employes and soldiers are abandoning Taurida, under the pretence of the dearth of provisions, but in reality from a fear that the whole of the Crimea will be conquered. Letters from St. Petersburg state that for some time past orders have been given not to send any more troops into the Crimea, in order not to cause too much difficulty in providing supplies for them, and also in order not to sacrifice there all the picked troops of the Russian army.

A despatch from General Pelissier gives some details of the brilliant victory on the 22nd and 23rd ult. On the night between the 21st and 22nd the French attacked the Russian ambulances situated on their extreme left, in front of the Central Bastion. The Russians made an eager defence, and the works were taken and retaken five times. On the morning of the 22nd the enemy's artillery forced the French to retire; but the night following our allies attacked the works again and carried them. The loss of the French amounted to 600 killed and 2000 wounded; that of the Russians was estimated at 1500 killed and 6000 wounded. General Pelissier states that 1200 dead bodies were given up to the Russians during a short truce which he granted.

Two days after this victory the Allies took possession of the heights of the Tchernaya, the enemy making no resistance. The occupation of these heights is an immense progress towards the complete investment of Sebastopol, which may now indeed be regarded as a doomed city. The enemy are driven to a still greater distance from the besieged place. They are reduced to act on the defensive, and we have begun a series of offensive operations which, according to all probability, will soon lead to a pitched battle.

The *Vienna Wanderer* contains an interesting article on the late proceedings in the Crimea, and the change which is likely to take place in the operations of the Allies:—

It appears evident (says the *Wanderer*) from the events which have lately occurred in the peninsula, that the conquest of Sebastopol will be no longer left to the chances of a storm, but that every strategical combination will be adopted, the better to ensure success.

As soon as the Allies have firmly established themselves in Kertch, Arabat and Theodosia will probably become points of operation, as both lie exposed to simultaneous attacks by land and by sea. The distance of these two points from each other is somewhat over four German miles (about eighteen English), while the tongue of land lying between Arabat and the southern coast does not exceed three German miles (about thirteen English) in width.

The communication between Arabat and Genitchi, the narrow tongue of land which runs up from Arabat to the north coast to the Sea of Azoff, skirting the Putrid Sea—can easily be stopped without the assistance of any land forces, and for this purpose a couple of ships would be amply sufficient; and it is a question whether the Black Sea fleet does not possess a sufficient number of gun-boats and light vessels to enable the Allies to advance up the Putrid Sea as far as Perekop, and cut off all connection between the Crimea and the main land.

A great number of roads, having different directions, stretch from Kertch and Yenikalé—some leading to the south, some to Simpheropol and Sebastopol, and some to Eupatoria and Perekop; but the most important of them all is the one which passes over Karasu Bazar, and connects Theodosia with Simpheropol. This road is the best kept, and passes through the finest districts, skirting the north of the Taurian mountains. Should the Allies be successful in passing victoriously along this road, as seems to be their plan, the Russian forces will find themselves shut up between two armies, with no line of retreat open to them but that which was followed by the Allies in their first advance into the Crimea. The importance, in such a case, of the position of Eupatoria is at once evident to all.

The distance between Simpheropol and Sebastopol, with Bagtcheserai in the middle, is between eight and nine German miles (about twenty-nine English miles), and in this district, most probably, a great battle will take place, for the retreat from Kertch is a sufficient proof that the Russians do not feel themselves sufficiently strong to divide the forces which are concentrated there, in order to meet an advancing foe. All these ideas are based upon the assumption that the Allies have a sufficiently strong cavalry corps, and that baggage trains and field artillery are ready at command; for, as the expedition moves further from the coast, they can no more count upon the support of the ships, and the force employed must not number less than from 30,000 to 50,000 men.

#### DRIVING BACK THE RUSSIANS.

The advance against Tchorgun took place at daybreak on the 25th ult., and the object was secured without any loss to the Allies. The French troops, in the course of the previous morning, had struck their large tents, and substituted the small *tentes d'abri*, and soon after midnight commenced to leave their several encampments for the purpose of forming and concentrating near to the entrance of the plain. Just before daybreak on the 25th the advanced body were within a thousand yards of the square redoubt on the side of the hill to the north of the opening forming the valley of Tchorgun. The cavalry occupied a position on the plain, and the reserve of French and Ottoman troops stretched back as far as Balasclava.

General Canrobert commanded on the field; but General Pelissier superintended the operations from a projecting height on the right flank, near the Canrobert Redoubt. The force altogether comprised about 20,000 men, and included the division of British cavalry, a Sardinian division, and about 5000 Turks. Daylight no sooner exposed the approach of the Allied force than the enemy ran in all directions. The large redoubt was attacked at the point of the bayonet, just as the first tints of morning were visible; but, contrary to all expectation, the guns had been all removed. A few detachments alone guarded the work. On pushing up the hill to a shelving plain where the enemy had cut a series of zig-zags and intrenchments, it was equally found to be abandoned. The troops which had



retired made a slight opposition from the side of a neighbouring height, but a few discharges of shells and grape compelled them to fly. At the same time that this transpired on the left of the Tchernaya, other troops had advanced on the right, and gained possession of a low mamelon and ridge commanding the village itself. No opposition was offered, and a few rounds of grape and some shells were discharged into the woods above the village to complete the disorder of the troops who were escaping. The enemy kept up a very active fire from the batteries on the side of the Ikerman mountain, but the shells usually burst half-way in the air, and the shot, though falling as far as the redoubt near Tchorgun, failed to do any execution. Some prisoners were taken, and also a number of horses, and some sheep and cattle. Such was the hurry in which the troops quartered in the village had escaped, that many had left portions of their dress behind, and in a few instances articles of considerable value. It is stated that part of the force quartered during the winter at Tchorgun had only been lately withdrawn to the entrenched position of the army of the north, and that some of the troops had left immediately after the departure of the expedition towards Kertch.

After fully reconnoitring the heights around Tchorgun, and also the line of hills in a direction towards Khutor Mackenzie, on one side, and Kamara, on the other, the French General withdrew his main body to the Chersonese side of the Tchernaya; occupying, however, with his outposts the high points near the opening of the valley of Tchorgun, and commanding possession of a portion of the river. It is an important advantage to gain, for the present, the supply of water; and, moreover, this advance is one step in the direction to which the future movements of the several armies will be carried.

Several Cossack videttes made their appearance during the day, and it was reported that the enemy was collecting a force upon Tchorgun. The whole of the Balaclava valley, and the low rounded hills separating it from the Tchernaya valley, are now included within our position.

#### THE WAR IN CIRCASSIA.

Simultaneously with the news of the taking of Kertch, Genitchi, and other Russian strongholds on the Sea of Azoff, we learn that the Russian army on the Circassian coast is thoroughly disorganised. At the commencement of the year the only garrisons retained in that country were Anapa and Soujak-Kalé, or Novorossisk. Regarding the latter place, a recent number of the *Invalide Russe* contained the following statement:—

Since the telegraphic despatch from Sebastopol of the 12th, a report, dated from Taman of the 6th, has been received from General Khomontoff on the effects of the bombardment of Novorossisk by the Allied fleets on the 12th of March last. General Khomontoff had inspected the fortifications of Novorossisk and of Anapa, and found them in good order, and the troops full of ardour and ready to receive the enemy. The former place has received but little injury.

A letter from Odessa, of the same date, gives a rather different picture of the state of things in the Russian fortress. It says:—

Before the war began, our letters from Novorossisk used to arrive in three days; they are now two months coming round by the wearisome land route. According to our last accounts, General Serebrinkoff, who commands there, intended to give up the station and evacuate the fort. The garrison is kept incessantly on foot, and harassed out of life by the mountain people, who swarm round it like bees.

And now, from Constantinople, we learn that at a military council, held at Batoum on the 2nd of May, the Turkish Commander in Chief proposed certain measures, which were unanimously accepted. It appears that the army of Batoum is to march along the coast of Circassia, and, after laying siege to Soujak-Kalé, to advance against Anapa, and from thence cross over to the Crimea. The head-quarters of the army, consequently shifted to Soujak-Kalé, where all the Abaza chiefs between Socha and Tchurookan had already arrived. The mountaineers pledge themselves to furnish a force of 40,000 men, to be actively employed when the army takes the field.

The latest despatch from the Crimea brings the welcome intelligence that the Russians have abandoned Soujak-Kalé, and concentrated their forces at Anapa, which they will soon be forced to surrender. The following are the despatches referred to:—

Sebastopol, June 3.

Everything is going on satisfactorily.

Captain Moore had arrived from Circassia, with the intelligence that Soujak-Kalé was evacuated on the 28th May. The Russians had burnt the principal buildings, and abandoned sixty guns and six mortars, having first rendered them unserviceable.

The enemy appears to be concentrating at Anapa, and to be strengthening his works there. The fort on the road between Soujak-Kalé and Anapa is also evacuated.

In addition to the above encouraging news, recent letters from the East state that General Mouraviev, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian detached army of the Caucasus, is in great want of reinforcements; that to supply their lack he is attempting to raise troops by voluntary enlistment from among the Armenian population; and that he is at the same time endeavouring to negotiate a suspension of hostilities with Schamyl.

#### THE BALTIC FLEET

On the 28th ult. the fleet was at anchor some eighteen miles from Cronstadt. It consisted of thirteen sail of the line, two frigates, eight gun-boats, and two or three paddle-steamers. The steamers were all out foraging, and had taken a great many coasting-vessels, of little value, except the *Magicienne* and *Merlin*, which, in company, captured four vessels, having on board provisions of all sorts—such as flour, sugar, &c.—which they value *en masse* at £5000. Whenever our vessels appear in the neighbourhood of any of the Russian coast the indefatigable enemy is always on the *qui vive*, and down comes artillery, cavalry, and riflemen, who open fire the moment they see the slightest hope of damaging us. The *Drogon's* boats got rather too near on one occasion. Fortunately no one was hurt, though they opened a pretty warm fire on them. The *Orion* has been in to reconnoitre. She reports that the Russian fleet in Cronstadt consists of six line-of-battle ships, ready for sea; six nearly so; thirteen apparently fitted as floating batteries, and eight steamers of a large size, besides gun-boats, which could not be counted. The scout steamers keep arriving with coasting-vessels in tow. The French squadron, which had left Kiel, was daily expected to join the English fleet. The fast Russian steamer, which was so saucy last year, has not shown herself as yet.

#### AMERICA.

The Cunard steamer *Asia*, which left New York on the 22nd ult., arrived at Liverpool last Saturday night. The political news is not of much importance.

A correspondent of the *New Orleans Delta*, writing from Tampico, under date of April 30th, says that the commercial relations between the United States and Mexico are far from satisfactory to the Americans, and that the United States' Minister, the Hon. James Gadsden, has protested to the Prime Minister of Santa Anna against the numerous special concessions which Santa Anna has granted to certain European houses for the introduction of seven or eight cargoes of foreign dry goods on the Pacific coast, at thirty per cent less than the rates by the established tariff.

The latest dates from Venezuela are up to the 1st of May. President Moragas had sent a message to Congress complaining of hostile measures adopted by the Government of New Granada in extending its jurisdiction over Venezuelan territory, or, at least, over territory in dispute between the two Republics, and Congress had invested the President with dictatorial powers, authorising him to raise an army of 50,000 men, call out the national militia, and negotiate a loan of 4,000,000 dollars to carry on a war against New Granada.

The *New York Herald*, referring to some news it publishes from Great Salt Lake, says:—

Colonel Steptoe has failed in bringing to punishment the Indian murderers of Captain Gunnison and party, solely through the duplicity of the Mormons, who, it appears, take every opportunity to impress upon the minds of the savages the idea that the Mormons and the Americans are two distinct people. This is done with the ulterior design of forming a league against the United States' authorities in case of any attempt by the Government to abridge the power of the Mormon leaders. It is reported that Colonel Steptoe has declined the Governorship of Utah Territory, and that Chief Justice Kinney has been offered the appointment.

There is no later news from California than that received by the *Northern Light*. The question of dividing the present territory of California into three distinct States—to be called California, Colorado, and Shastan—has been discussed in the Legislature. It was stated that, if the decision were accomplished, the introduction of slavery would not be permitted.

A very important despatch from Sir George Grey was laid before the Legislative Council of Canada on the 14th ult., in which the whole of the Imperial property in the colony is made over to the province, with the exception of such of the Ordnance lands at Quebec, Montreal, and Kingston, as may be required for military purposes, the Imperial Government still intending to retain these posts in its own hands, as a nucleus for the defence of the country.

### IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

(Continued from page 579.)

#### HOUSE OF COMMONS.—WEDNESDAY.

The Public Libraries and Museums Bill, and another bill of the same kind for Ireland, passed through Committee.

#### MAYNOOTH COLLEGE.

Mr. Serjeant O'BRIEN resumed the adjourned debate on the Maynooth question. He reminded the House that the British Government had taken away the means of education from the Irish Catholics, and had forced them to endow seminaries of education in France, and other places on the Continent, all of which were confiscated by the French Revolution. As British subjects, therefore, they had lost property which their own Government had forced them to invest in another country. He contended, therefore, that the present Maynooth Grant had something in it of the character of restitution. He deprecated the renewal of these discussions as calculated to embitter the feelings of large bodies of the community towards each other.

Mr. WHITESIDE entered into a lengthened narrative of the origin of Maynooth, and maintained, on the authority of several Roman Catholic authorities, that the education given in that institution was little more than a name. He argued further that the heads of the College, contrary to their promise, had established Jesuitism in the College, and that the books in Maynooth library and the publications of the Maynooth professors inculcated doctrines abusive of Protestantism and contrary to law.

Mr. KEOGH excited some amusement by showing that Professor Murray, whose writings had come under the censure of Mr. Whiteside, had very probably drawn down upon him the wrath of the hon. and learned gentleman by expressing in the same work a contemptuous opinion of Mr. Whiteside's talents, calling him a "Parliamentary winds bag." He admitted that the institution was faulty, and required amendment, and he for one would most willingly join in the attempt to reform its abuses; but Mr. Newdegate did not propose reform; he wanted to abolish it altogether. If so, he wished to know where the Roman Catholic clergy were to be educated? No one could suppose that the Catholic religion would be extinguished if this motion were carried. There must, then, be a Catholic priesthood; and how were they to be educated?

Mr. T. CHAMBERS contended that Maynooth, as at present constituted, was an Ultramontane institution; and that to abolish it would be a measure favourable to the liberties of the Irish Catholic Church. He was satisfied that those who were opposed to the continuance of Maynooth were the best friends of the Irish people.

On the motion of Mr. MAGUIRE, the debate was adjourned till Wednesday, the 27th inst.

#### HOUSE OF LORDS.—THURSDAY.

Lord LYNCHURST called the attention of the Government to the number of offences committed lately by ticket-of-leave men, and expressed a hope that something would be done to protect the public from what appeared to him to be an evil full of danger to society.

The LORD CHANCELLOR said that the subject had been some time under the consideration of the Home Secretary.

#### CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BILL.

The LORD CHANCELLOR, in moving the recommitment of the Cambridge University Bill, entered into a detail of the amendments which he proposed to introduce into the measure, which, in the main, would meet the views of a learned deputation that had waited upon him lately—and also those contained in a petition recently presented from the members of the University upon this subject.

Lord LYNCHURST said that the amendments proposed were of so exclusive a nature as to require further consideration. While approving of some of those amendments, he disapproved of others.

Their Lordships having gone into Committee, the discussion of the clauses occupied the remainder of the evening.

#### HOUSE OF COMMONS.—THURSDAY.

Mr. MONSELL (in reply to Colonel Duncombe) said that, during the present week, there would be accommodation at the Curragh (Ireland) for 6000 men, and all the stores necessary for that purpose had been forwarded from the Tower.

#### PROSECUTION OF THE WAR.—ADJOURNED DEBATE.

The debate was resumed by Mr. ROEBUCK, who hoped that the war would be carried on vigorously, so that we might obtain a speedy and an honourable peace. When Sir J. Graham was a member of Lord Aberdeen's Government, he was an advocate for the prosecution of the war; and he was anxious to know what, up to the closing of the Conference at Vienna, had induced him to change his mind. Hon. members would all remember the determined course the right hon. gentleman took, and few would forget his memorable speech at the Reform Club, in which he alleged that we were to protect civilisation against barbarism, on the ground mainly that Russia was a standing menace to Turkey. Well, we went to war; and, after some time, a motion was made very imperfectly by himself (Mr. Roebuck) which led to the breaking up of Lord Aberdeen's Administration. The hon. and learned gentleman, having reviewed the conduct of Sir James Graham, asked whether Europe would have been safer, or the Turkish empire safer, if we had desisted from the war when the Russians retired from the Principalities? On the contrary, Humanity and Civilisation would have incurred a great disaster by such a step. Was it true that one single object for which the war had been set on foot had been attained? If no object had been attained, then to have desisted when we had once commenced would have brought degradation upon the country; we should have had peace, but it would have been a dishonourable peace; and we should have been weaker than when we entered upon the war (Hear, hear). Adverting to Lord John Russell, he maintained that he held language at the Conference of Vienna which was unworthy of an English Minister, and had sided with despotism in an attempt to take from an independent people the power over their own concerns. If the words "Poland, Hungary, and Italy," had been whispered in the ears of Austria, she would never have played fast and loose as she had done, but would have trembled before the spirit which had been raised up against her (Cheers). He believed the time would come when these three words would become the watchwords of freedom in Europe. He objected to the playing fast and loose which had been characteristic of the English Government. The people of England had been dragged into war by their rulers, and he did not understand how those men who sent out to English Generals that the only reply for Europe was to take Sebastopol, and to destroy the Russian fleet, could, in the months of April, May, and June of the present year, recommend that England should disregard her honour by retreating from the war. He did not believe that the noble Lord at the head of the Government was of this mind, and he hoped he would continue in a calm, bold, straightforward course, holding a determination to cripple Russia.

Mr. S. HERBERT next addressed the House in a speech similar in tone and character to that made by Sir J. Graham on Tuesday. The right hon. gentleman quoted despatches written by Sir J. Graham when at the head of the Board of Admiralty, in which that right hon. Baronet recommended the bombardment of Odessa, the capture of Kertch, and the other operations in the Sea of Azoff which had since taken place.

Mr. DRUMMOND said that the right hon. gentleman and the late First Lord of the Admiralty were, it appeared, in favour of the war when it commenced, but were now as strongly in favour of a return to peace. He (Mr. Drummond) took exactly the contrary view. He deprecated the war at the commencement of hostilities, but he was now prepared to contend that there was no other course left the Government but to proceed with the war with all the vigour possible. This was a people's war; for the people, led away by the many false reports about Russia, hounded on the Government to declare war, which the Government had not the manliness to resist. The people must now pay the consequences of this war. Two things would fortunately come out of this war—the one was there would be an end to the Mahometan power, and the other was that France would surely be the master of Constantinople (Ironical cheers and laughter).

Serjeant SHEE said that the first proposal offered by Russia was the best for our Government to have accepted—that was, for the opening of the Straits and the Bosphorus to the flags of all nations, accompanied with other arrangements, to enable those ships to be provisioned and maintained for all purposes that might be required.

Mr. ALCOCK attributed the disasters in the Crimea to the want of precautionary measures on the part of the Government. He considered, too, that the failure of the Conference at Vienna was owing to the want of success of the Allied armies against Sebastopol.

Sir H. WILLOUGHBY said that, although he could not see any hopes of peace, he yet could not assent to an amendment which stated that all means of peace had been exhausted.

Sir W. CLAY justified the course of policy pursued by the Government. Lord R. CECIL thought that the ultimatum of the Allies at the Conference at Vienna was not such as could have been accepted by Russia, and it was more insulting as it came from a noble Lord who professed to have for his object the maintenance of the honour of that country. He believed that whenever peace might be concluded it would be upon some terms arising out of the proposition of Prince Gortschakoff.

Mr. BRIGHT said, it was impossible to divine what were now the objects of the continuance of the war. They were, indeed, vaguely told by Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell that the war was for the maintenance of the liberties of Europe and the preservation of civilisation from the barbarism of Russia. This sort of mystification should not deceive them, and therefore he now asked—as we were not going to war for oppressed nationalities, and as we were not going to war for the purpose of conquest—what was it that we were continuing the war for? If the security of Turkey were the only object in view, it might be attained in various ways without the fearful sacrifices

of blood and treasure which this country was making. The slight difference between the Russian propositions and those of the Allies could not justify the prolongation of the war; more particularly as, between the two sets of proposals, those made by the Allies appeared to be the worse. The issue the House had to try was whether, under these circumstances, the Government was right in breaking off the Conference, and he had no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that it was not justified in doing so; and it was by no means surprising that Sir J. Graham, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Sidney Herbert—three of our most distinguished statesmen—should have broken away from a Government so rash and so reckless as that which was now in power. The hon. gentleman concluded a brilliant speech amidst general cheers.

On the motion of Mr. F. SCOTT the debate was again adjourned.

### OBITUARY OF EMINENT PERSONS.

#### THE DEAN OF CHRIST CHURCH.

THE Rev. Thomas Gaisford, D.D., Dean of Christchurch, died at the Deanery, Oxford, on the 2nd inst. Dr. Gaisford was a divine of great learning and of literary distinction. His life was mainly spent in the University of Oxford. He took his degree there of B.A. in 1801, as Grand Compounder, and that of M.A. in 1804, and he was appointed one of the Public Examiners in 1809. He was made Regius Professor of Greek in 1811; and in 1823 Prebendary of St. Paul's, and also Prebendary of Landaff. In 1831 he was constituted Dean of Christ Church, and had the degrees of B.D. and D.D. conferred on him by diploma in the same year. The Very Rev. Dean was also a Delegate of the Press, Fellow of the Royal Academy at Munich, and a corresponding member of the Royal Institute of France. Dr. Gaisford has appeared as the author of many classical works, printed at the University press; he held the highest position as a Greek scholar, and his death leaves a blank in that department of literature which will not easily be supplied.

Dr. Gaisford was in his seventy-seventh year. Although rough in manner, and somewhat of a strict disciplinarian, he was really a kind and amiable man, and his many sterling qualities caused him to be much beloved in his College. The Dean entertained a deep-rooted attachment to the University, and to his College in particular; no one strove more earnestly to uphold the former and to advance the latter. He was also a great friend and patron of poor students.

#### W. B. MAY, ESQ.

WALTER BARTON MAY, Esq., of Hadlow Castle, Kent, was the representative of two very old Kentish families—the Bartons, of Hadlow, and the Mays, of Tong. Among other estates, he succeeded his father, in 1825, in the property at Hadlow, near Tunbridge, then called "Court Lodge;" and, with the spirit of a Beckford, and a wish to rival the glories of Fonthill, the new possessor erected there a beautiful castellated structure, with a tower of stupendous height, which forms a striking feature of that part of Kent, and may be seen from many miles distance. To this marvellous piece of masonry Mr. May gave the name of "Court Lodge Castle;" but it has become more familiar to the public and more generally known as "Hadlow Castle." The interior of this mansion presents a magnificent display of Gothic taste and skill. Mr. May, whose devotion to the study and reproduction of the architecture of the Middle Ages formed the principal occupation of his life, was no less remarkable for his amiable disposition, his quaint and agreeable manners, and his great benevolence and hospitality. He married, in 1822, Mary, only daughter and heiress of John Porter, Esq., of Fish-hall, Kent, by whom (who survives him) he leaves issue a son and a daughter. Mr. May's only sister, who also survives him, is the present Lady Twysden, the wife of Sir William Twysden, Bart., of Royston-hall, to whom she was married the 24th March, 1831, she being then the widow of the Rev. John Bosanquet Polhill, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge. Mr. May's demise, which is deeply and generally lamented, occurred rather suddenly at Hadlow Castle, on the 31st ult.

#### LADY ROBERT SEYMOUR.

THIS venerable and estimable lady, who had completed her ninetieth year the 7th April last, was Anderlechtia Clarissa, the younger daughter of William, fourth Viscount Chetwynd. She was the second wife of Lord Robert Seymour, second son of Francis, first Marquis of Hertford, to whom she was married the 2nd May, 1806, and who died on the 23rd Nov., 1831, leaving no issue by this his second marriage. The present Viscount Chetwynd, and (by marriage) Mr. Serjeant Goulburn, are Lady Robert Seymour's nephews. Her Ladyship's demise occurred on the 3rd inst., at her house in Portland-place. Her loss is greatly deplored by all who knew her: to the poor of her parish and neighbourhood it will be irreparable, for her charities were very extensive—her residence, in Portland-place, being in fact the source of almost unbounded relief to the distressed.

**WILLS AND PERSONALTY.**—The will of the Right Hon. Montagu Bertie, Earl of Abingdon, Lord Norreys, and Baron of Bycote, was proved in London, under £10,000 personally; Lieut.-General John Woulfe, H.E.I.C., £7000 personally; George Bellas Greenough, Esq., F.R.S., F.L.S., F.G.S., £10,000; Richard John Marker, Esq., Uffulme, Devon, £60,000; John George Fernin, Esq., £60,000; Charles Oatfield, Esq., Bournemouth, £60,000; Charles Vasey, Esq., Hummingdoushire, £20,000; Rev. W. Peart, Windsor, £20,000.

**A SKIRMISH OFF KERTCH.**—As we anchored a most exciting scene was taking place towards the westward. One of the enemy's steamers ran out of the bay of Kertch, which was concealed from our view by the headland on which Pavlovskaya and the battery of Cape Burnu are situated, and was running as hard as she could for the Straits of Yenikale. She was a low schooner-rigged craft, like a man-of-war, and for a long time it was uncertain whether she was a Government vessel or not. The gun-boat dashed after her across the shallows, and just as she passed the cape two Russian merchantmen slipped out and made towards Yenikale also. At the same moment a fine roomy schooner came bowling down with a fair breeze from Yenikale, evidently intending to aid her consort and despising very likely the little antagonist which pursued her. The gun-boat flew on and passed the first merchantman, at which she fired a shot by way of making her bring to. The forts of Kertch instantly opened, and shot after shot splashed up the water near the gun-boat, which still kept intrepidly on her way. As the man-of-war schooner bowled down towards the Russian steamer, the latter gained courage, slackened her speed, and lay to, as if to engage her enemy. A sheet of flame and smoke rushed from the gun-boat's side, and her shot flying over the Russian tossed up a pillar of water far beyond her. Alarmed at this taste of her opponent's quality, and by the sudden intimation of her tremendous armament, the Russian at once took to flight, and the schooner wore and bore away for Yenikale again, with the gun-boat after both of them. On the narrow straits between Yenikale and the sandbank, which runs across from the opposite land, a great number of gun-boats and a small craft were visible, and, as the English gun-boat ran up towards them, a Russian battery opened on her from the spot in which the town is situated. One of her consorts, however, which had followed her early in the chase, was now close at hand, and the gun-boats dashed at their enemies, which tacked, wore, and ran in all directions, while the gun-boats chased them as a couple of hawks would harry a flock of larks. The action with the forts became very sharp, and the Russian forts on the sandbank began to take part in the unequal contest. Sir Edmund Lyons, however, soon sent off the light steamers and disposable gun-boats to reinforce the two hardly little fellows, and the French steamers also rushed up to the rescue. The batteries on the sandbank were not silenced without some trouble, but at last they blew up their magazines, and the forts of Yenikale followed their example. The gun-boats kept up a running fight along the coast till it was dark. At about half-past six the batteries in the bay of Kertch ceased firing, the Russians blew up their works, and abandoned the town. Dark pillars of smoke, tinged at the base with flame, began to shoot up all over the hill sides. Some of them rose from the Government houses and the stores of Ambalaki (where we landed), which were set on fire; others from isolated houses further inland; others from stores which the retreating Russians must have destroyed in their flight. Constant explosions shook the air, and single guns sounded here and there continuously throughout the night. Here a ship lay blazing on a sandbank on the left; a farmhouse in flames lighted up the sky on the right, and obscured the pale moon with volumes of inky smoke.—*Letter from Kertch, May 25.*

**A YOUNG VETERAN.**—A letter from St. Petersburg says—"Captain Vernlov lately made his appearance in the drawing-rooms of the capital, and has excited much attention from the fact that, although he is only twenty-three years of age, he has twenty-four years of service: 1st, he has been eight years in the army; 2nd, he has served six months at Sebastopol, and as, according to an order of the Cabinet of the Emperor Nicholas, each month's service there is to count as a year, his six months are equivalent to six years, which gives fourteen years in all; 3rd, he wears the order of St. Anne and of Vladimir, the cross of the order of St. George, and has a sabre of honour, which reckon for ten years more; and in that way he makes up the twenty-four years. Strange to say, although this officer has been in twelve sorties, he has never received a wound."

**A HINT TO PARENTS.**—Mr. Chadwick, speaking of the female school-teachers of the Government Schools of Art in his last pamphlet, says:—"The females have been so far advanced in mental power and influence as to have been lost to the service by matrimonial engagements obtained with exceeding rapidity. To avoid these losses plainer candidates were selected for training; but they, too, have obtained preference as wives to a perplexing extent."

The following distinguished Americans are at present in Paris:—The Hon. Mr. Dodge, Minister to Spain; the Hon. Mr. O'Sullivan, Minister to Portugal; the Hon. Mr. Cass, Minister to Rome; the Hon. Mr. Belmont, Minister to the Hague; the Hon. Mr. Fay, Minister to Switzerland. Mr. Van Buren, ex-President, is on the point of leaving Paris for the United States.





THE HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE, SYDENHAM (EAST NAVE).—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NEGRETTI AND ZAMBRA.—(SEE PAGE 582.)





THE FOUNTAINS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, SYDENHAM.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NEGRETTI AND ZAMBRA.—(SEE PAGE 582.)



SUNDAY, June 10.—1st Sunday after Trinity.  
MONDAY, 11.—St. Barnabas. Roger Bacon died, 1294.  
TUESDAY, 12.—Trinity Term ends. Wat Tyler killed, 1381.  
WEDNESDAY, 13.—Battle of Marengo, 1800.  
THURSDAY, 14.—Battle of Saragossa, 1809.  
FRIDAY, 15.—Magna Charta signed, 1215.  
SATURDAY, 16.—Duke of Marlborough died, 1722.

Sunday.		Monday.		Tuesday.		Wednesday.		Thursday.		Friday.		Saturday.	
M	A	M	A	No	A	M	A	M	A	M	A	M	A
h m	h m	h m	h m	No	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
11 34	11 39	11 39	11 43	7 54	8 57	9 53	1 15	1 38	2 1	2 21	2 43	3 3	3 3

of discouragement which he evidently experienced, was quite a triumph enough, if any one was present to whom such a triumph could be acceptable.

We have not ourselves but little space to comment upon the speech of Mr. Cobden—that arch-agitator, who now condenses agitation; that prince of demagogues, who, having served his own purpose in stirring up the passions of the crowd, disparages the popular intellect which he formerly extolled, and reads lessons of Conservatism in favour of that aristocracy against which, at the same time, he was delighted to hurl his denunciations. Mr. Cobden sees through coloured spectacles. All that his country deems wrong: even the capture of Kertch and the evacuation of

THE office of Counsel to the Admiralty, vacated by Mr. Phillips, will be filled by Mr. A. C. C.



## THE COURT.

The Court has remained in London during the past week, and the Royal race meeting at Ascot, for the first time for several years, has wanted the éclat invariably attending her Majesty's presence.

On Saturday his Royal Highness Prince Albert went to Sydenham, to inspect the Floricultural Show at the Crystal Palace. The Queen and the Prince took a drive in the afternoon; and in the evening her Majesty honoured the Royal Italian Opera with her presence. The Prince Consort presided, on the same evening, at the annual dinner of the officers of the Grenadier Guards, at Grillon's Hotel, and afterwards joined her Majesty at the Opera.

On Sunday the Queen and Prince Albert, with the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, Prince Alfred, and the Princess Alice, the Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, and the Princesses Adelaide and Feodora of Hohenlohe, attended Divine service in the private chapel of the Palace. The Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor officiated, and administered the holy communion.

On Monday Prince Albert, accompanied by the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred, went to Eton for the purpose of hearing the speeches of the Eton scholars. On the return of the Prince to London her Majesty and his Royal Highness visited the Duchess of Gloucester, at Gloucester-house. In the evening the Queen had a dinner party, the company at which included the Duchess of Kent, the Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg and the Princess Adelaide of Hohenlohe, Count Persigny (the French Ambassador), the Duke and Duchess of Atholl, the Marquis of Ely, Earl Spencer, the Earl and Countess of Clarendon, Viscount Torrington, Viscount and Viscountess Folkestone, the Right Hon. Sir Richard Pakenham, and Major-General Sir Frederic Smith.

On Tuesday the Queen and Prince Albert went to Gore-house, Kensington-gore, to inspect the Exhibition of Works of Ornamental Art. Lord Stanley of Alderley, President of the Board of Trade, was in attendance. Her Majesty and his Royal Highness drove out during the afternoon, and in the evening honoured the Princess' Theatre with their presence.

On Wednesday the Queen held a Privy Council at Buckingham Palace. The Earl of Clarendon, Lord Pannure, Viscount Palmerston, and the Earl Granville, had audiences of the Queen. In the afternoon her Majesty, accompanied by the Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg and the Princess Adelaide, took a drive in an open landau, the Prince Consort attending on horseback. In the evening the Queen had a dinner party, the company at which included the Duchess of Kent, the Hereditary Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and the Duke of Cambridge; the Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg and the Princess Adelaide of Hohenlohe; the Marquis and Marchioness of Abercorn, the Marquis and Marchioness of Headfort, the Earl of Howth, the Earl and Countess of Durham, Lord John Russell, Lord Pannure, and Lieut.-Colonel Berkeley (Scots Fusilier Guards).

On Thursday the Queen and her illustrious guests took a carriage airing during the afternoon.

The Duchess of Wellington has succeeded the Marchioness of Ely as the Lady in Waiting to her Majesty. Lord De Tabley and Sir Frederic Stovin have relieved Lord Waterpark and Mr. F. Cavendish in their duties as the Lord and Groom in Waiting to the Queen. Major-General the Hon. Charles Grey has relieved Major-General Buckley in his duties as the Equerry in Waiting to the Queen, and Captain the Hon. Dalley De Ros has relieved Captain Du Plat as Equerry in Waiting to Prince Albert.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester took a carriage airing on Wednesday, and paid visits to the members of the Royal family, at their respective residences.

The Prince and Princess Doria Pamphili have arrived at Thomas's Hotel, Berkeley-square, where they intend remaining some weeks.

The Countess of Derby gave a grand ball on Wednesday evening, the company being invited to meet the Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary.

**ROYAL VISIT TO PARIS.**—The approaching visit of the Queen of England to their city begins now to form a topic of interest in the gossip of the Parisians, and, indeed, at all the towns along the line of route. Preparations for the reception of her Majesty and the Prince Consort have been already commenced at Boulogne, where they are to occupy an extensive suite of apartments at the Hotel Brighton—at which establishment it will be recollected Prince Albert stayed during his visit to Boulogne last year, as did also the King of the Belgians and the King of Portugal. The apartments destined for the special accommodation of her Majesty are at present in process of redecoration, for it is said the Queen will stay at Boulogne a day or two, and be present at a grand review of the Army of the North. The Emperor will of course come from Paris to receive her Majesty. There are to be very gay doings, and most of the houses adjacent to the hotel are already let to families of distinction.

—Letter from Boulogne.

**DURING Prince Albert's visit to the Flower Show** a very spirited photographic likeness of him was taken in three seconds by M. Nigretti, the artist who has succeeded to the office held in the Palace by Mr. Delamotte. His Royal Highness, who seemed much pleased with the impression, took it away with him.

**THE PRESS AT GIBRALTAR.**—According to a new ordinance, no printer will be able to print any publication not previously examined and licensed by the Governor's Secretary, under a penalty of 100 dollars, to be levied by distress and sale of his goods and chattels, if not instantly paid.

**REORGANISATION OF THE MILITARY DEPARTMENTS.**—The following are some of the arrangements already completed:—Mr. Thomas Howell has been appointed Director-General of Contracts; Mr. John Robert Godley, now one of the Income-tax Commissioners, will be Director-General of Stores. No appointment has yet been made to the office of Director-General of Army Clothing, but Mr. George Dalhousie Ramsay will be Assistant Director-General of this department. Sir John Burgoyne will retain his office of Inspector-General of Fortifications; and Mr. Monsell remains Clerk of the Ordnance.

**EXTRAORDINARY MOUNTAIN ASCENTS.**—One day last week two spirited ladies from the neighbourhood of Windermere, accompanied by a gentleman from Keswick, commenced a tour from the latter place at two o'clock, a.m., and, under a strong north-east wind, attained the summit of Skiddaw to witness the rising of the sun. Here snow was observed six feet deep. After taking a little refreshment, they descended on the east side, passing Skiddaw Hayze, through the forest; thence into the Earl of Lonsdale's liberties, and so forward to Fowlcragg. Thence they ascended to the summit of Saddleback, and down Scales Fell to Scales. There they rested about four hours, and then proceeded to High-row; afterwards to Brundholm Wood, passed Greta Bank, and back to Keswick.

**DUTY ON STAGE-COACHES.**—A deputation of the metropolitan and provincial stage-coach proprietors waited on the Chancellor of the Exchequer, at his official residence, Downing-street, on Tuesday, relative to a modification of the mileage duty at present levied on stage-coaches. The deputation was introduced by General Wyndham, M.P., and was supported by the presence of Lord R. Grosvenor, M.P., and several other members of the House of Commons. Mr. Bradfield, secretary to the committee of the Stage-Carriage Association, in explaining to the right hon. gentleman the objects of the deputation, stated that, considering the present state of the revenue, a reduction of the duty one-third would be satisfactory. Mr. Williams, M.P., stated that, both in Lambeth and in the district of the Regent's-park, the public were greatly inconvenienced by the withdrawal of the omnibuses. Lord Robert Grosvenor confirmed all that had been stated in reference to the hardships of the trade, as did Mr. Aloock, M.P. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in reply, stated that he had taken a note of the prayer of the deputation, and of the grounds on which they urged it; but could not at present give them any definite answer upon the subject.

**A FRENCH SWINDLER.**—At Lambeth police-office, on Wednesday, Monich Peter Christian, alias Edward Redissant, alias Ressor, with a hundred other aliases, was brought up from Horse-monger-lane prison, and placed at the bar before Mr. Elliott, on upwards of twenty charges of impudent robbery. On taking his place at the bar the prisoner—who was fashionably dressed, and who is a remarkably showy and good-looking young man—folded his arms, and with the most perfect effrontery stared at his victims, who at the time completely crowded the court; and it was remarked by many that a more impudent impostor, not even the renowned Captain Johnson—who had swindled the poor old lady, Mrs. Stewart, out of several thousand pounds' worth of property, on a promise of marrying her—never stood in that position. When told by the magistrate that there were reasons to believe that he had not given his right name, and asked to give his correct name, his reply was—"If they have got my real name what is the necessity of asking me for it?" Some person in the body of the court here made a remark in an under tone of voice about the insolence of his manners, upon which the prisoner, turning to him, said, "Hold your tongue!" The prisoner here passed the fingers of both hands through his simple crop of jet black hair, and arranged it in the most approved style. The charges against the prisoner were very numerous:—From Miss Oliver's, St. John's-wood, he had taken plate and a writing-desk. He paid his addresses to Miss Rosa Griffiths, and made her a present of the writing-desk. From Mrs. Langdon, Camberwell, he stole a bottle, a Church of England Service, a piece of crochet-work, and seven valuable books. From Mr. Weir's, Camberwell, he stole some wearing apparel, and left, as he did elsewhere, a trunk full of firewood. From Mr. Vigers', Piccadilly, he took, while staying there for half an hour, a gold watch-chain, seal, two gold bracelets, two gold rings, and various other articles—amounting to £15, leaving the usual box of firewood. To the house of Mrs. Laurence, a widow lady at Camberwell, he "brought" a Church Service and Bible, and took away from it an eight-day skeleton clock. Several other charges were also brought forward, but the evidence being incomplete he was remanded.

A few days ago as a farmer named Gleeson was cutting turf on Shanbally bog, near Berrisokane, he dug up from a depth of twelve spits a lump of tallow about seven pounds in weight. It was quite hard, and had a yellowish tinge on the outside, but, on being scraped, showed a perfectly white interior.

## PROFESSOR SCHLAFHAUBE, OF THE UNIVERSITY

OF \*\*\*\*\*

A SKETCH FROM THE LIFE.

LAZILY runs the tide of human life—

There is no effort in our German land—

Of what avail are ceaseless toil and strife?

Is there not Time? Why move, if we can stand?

There is no object the wide world can show,

Worth English hurry, sweat, and sore distress;

Let the moons wane and wax, and come and go—

And let us Germans doze in happiness.

Why should we turn and spin in frantic haste

When we have seventy years to live and dream?

Through cloud and vapour speed is perilous waste:

Anchor the ship, there's fog upon the stream;

And let us sit and smoke the live-long day,

With deep-drawn whiffs, and drink the fattening beer;

Gazing on earth, or on the wreathlets grey

That curl above the pipes we love so dear.

Pipes! blessed pipes! There were no good on earth

Without tobacco. Give us that, and peace;

A little sunshine, and the children's mirth.

We ask no more! And if our wealth increase

Like growing corn, why let it! We are glad!

But trouble us, oh men of other climes,

No more with whistling steam and efforts mad,

That make us languish for the ancient times.

Perish the Sultan! What is he to us?

Let Russia flourish! Why should we complain?

Are we th' avengers? Work thy pleasure, Rus!

And let us smoke and sleep—and smoke again!

Firm as a rock let Germany endure;

Not like a rocket, blazing from the west;

Japan in Europe—slow, but very sure.

Oh give us pipes and peace, and let us rest!

C. M.

Dresden, April, 1855.

## FINE ARTS.

**EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF J. J. CHALON, R.A.**—A collection of pictures, drawings, sketches, &c., by the late J. J. Chalou, R.A., with the addition of a selection from the works of A. E. Chalou, R.A., has just been opened at the rooms of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c., in the Adelphi. On former occasions the Committee of this Society have devoted the use of their rooms to the display of the collected works of individual artists—Etty and Mulready, to wit; and the exhibitions thus produced have been viewed with great interest by the public. Chalou, though a man of considerable ability in his way, was not an artist of the class of either Mulready or Etty; and the present collection, though curious in some respects, is not of that importance which justly attached to the works of those eminent artists viewed as contributions to the British school. The selections from the works of A. E. Chalou, however, in a different and more attractive style, help to fill up what would otherwise be a meagre display, and, taken as a whole, this collection of some 200 pieces will not be viewed without instructive results. J. J. Chalou was a very industrious artist, and was constantly producing something—landscapes, sketches of society, scenes from romances and plays, and portraits, with now and then an attempt in the higher walks of art; but he appears towards the end of his career to have painted with less carefulness and finish than in earlier periods; and some of the productions resulting are so crude that it would have been better for his fame to have left them in the studio, or in the private collections to which they belonged, than to have brought them out for re-exhibition in association with other works which are really meritoriously executed. Amongst the latter things in this collection we may mention "Macbeth and Banquo's first sight of the Weird Sisters," apparently an early work, and one of some ambition, in which breathes something of the wild savageness of Salvator; "A View from Richmond-hill—Autumn," sunny, and richly coloured; "The Severn, from Clifton;" and "Great Marlow, from a Gravel Pit"—capital landscapes, genuine in material and colouring, and happily free from affectation. "Paris in 1818," "The Serpentine during the hard Winter of 1823," and other group-pictures of this class, are chiefly curious as examples of bygone costume. Amongst the works of A. E. Chalou we particularly notice, as good of their kind, a highly-finished Portrait of the late Princess Charlotte, the property of her Majesty; and "An Imaginary Marriage of Two Living Dwarfs," a composition of portraits, painted for the late Marquis of Lansdowne, and now the property of Miss Giffard. The large picture of the Christ—"And Herod and his men of war set him at nought and mocked him, and arrayed him in a gorgeous robe"—is ambitious in treatment, and has merit in points. But there is a weakness in the principal figure which deprives the work of the importance the subject is entitled to.

**M. MONTI'S SECOND LECTURE ON SCULPTURE.**—M. Monti delivered his second lecture on Ancient and Modern Sculpture on Wednesday evening, at his atelier in Great Marlborough-street. Having previously disposed of Egyptian and Assyrian Sculpture, he now came to Indian sculpture; which was remarkable for the display of a rich fancy, and a wide and varied application of natural objects in the elucidation of allegory. This portion of the discourse was rather mythological than purely artistic, and comprised explanations of the various Indian deities and their attributes; beginning with the four-faced Brahma, and his pedestal ornamented with the lotus. Several diagrams of effective groups from Ellora, and other places, were then produced. After which M. Monti exhibited a curious bas-relief of Indian sculpture, which he considered to be of about the fifth century, before the Christian era (and therefore about contemporary with the Parthenon), and which showed that at this early period Indian art had arrived at a very high rank. Then came, in rapid succession, specimens from Java, Burmah, China (in clay), Mexico, and Peru (in clay), which closed the review of Indian sculpture. The sculpture of the Pelagic families, whether settling in Greece, or various parts of the Mediterranean, and which preceded and led to the great achievements of pure Greek art, were then considered; the illustrations being taken from remains at Naples, Herculaneum, the temples of Egina, &c. M. Monti appears to have studied the history of his subject with great care and fulness; and the style in which he treats it is lucid and attractive.

**ONE of the Aides-de-Camp of General Pelissier** is Prince Polignac, son of the Minister of Charles X.

**DOVER SAILORS' HOME.**—The foundation-stone of an appropriate building destined as an asylum for sailors was laid at Dover on Wednesday, by the Right Hon. F. Bouverie, M.P.

**THE Lord Advocate of Scotland** has been for some time engaged in preparing for the press a memoir of the late Lord Cockburn, with anecdotes and sketches of the distinguished contemporaries of the deceased Judge, especially those with whom he maintained an intimate correspondence. This work is already spoken of as likely to prove not at all inferior, in the interest of its lively and varied materials, to the life of Lord Jeffrey, by Lord Cockburn himself.

**A DEPUTATION from the printers of Paris** waited last week on Prince Napoleon, and obtained permission that, during the period of the Exhibition, notices, advertisements, prospectuses, catalogues, plans, guides, and other printed papers connected with the exhibitors, and to be distributed in the interior of the Exhibition Palace, may be printed on unstamped paper.

**IMPORTANT COPYRIGHT CASE.**—SWEET AND OTHERS v. BENNING. This action, which, in the form of a special case, was argued on Tuesday and Wednesday last, in the Court of Common Pleas, by Mr. Lush for the plaintiffs, and by Mr. Butt, Q.C., and Mr. Peter Burke, for the defendant, involves a very serious question as to what is really the kind of copyright that now exists in articles in newspapers and periodicals, and how that copyright may be protected. The Court has reserved its judgment.

## TOWN AND TABLE TALK ON LITERATURE, ART, &amp;c.

MR. RUSKIN has just put forth a sixpenny pamphlet of "Notes" on some (to him) of the principal pictures exhibited in the rooms of the Royal Academy. He is bitterly critical. The Academicians obtain an undue share of his abuse. The best picture in the Exhibition is, in his eyes, Mr. Millais' "Rescue," in which, perhaps, many will be found to agree; and the next best Mr. Cope's "Royal Prisoner," in which he surely most stand alone. After these he apparently places Mr. Lewis's "Armenian Lady." He pooch-pooches the President; condemns Maclise; thinks very little of Stanfield, still less of Roberts; sees no nature in Creswick—very much that is not praiseworthy in Boxall; most commonplace Wilkie in Mr. Faed; and an utter absence of poetic feeling in Herbert. His admiration is confined to a flower-piece by Miss Mutrie, to a moorland scene by Mr. Inchbold, and to some other smaller transcripts of rural and every-day nature by comparatively unknown men. He does not condescend to notice Mr. Hart; but sees a future of good in Mr. Leighton. "It seems to me probable," he says, "that Mr. Leighton has greatness in him, but there is no absolute proof of it in this picture; and if he does not in succeeding years paint far better, he will soon lose his power of painting so well." Mr. Ruskin is to continue his remarks from year to year, so that he is likely to have every brush, and perhaps every maulstick, held up against him. He is to do with his name to it what Dennis did in literature in the same way a century and a half ago. This dreaded satirist has much good sense, as indeed Dennis had, and he has all the asperity of that "tremendous" critic. We can fancy him before a picture, much like Dennis, with a new tragedy or epic before him:—

And stares tremendous with a threatening eye,  
Like some fierce giant in old tapestry.

He is likely to become as great a terror to painters as Churchill certainly was to players.

Lord Strangford's death has created a second vacancy in the list of the Vice-Presidents of the Society of Antiquaries. His Lordship's successor is not yet even named. Mr. Hawkins, of the British Museum—eminently distinguished for his knowledge of English coins and English caricatures—succeeded the late Sir Robert Inglis, as we announced some time back that he was likely to do.

The removal of Lord Strangford from among the living reminds us that the last literary exertions of his Lordship were directed to the discovery of materials for the life of an ancestor of his, well known to all the readers of English history, poetry, and painting, of the reign of Charles I. We allude to Endymion Porter, of whom too little has been preserved. He was a fine cavalier with a love of all that is beautiful and noble. We have had the pleasure of conversing with Lord Strangford on the subject of Endymion's life, and know that his materials deserve publication; but in what state of forwardness the biography was left we have yet to learn.

A contemporary, whose weekly gossip has of late been more than usually uninteresting, has thought fit to correct that passage of our column of Talk in which we announced that a monument was about to be erected, by private subscription, over the grave of Mr. Lockhart. Our contemporary adds nothing of moment to our intelligence, while he does not tell all that we told. In one passage we can correct our contemporary, while correcting ourselves. Who is the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ellis, said to be so active in promoting the subscription for the monument? No doubt Sir Henry Ellis, the Principal Librarian of the British Museum, whose distinctions should be well known to every literary man; but who is not a Privy Councillor, and therefore not a Right Honourable.

An author of note, recently appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, and therefore by virtue of his office "The Right Honourable," has just been evincing the interest he continues to take in literature and education generally. The new Treasury Minute on the cheaper transmission of books by post bears evident proof of Sir George Lewis's pen. The present rate of postage for books is sixpence per pound, or fraction of a pound; and for Parliamentary books and papers one penny per quarter of a pound. On and after the 10th inst., by the new Treasury warrant of regulation, all works of Literature or Art, and all maps on canvas or paper will be charged at the same rate as Parliamentary papers are charged at present—viz., one penny for four ounces, or fraction thereof, up to a pound; and then twopenny for each additional half-pound, or fraction thereof. When the postage amounts to fourpence, the book sent may be printed, written, or plain. Of course, certain necessary and easy conditions are attached. The postage must be prepaid, and not in money, but in stamps, affixed to the book or map transmitted. Nor is this all. The packets must be open at each end, and must not contain any written letter, or communication in the nature of a letter. The size (an important consideration) is limited in length, width, and depth, to two feet. Of the working of this we will give a few instances. On and after the 10th of the present month John Doe or John Roe (when so inclined) may send from the Land's End to John o' Groat's the following books at the following fair and reasonable charges:—Kelly's "Post-office Directory," 2s. 4d.; Murray's "British Classics" (a thick octavo), 8d.; "The Clergy List," 10d.; "The Law List," 6d.; Bell's "Annotated British Poets," 3d.; "The Army List," 2d.; "The Navy List," 2d.; "Bradshaw," 2d.; the "A B C Guide," 1d.

Death has removed from among us that ministering angel which stood sixty years since by the death-bed of Robert Burns, and in honour of whom his last and almost his best song was written. We allude to Jessy Lewars, for such was sixty years since her maiden name, of whom Burns sung so deliciously:—

Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,  
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy.

We remember to have seen her—not in her prime, but when she still retained that soft agreeable voice and winning eye which won from a true poet a deathless name. For a hereafter Jessy Lewars is as sure as Petrarch's Laura or Waller's Sacharissa, and certainly surer than "Granville's Myra," unless Pope's allusion may preserve that otherwise perishable name.

Greenwich is not remarkable for retaining any of its old houses; and now the last has gone. Eastward of the Crown and Sceptre, and still facing the river, antiquaries have certainly seen—and lovers of whitebait might have seen, had they chosen—a capital example of an old house of the reign of Charles I., when domestic architecture was struggling between the Elizabethan building and the style imported by Inigo Jones. It was called Crowley-house, after Sir Ambrose Crowley, for whom it was built—has long been in a tumble-down condition, and is now no more. We missed it the other day, and found others who missed it. It smacked of Greenwich and the "Fortunes of Nigel."

The Special or Charter Committee of the Royal Literary Fund have made their report; and the Counsel consulted (Mr. Serjeant Mewether) has given his opinion that the proposals of the committee cannot be carried out by the present corporation, by the present charter, or by by-laws made under it. The recommendations of the committee are much to the point. The principal ones are these:—1. "That henceforth the administrative body of the society should have the power of granting revocable annuities to distressed men of letters and scientific writers, to the extent of a certain limited proportion of the income derivable from the society's real property or vested funds;" and, 2nd, "That henceforth the same administrative body shall have the power of granting relief by way of loan." These and other recommendations have been made in the wise and manly belief that a Literary Fund Society possessed of realised property to the amount of (in round numbers) thirty thousand pounds; possessed of a landed estate yielding two hundred pounds per annum; and further supported by Royal patronage, and by annual donations and subscriptions from the public, should endeavour to conform itself to the spirit and requirements of the time. In this belief, a special general meeting of the members of the corporation has been summoned to meet at Wallis's Rooms on Saturday, the 16th of June, at two o'clock.





THE PALACE OF INDUSTRY, OR FRENCH EXHIBITION BUILDING, AT PARIS.—(SEE PAGE 583.)



## DESPATCHES FROM LORD RAGLAN.

War Department, June 5, 1855.

Lord Panmure has received two despatches and their enclosures, of which the following are copies, addressed to his Lordship by Field Marshal the Lord Raglan, G.C.B.:

Before Sebastopol, May 22, 1855.

My Lord,—Adverting to my despatch, No. 251, of the 14th April, I do myself the honour to lay before your Lordship the copy of a letter which I have received from Rear-Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons, with its enclosure from Commander Priest, of the *Himalaya*, bearing testimony to the exertions and valuable services of Captain Gell, of the East India Company's Service, Acting Quartermaster-General, in conducting the 10th Hussars and 12th Lancers through Egypt, and in superintending the embarkation of those regiments at Alexandria.

I have, &amp;c., RAGLAN.

The Lord Panmure, &amp;c., &amp;c., &amp;c.

Royal Albert, off Sebastopol, May 10, 1855.

My Lord,—I have the honour to enclose for your Excellency's information the copy of a letter from Commander Priest, of the *Himalaya*, calling my attention to the praiseworthy exertions of Captain Gell, of the Honourable East India Company's Service; and as her Majesty's Consul at Alexandria, and Colonel Pole, of the 12th Lancers, both bear testimony to this officer's valuable services, I shall feel greatly obliged if your Excellency will have the goodness to bring his conduct under favourable consideration in the proper quarter.

I have, &amp;c.,

E. LYONS, Rear-Admiral and Commander-in-Chief.

His Excellency Field Marshal Lord Raglan, G.C.B., &amp;c., &amp;c.

Her Majesty's steam-vessel *Himalaya*, Karatch, May 7, 1855.

Sir,—I trust that you will not think me presuming if I endeavour to place before you some of the merits of Captain Gell, Hon. East India Company, the Deputy Assistant-Quartermaster-General, conducting the transit of the 10th and 12th Regiments of cavalry through Egypt, and superintending their embarkation.

Colonels Pole and Parby are more capable than I can be of bearing testimony to his services, but I beg to add my witness to the zeal, great energy, and consummate tact by which he obtained a maximum of work from a people notoriously inert, and thus made my portion of the embarkation very simple; that no casualty of any kind has occurred in getting from the shore into pontoons and alongside the several ships more than 1000 horses, is attributable to his foresight and prudence. I respectfully submit that it may prove advantageous to the service if his exertions be brought to the notice of Lord Raglan.

I have, &amp;c.,

BEN. P. PRIEST, Commander.

Rear-Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons, Bart., G.C.B., Commander-in-Chief.

## CRIMEAN ARMY FUND.

Before Sebastopol, May 22, 1855.

My Lord,—I have the honour to lay before your Lordship the copy of a letter which I received a short time ago from the Hon. Algernon Egerton and Mr. Thomas Tower, who succeeded Mr. Jervoise Smith and Mr. Glyn in the duty of distributing all that was sent out by the Crimean Fund for the use of the British Army.

I cannot speak too highly of the exertions of all these gentlemen. Their courtesy, their kindness of heart, and their unceasing desire to gratify the wishes of all are above all I can say in their favour; and they carry with them the grateful acknowledgments of every officer and man, who are equally anxious with myself to bear the amplest testimony to the manner in which they have fulfilled their onerous task, despite of fatigue, weather, and every possible inconvenience.

I have, &amp;c.,

RAGLAN.

The Lord Panmure, &amp;c., &amp;c.

Crimean Army Fund Agency, Kadikoi, May 8, 1855.

My Lord,—We have the honour to report to your Lordship that the operations of the Crimean Army Fund, of which we are the honorary representatives in the Crimea, have now closed.

In announcing this officially to your Lordship, we beg to express the hope that our endeavours to carry out the thoughtful and generous intentions of that association towards our noble and gallant countrymen in the Crimea have in some slight degree promoted the public service, and have not interfered in any respect prejudicially to the organisation of an army which we so love and admire.

We cannot conclude our mission without thanking your Lordship, the Quartermaster-General, and the authorities for the kind countenance and support which we have received from the very commencement to the termination of our difficult but most grateful task.

Your Lordship will allow us to speak most highly of the quartermasters of regiments, with whom we have been thrown in such frequent contact.

We have, &amp;c.,

(Signed)

ALGERNON EGERTON.

THOMAS TOWER.

To Field Marshal Lord Raglan, G.C.B., Commanding-in-Chief.

War Department, June 6, 1855.

Lord Panmure has this day received two despatches and their enclosures, of which the following are copies addressed to his Lordship by Field Marshal the Lord Raglan, G.C.B.:

Before Sebastopol, May 26, 1855.

My Lord,—I have the honour to report to your Lordship that a portion of the Allied armies took up a position yesterday on this side of the Tchernaya, the left of the French resting under a redoubt established upon the edge of this ridge overhanging the valley, and opposite the Inkerman heights; the right extending beyond Tractir; and the ground more to the right, beyond Chorgoua, being occupied by the Sardinian troops, aided in their advance by the 10th Hussars and the 12th Lancers and the Horse Artillery, under Colonel Parby.

Omer Pacha at the same time moved forward to the low heights in front of Balaklava, and thus afforded support to the French divisions before him. These were commanded by General Canrobert, who pushed forward across the bridge of Tractir, and drove the enemy, who were not in great numbers, off, and having cleared his front, he withdrew to this side of the river, where he now remains.

Sir Colin Campbell advanced the Royal Marines from the high ridge on our extreme right to a point commanding the old Baidar road; and Colonel Parby, with the regiments I have mentioned, reconnoitred the country on the immediate right of General La Marmora's position, and patrolled along the Woronzow road, in the direction of Baidar.

The appearance and bearing of the Sardinian troops are highly satisfactory, and I anticipate the greatest advantage from their addition to this army under their distinguished leader, General La Marmora, whose zeal for the service, and ardent desire to co-operate with us, I am happy to have so early an opportunity of acknowledging and recording. Nothing of importance has occurred in the British trenches since I wrote to your Lordship on the 19th inst.

The death of Colonel Egerton, of the 77th, on the night of the 19th ultimo, as already announced to your Lordship, prevented my receiving in due course the official report of the conduct of the officers serving immediately under him; and it is only a few days ago that I learnt that Captain Gilby was the next in seniority to him of the 77th on the occasion, and that he had highly distinguished himself.

I deem it an act of justice to a most deserving officer to bring his conduct under the notice of your Lordship.

I enclose the returns of casualties to the 24th instant. Your Lordship will regret to see that Lieutenant Williams, of the 17th Foot, has been severely wounded.

I have the greatest pleasure in announcing to your Lordship the brilliant success which attended an attack by the French army of some ambuscades at the head of the Quarantine Bay, and in front of a cemetery near it. The attack was made on the night of the 22nd, and the operation was completed on the following evening. The enemy had collected a very large force on the first occasion to resist our allies; but, notwithstanding, the French were enabled, by their brilliant gallantry and determined resolution, to maintain themselves in the pits at the head of the bay on the 22nd, and on the 23rd to occupy the whole with less resistance on the part of the Russians, who are stated to have sustained a very severe loss.

The French were necessarily exposed to a very heavy fire, and were assailed by vastly superior numbers. The achievement they accomplished redounds, therefore, highly to their renown, and is hailed with satisfaction by their allies.

An expedition, composed of British, French, and Turkish troops, sailed for Kertch on Tuesday evening and Wednesday morning, and I hope soon to be able to announce the landing of the corps, and the result of its first operations. It is commanded by Lieutenant-General Sir George Brown, and has been conveyed in English and French ships, under the command of Admiral Sir E. Lyons and Admiral Bruat, whose exertions to carry out this important service have been most conspicuous.

The 31st Regiment has arrived from Corfu.

I am much concerned to have to report that Major-General Buller has been obliged, by the failure of his health, to leave the army. He has been constant in the discharge of his duty since he joined this army, distinguished himself both at Alma and Inkerman, and persevered in taking his turn in the trenches until driven by illness to withdraw. I regret the loss of his services exceedingly.

I have, &amp;c.,

RAGLAN.

The Lord Panmure, &amp;c.

## RETURN OF NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES KILLED FROM THE 18TH TO THE 24TH MAY, INCLUSIVE.

Sergeant.—38th Foot: James Flaherty.  
Privates.—41st Foot: William McGoldrick. 47th: Thomas Murphy. 55th: John Moran. John Jukes, Charles Howe. 68th: William Hardyman. Royal Sappers and Miners: Neil Campbell, Richard Walsh.  
Total—9 killed.

## RETURN OF OFFICERS, NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, AND PRIVATES WOUNDED FROM THE 18TH TO THE 24TH MAY INCLUSIVE.

Lieutenant.—17th Foot: R. E. Williams, severely.  
Lance Sergeant.—1st: Michael Sweeney, dangerously.  
Corporals.—17th: William McConnell, severely. 57th: James Burnes, severely.  
Lance Corporal.—38th: Owen Meehan, slightly.  
Second Corporal.—Royal Sappers and Miners: William Swan, severely.  
Drummer.—1st: James McLoish, slightly.  
Privates.—1st: Henry Bottomley; John McDonald, Peter Sealey, severely; G. Davidson, Thomas McDonald, slightly. 3rd: William Cates, mortally; Cornelius Brown, severely. John Toombs, Peter Jordan, slightly. 14th: Thomas Clary, severely. 17th: Edward Maguire, slightly. 23rd: John Jones, James Goodwin, slightly. 39th: William Cumer, Thomas Burke, slightly. 39th: Michael Ryan, Patrick Neville, slightly. 47th: John Dillon, severely. 49th: John Hare, James Kennedy, dangerously. Patrick McMahon, severely. 55th: William Burke, severely. 57th: James Lewis, William Relf, Timothy Sheehan, severely; William Baisey, slightly. 62nd: Adam Nixon, severely. 88th: John Hagerty, slightly. 90th: James Fletcher, severely. 97th: John Dempsey, slightly. Rifle Brigade: William Welsh, dangerously; Robert Wall, severely; Alfred Hine, John G. Weesle, slightly. Royal Sappers and Miners: George Wood, slightly.  
Total—46 wounded.

## RETURN OF CASUALTIES IN THE ROYAL NAVAL BRIGADE, BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, FROM THE 18TH TO THE 26TH MAY.

KILLED.—Frank Eddy, Quartermaster, Queen.  
WOUNDED.—Richard Kook, Ord., Queen, slightly; Thomas Smith, A.B., Queen, slightly; John Arnold, L.S., Leander, slightly; John Smith, A.B., Leander, severely.  
Total—1 killed, 5 wounded.

Before Sebastopol, May 26, 1855.

My Lord,—I have the honour to enclose the fortnight confidential reports of the Generals of Division and Brigade to the 20th inst.

I have likewise to transmit, for your Lordship's information, a letter from the Inspector-General of Hospitals, showing the extent of the cholera to the latest period.

I earnestly hope that the disease is not gaining ground.

The Lord Panmure, &amp;c.

I have, &amp;c.,

RAGLAN.

Before Sebastopol, May 26, 1855.

My Lord,—I have the honour to enclose a return of the daily progress of cholera in the army in the Crimea, from 19th to 25th May, inclusive.

Your Lordship will notice by this return that the disease has moderated in violence, and that the mortality is one-third less than it was during the preceding seven days, though I cannot say that the number of attacks has diminished in proportion, or that the disease has been circumscribed by narrower limits; on the contrary, I think it, if anything, more generally diffused, as cases have occurred in every division.

At Balaklava several admissions into the General Hospital there have taken place from the Sardinian Contingent, from the Land Transport Corps, and from ships in the harbour, which have swelled out our lists of both admissions and deaths.

The removal of the Buffs and the 48th Regiment to higher and drier ground has been attended with good results.

Great attention is paid to the sanitary condition of the camps, and to all matters that it is thought may tend to excite the disease.

The attention of medical officers has been drawn to the subject of cholera belts, and I have reason to believe that the whole army has been supplied with them; and, if not, the supply in store is ample enough to meet the demand.

I have, &amp;c.,

J. HALL,

Inspector-General of Hospitals.

Field Marshal Lord Raglan, G.C.B., Commanding-in-Chief.

## CAPTURE OF KERTCH.

Admiralty, June 6, 1855.

A despatch, of which the following is a copy, has been received from Rear-Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons, Bart., G.C.B., Commander-in-Chief of her Majesty's ships and vessels in the Mediterranean and Black Sea:—

Royal Albert, Straits of Kertch, May 26, 1855.

Sir,—I have great pleasure in requesting you to inform the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty that the Allied forces are masters of the Straits of Kertch, and that they have in the Sea of Azoff a powerful steam flotilla, of light draught of water, capable of cutting off the enemy's supplies, and harassing him at all points; and, moreover, that the means are at hand for sending in a vast number of gun-boats of the lighter draught, if it should be found desirable to do so.

My letter of the 22nd inst., No. 396, will have informed their Lordships that an Allied expedition, consisting of 15,000 men of all arms, and five batteries of artillery, were then on the point of leaving the anchorage off Sebastopol, for Kertch, and my message by electric telegraph will have announced the complete success of that expedition; but it now remains for me to give an account of our proceedings for their Lordships' information:—

The fleet, which consisted of her Majesty's ships named in the margin,\* and a French fleet of nearly equal force, under the command of my very gallant and energetic colleague, Vice-Admiral Bruat, assembled off the Straits of Kertch at early dawn on the birthday of her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, and both armies and navies confidently anticipated a successful celebration of that auspicious day. The fleets steamed rapidly up to Kamiesh, where the army landed under cover of the guns of the steam-frigates, and immediately ascended the heights without opposition, whilst the steamers of light draught of water pushed on towards Kertch and Yenikalé; and the enemy, apparently taken by surprise at the rapidity of these movements, and at the imposing appearance of the expedition, blew up his fortifications on both sides of the straits, mounting not less than fifty guns (new and of heavy calibre), which have fallen into our possession, and retired, after having destroyed three steamers and several other heavily-armed vessels, as well as large quantities of provisions, ammunition, and stores—thus leaving us masters of the entrance into the Sea of Azoff, without our having sustained any loss whatever.

As the disembarkation was unopposed, in consequence of the fire of the steam-frigates having arrested the advance of the enemy, there was no field for the gallantry that animated every one in the expedition; but the duties they had to perform were very arduous, and I should be doing injustice to them and to my own feelings if I were not to say that no Commander-in-Chief was ever more ably assisted than I am by the Captains and those under their command; one and all follow the admirable example of the zealous and talented second in command, Rear-Admiral Stewart, and they could not possibly do better. There was, however, an incident during the day that called forth the admiration of both fleets, and which deserves to be particularly noticed. Lieutenant McKillop, whose gun-vessel, the *Snake*, was not employed like the others in landing troops, dashed past the forts after an enemy's steamer, and although he soon found himself engaged not only with her but also with two others who came to her support, he persevered, and by the cleverness and extreme rapidity of his manoeuvres prevented the escape of all three, and they were consequently destroyed by the enemy; and the *Snake* had not a man hurt, though shot passed through the vessel.

Yesterday Admiral Bruat and I accompanied the combined steam flotilla named in the margin into the Sea of Azoff, and dispatched them, under the orders of Captain Lyons, of the *Miranda*, on the interesting and important service they have before them.

Had this expedition been deferred but a short time longer, there would have been many and great difficulties to overcome, for the enemy was actively employed in strengthening the sea defences, and in replacing the sunken vessels which had been carried away by the current during the winter months.

Of the forty vessels sunk last year some still remain, and a French steamer touched upon one of them yesterday. It appears that the enemy did not succeed in destroying the coals either at Kertch or Yenikalé, so that about seventeen thousand tons remain, which will be available for our steamers.

It will be evident to their Lordships that the rapid operations which I have had the honour and happiness to describe to them could not have been brought to so satisfactory a conclusion, if the most perfect understanding and the most hearty good will towards each other had not prevailed throughout the Allied fleets and armies. I am, &c.,

(Signed)

EDMUND LYONS,

Rear-Admiral and Commander-in-Chief.

The Secretary of the Admiralty, London.

Admiralty, June 6, 1855.

With reference to the above despatch, Lieut. Henry Frederick McKillop will be promoted to the rank of Commander so soon as he shall have completed the sea time required to qualify him for that rank.

Marshal the Minister of War has just received (June 6) from General the Admiral of the Squadron of the Mediterranean the following despatch:—

On board the *Montebello*, May 26, 1855. Before Kertch.

Monsieur le Ministre,—Just as I had the honour of announcing to you by my telegraphic despatches of May 22 and 25, a second expedition to Kertch had been resolved on.

\* Royal Albert, Hannibal, Algiers, Agamemnon, St. Jean d'Acre, Princess Royal, Sidon, Valorous, Leopard, Tribune, Simoon, Furious, Highflyer, Terrible, Miranda, Sphinx, Spitfire, Gladiator, Vesuvius, Curlew, Swallow, Canadoc, Stromboli, Ardent, Medina, Wrangler, Viper, Lynx, Recruit, Arrow, Baulache, Snake, Beagle.

† Miranda, Vesuvius, Curlew, Swallow, Stromboli, Ardent, Medina, Viper, Wrangler, Lynx, Recruit, Arrow, Snake, Beagle, and five French steam-vessels.

The embarkation commenced on the evening of the 21st, left on the 23rd, and disembarked on the 24th, at Kamiesh Bournu, and on the 25th we occupied Yenikalé, after having passed Kertch, and taken the batteries in the neighbourhood of Ak-Bournu. On the 25th Admiral Lyons and myself entered the Sea of Azoff, and dispatched a squadron for Berdiansk and Arabat; it set out in the night, and was composed of four French and ten English vessels. The complete success of this expedition, in which our troops, led by General Antemarre, displayed their habitual ardour, is due also to the rapidity with which it was undertaken; in all of which undertakings I ought to acquaint you with the most complete and cordial co-operation of Admiral Lyons.

From the first day, and after having moored, the disembarkation of the French commenced with order, under the direction of Captain Jurien de la Gravière, the chief of my staff.

After being assured of the promptitude with which the expeditionary corps effected a landing, I advanced with the *Laplace* to reconnoitre the batteries of Cape Ak-Bournu, the powder store of which the Russians had lately blown up.

The enemy, seeing that they were on the point of being turned, did not hesitate to blow up several others of them, and evacuate these positions.

A very short time afterwards an English gun-boat of light draught of water was directed against Yenikalé, to cut short the progress of a Russian steam-vessel, which was attempting to make for the Sea of Azoff. A serious engagement immediately commenced between these two boats, in which the batteries of Yenikalé also took part. I brought up the *Fulton*, whose guns were quickly directed towards the theatre of the struggle, while she was exposed to a very brisk fire. I ordered the *Megère* to assist her; and Admiral Lyons, on his side, supported the cannonade. However, the Russian vessel, which we knew carried the treasure of Kertch, escaped, leaving in our hands two craft, laden with valuables and a part of the civil and military archives.

But the confusion of the Russians, taken suddenly both by land and sea, became such that they soon gave up a too long resistance, and did not even take the trouble to carry off the wounded that had been brought from Sebastopol. In the course of the day they had set on fire some considerable magazines which they possessed at Kertch.

At last, having evacuated Yenikalé, they set fire to a magazine, which contained nearly 60,000 lb. of powder. The concussion was such that several houses were destroyed, and vessels at ten miles' distance felt it.

The enemy has lost 160,000 sacks of oats; 360,000 sacks of corn; 100,000 sacks of flour.

A foundry of guns and gun-carriages has been destroyed.

Three steam-vessels have been sunk by the Russians themselves; thirty transports have been destroyed, and as many taken. About 200,000 lb. of powder have been destroyed in the several explosions. The guns that have fallen into our hands number from sixty to eighty, and are very fine, and of large calibre.

BRUAT.

## NAVAL AND MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE Hon. Board of Ordnance invite tenders for constructing temporary barracks in Colchester for 3000 men.

THE FLOATING BATTERIES.—It has been ordered that the side-propeller screws of these vessels are to be dispensed with, and a greater pitch, equal to 5-9ths more, given to the centre screw-propeller, experiments of late having proved beyond all doubt that a greater rate of speed will be obtained thereby. The *Glutton*, now fitting out in dry dock, will take from sixty to seventy tons of fuel, and fourteen days' provisions for her crew.

On Saturday a fine addition was made to our Navy by the launch of the *Brunswick*, 80-gun ship. The *Brunswick* was originally constructed as a sailing-vessel, the steam auxiliary screw not having then been introduced into the Navy; but, by slightly altering a part of her after-body, it has been effectively applied, and she is now a most efficient war-steamer.

THE *Rosamond* is under orders for the East. She will take with her in tow two mortar-vessels for the Black Sea. Twelve mortar-vessels are ordered to Sheerness immediately, to be attached to Admiral Bayne's squadron, in addition to the gun-boats already belonging to it.

THE FRENCH FLOATING BATTERIES.—Another of the French division of iron screw floating batteries has been launched. Four out of the five of the French contingent are now afloat; but they are far behind, and will scarcely be ready for service this year. Ours, on the contrary—that is, the four remaining (the fifth having been burnt)—are nearly ready for sea. Two of them are in actual commission. Captain Montaignac, one of the most gallant and liberal officers in the French Navy, and a member of the Admiralty Board of Works, has been appointed to the command of the French division of floating batteries.

THE embarkation of the A troop of Royal Horse Artillery, under the command of Captain Philpotts, took place at Southampton on Saturday on board the Peninsular and Oriental Company's screw steamship *Simla*. The embarkation was in every respect as perfect as could be. The whole of the horses, men, and appointments were on board, and the gangways removed from the side of the ship, by three p.m., although it was not until the morning of Saturday that the animals and troops arrived at that port. The *Simla* was moored in the inner dock, the waters of which always retain a regular height, which is highly advantageous in the embarkation of horses, enabling the animals to be easily walked on board. The men appeared in excellent spirits, and the horses are all of a first-class character. The *Simla* left for the Crimea on Sunday.

On Saturday a trial was made of the steam power of the screw steamship *Russell*. Steam was got up in a very short time. She made from 104 to 108 revolutions per minute with a pressure of 54 lbs. on the square inch, and made 7½ knots by the patent log. During the whole trial there was no priming of the boilers, nor anything wrong. The trial has proved that this ship, with proper fuel, is fully capable of doing all that was originally anticipated of her.

A FURTHER alteration has taken place in the dress of the Royal Foot Artillery. The design was approved of by the Queen on Saturday last. The new cap is to be small in size, but similar in point of shape to that worn by the Horse Artillery. The covering of black fur is to display the novelty of having the white feather, Royal arms, &c., on the side, instead of in the front. There is to be no band. A scarlet bag is to flow from the top. The new design possesses for the soldier one desideratum, viz., that of lightness.

THE *Retribution*, 28, paddle-wheel steam-frigate, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral of the Blue Robert Lambert Baynes, with his entire squadron, left the Nore on Wednesday, at 6.30 a.m., for the Baltic, the gun-boats and mortar-vessels preceding the squadron the day previous.

THERE are large Government orders for sword-cutlery and bayonets in Birmingham, but the insubordinate and irregular conduct of some of the workmen employed has of late greatly impeded the execution of Ordnance contracts. Messrs. Heighington and Lawrence are under engagement to supply Government with 700 bayonets per week; but they and other contractors are at the present time behind no less than 40,000 bayonets with the Board of Ordnance.

THE SARDINIAN RIFLES.—An incident occurred to-day which threw a strange, and to us a pleasant, light upon their manner of making war. While the cavalry pursued the Cossacks to the river, the Sardinian Rifles advanced from Kamara, and took up a position commanding the approaches from the valley of the Tchernaya. They had hardly done so when our own Hussars and Lancers, returning from the pursuit, were descried in the distance. The Sardinians, strangers as yet to the uniforms of the various nations that are united in these Camps, mistook them for enemies, and prepared to receive them as such. Colonel Cadogan, who is attached to their contingent, remonstrated; and, when the Sardinians still showed suspicion, offered to advance and reconnoitre the strange cavalry. He did so; and, finding that he at least had not been deceived in the uniform, he pointed out to his countrymen the exact position in which their allies were posted, and turned them aside, so as not to interfere with the arrangements of the Sardinians. This done, he hastened back; but, to his amazement, when he reached the spot he found that the Rifles were gone. While yet undecided what to do or in which direction to proceed in search of the fugitives, he heard a step by his side, and on looking up he found himself face to face with the commander of the missing corps. Colonel Cadogan at once told the Sardinian officer there was nothing to fear, that the cavalry in front were English. "So much the better," was the careless reply; "then we can make ourselves comfortable"—saying which the Sardinian put a whistle to his mouth and produced from it a horrible squeak. Astonished with this eccentric behaviour, the Colonel stared at his comrade in arms; but who can describe his still further astonishment when, on a sudden, the very ground near his feet seemed alive with human beings! Up started the Rifles in all directions, and from all places, like Roderic Dhu's famous gillies; up they started from briar and brake, from ditches and water-holes, where the whole corps had been lying perdu waiting for the approach of what they believed to be the enemy. What if Russian cavalry had advanced instead of ours? Their surprise would have exceeded that of Colonel Cadogan. These Sardinian Rifles are as active as they are smart. They were hardly a couple of hours on the Kamara hills when they had made themselves a home and settled down in arbours which in an incredibly short space of time they had made out of brushwood. They are exceedingly small, but also exceedingly active and energetic men. They march in a trot, and climb up steep places with a wonderful rapidity.—Letter from the Camp, May 21.

MR. CORDEN indulged in the following piece of gossip in his speech on Tuesday:—"Possibly the wife of some Cabinet Minister drew from her husband, and divulged to the wife of the editor of some leading journal, the fact that there were two parties in the Cabinet—a war and peace party—and that the peace party, who were the weaker, required to be flogged into submission."



## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THERE is a perspective in time as well as in space. Just as material objects dwindle into points or disappear altogether when removed to a distance from us, so a political act or a speech in Parliament may in March raise a storm in the lobbies, yet be forgotten in June by all but some half-dozen assiduous students of Hansard. There is hardly a member of the House of Commons of any note who has not two or three times—in the opinion of half the world, including many of his best friends—by some unlucky speech or vote, “regularly done for himself.” But no animal dies so hard as your politician. He has his roll in the mud of abuse; and, in a month or two, gets up again, Anteus-like, rather the better for his tumble. Peel killed himself politically half-a-dozen times at least; Disraeli's suicides are almost past counting—yet is he alive and well at this hour. Mr. Layard, if we may trust the obituary of the Clubs, perpetrated, not long ago, one of the most complete acts of self-destruction on record; yet is now not much the worse for it. Yet, in spite of these encouraging examples, I cannot help thinking that Mr. Gladstone will not easily get the better of his suicidal act—his speech on Mr. Milner Gibson's motion. “Doctor, the Thanes fly from us!” Pitt is reported to have said to Vansittart, in consternation at the secession from the Ministerial banner of the ever-faithful band of Scottish members; and now, when Lord Elcho inflicts no gentle castigation on Mr. Gladstone, be sure the clouds are dark over the heads of the Peelite party. It is not pleasant to be told by a hitherto constant supporter that “if anything could tend to render the prospect of peace more remote, it was his right hon. friend's speech.” At least there can be no doubt now that the charge of lukewarmness in conducting the war brought against Lord Aberdeen's Government must have been substantially correct. Perhaps the best speech which the debate has yet given us was that of Sir E. B. Lytton, on Monday night.

The past week has been fertile in news from the Crimea—news all of the same roscate complexion. With hardly the loss of a man, the Sea of Azoff is ours. The military road constructed on the borders of the Putrid Sea, by which Russia could always, even if Perekop was closed to her, introduce men and material into the Crimea, is ours. More than a hundred cannon, much provision and military stores, are ours. Three hundred merchant-vessels and cargoes are captured or destroyed. All these are great facts, and cannot be without influence upon the result of the war. Yet the most important fact of all, that which gives the most substantial ground for the belief that at no distant period we may welcome an honourable peace, is, that in these days war is money, and that no power on earth can carry on a long war, without a long purse. It isn't a chivalrous view of the subject, but we may rest assured that, in the power of raising unlimited sums, possessed by England and France, even more than in the skill and gallantry of our troops, we shall find the means of loosing the knot whose folds are now pressing on the energies of Europe.

Last Saturday was a great day at the Crystal Palace. Two attractions—the flower show, and the “first performance” of the upper set of fountains—drew a great crowd to Sydenham. As nobody, except the holders of season tickets, was admitted, the result must have been very satisfactory to the shareholders. For once in a way this is well enough, but it is to be hoped that the directors do not mean in future to restrict admission, whenever any peculiar attraction is provided, to the holders of guinea tickets. It looks like it though, for the same rule prevailed on Monday, when Mme. Albani was to have sung, but did not. A guinea in these hard times is a good deal of money; yet there are plenty of single men who would not object to pay so much for an afternoon's enjoyment, any more than for a stall at the Opera; but the family-man, who wants to take his wife and two or three daughters, is absolutely excluded by the price. I am convinced that a five-shilling admission on extraordinary occasions, when more than the average amount of entertainment was to be obtained, would be more advantageous to the company; and certainly it would be fairer to the public. The gardens are now in extreme beauty, and every day makes it clearer that there—at least in summer time—is the real attraction of the place.

Not alone are the Crystal Palace shareholders revelling in the novelty of fine weather, a continuance of which a clear sky and a high barometer seem to promise. Days of soaking rain, most grateful to the thirsty soil, followed by warm growing weather, make at this season a mighty difference in the promise of the harvest. The change of weather came too late to redeem entirely the hay crop; but we may now begin to hope that the produce of corn may not be much inferior to that which the bounty of Providence accorded us last year. Such another harvest would be a complete set-off against the cost of the war. Altogether things look hopeful, though it is well to remember the old proverb, “That we musn't holloa till we are out of the wood.” Our wood is the Crimea and the Baltic. In the former we have met with success, which seems to presage greater events. One great cause of fear there yet is in that quarter, lest disease, pestilence—cholera, perhaps, or plague—should come in with the hot weather. That scourge averted, it would seem that we have little to fear. Nearly two hundred thousand French, English, and Sardinians, armed and fed as never army was before, ought to go anywhere and do anything. But even the taking Sebastopol, immense as the effect of such a success would be, would not equal the results that might be expected from the striking a great blow in the Baltic. If Cronstadt should fall—the chances are heavy, indeed, against such a conquest, yet it is possible. This, indeed, would be a victory—one that would at once enable the Allies to dictate what terms of peace they please.

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER-HALL.**—The final performance of “Elijah” takes place on Friday next, the 15th.

**HARMONIC UNION, HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS.**—The programme for the next concert, which takes place on Wednesday evening, includes Cherubini's overture, “Famiska;” Weber's air, “Though Clouds by Tempests;” Beethoven's magnificent Eroica Symphony, Mendelssohn's Caprice Brillante, and Beethoven's “Ruins of Athens.” In the latter work Mme. and Mr. Weiss are engaged as principal vocalists. The band will, as usual, be led by Mr. Blagrove, and Herr Mollique will occupy his post as conductor.

**A FIELD-DAY IN FAIRY LAND.**—This afternoon and evening the plain, which for months past bore the same uniform aspect, showed features different from those we were accustomed to see, and became thereby an object of renewed interest. The hill tops were covered with tents, and in the evening with long rows of blazing fires. Baggage and ammunition waggons crossed the plain, and traversed the ground, which, but on the rare occasions of a reconnaissance, was for us forbidden ground. Herds of the horses of our Camp were driven out and fed luxuriantly upon the grass, and young corn, which up to the present had been allowed to grow undisturbed, because the soil on which it grew lay within range of our batteries, and because the proximity of the Cossack videttes, and their cunning in driving in men and horses, held our camp-followers in awe. The state of the ground between the Turkish batteries and the Tchernaya shows at once that the Russians never had a serious intention of defending their look-out position. Small numbers of troops only have been quartered in or traversed this part of their late territory. The grass is in full growth, on the banks of the river there are shrubs and trees, and only here and there a few earth-huts, or the black mark of a picket-fire, show that some detachments of troops have now and then occupied small camping-grounds. The vegetation on that side of the hills is what we found it on our side when we first landed in the Crimea—abundant and odoriferous. Flowers, bright blue, purple, and yellow, actually covered the ground; little plots of poppies shine in the distance like fields of red ochre; the brushwood is intermixed with wild rose shrubs in full bloom, and some wild herb or other, as our horses champed the grass, or sniffed the faint odour of the peach. Add to this, that the heat of the sun was tempered by a fresh breeze, and you will understand that our first advance against the Russian position had all the features of a field day in fairy land.—Letter from the Camp, May 25.

The new scheme for the management of St. Cross Hospital, so far as allowing the brethren 7s. per week each, in addition to their usual rations, came into operation on Saturday last.

The thirty-four monastic orders which are to be suppressed in Piedmont in consequence of the new law, possessed 331 houses, inhabited by 4543 persons. The number of religious houses which will remain for a time is 274, comprising 4057 inmates of either sex.

## MUSIC.

GRISI goes on triumphantly with her farewell performances—certainly *bona fide* farewell performances this time. She seems to be cruelly exerting herself, to aggravate the regret which will be felt for her final departure; for she is acting and singing with the power and beauty of her most palmy days. Her performance of *Lucresia Borgia* on Monday was a display of tragic grandeur and passion which no other representative of the character has ever been able to approach.

On Thursday (last week) Tamburini, after a retirement of three years' duration, reappeared in the part of *Don Giovanni*. It has always been admitted that Tamburini has for many years been the greatest—indeed the only—*Don Giovanni* on the stage. Since he retired various eminent performers have essayed the part, and every one has been a failure. They have all been measured by Tamburini's standard, and all have been found wanting. Perhaps the knowledge of this fact has been his inducement for returning to the scene of his former glories. Much expectation was excited by his return; and, in the part of *Don Giovanni*, expectation was not disappointed: for, though it was at once perceived that his voice was but the ghost of what it had been, yet, as the beautiful of the high-born and high-bred Spanish libertine, he still stood alone and unrivalled. He was, consequently, received with much of the warmth of former days. In his next character, however—the *Duke Alfonso*, in “*Lucresia Borgia*,” which he performed on Monday—he was less successful. His vocal defects were more conspicuous, because less redeemed by dramatic excellence; and his reception, we regret to say, was positively cold. We are sorry that this great performer has been induced, after leaving the stage, to return to it at his time of life. He adds another to the many proofs that such a step on the part of a veteran is always an unwise one. On his part the step has by no means been a matter of necessity, and the sooner he retraces it the wiser he will be.

THE production of Mr. Henry Smart's new opera, “*Berta*”; or, the *Gnome of Hartzberg*,” at the HAYMARKET, on Saturday last, was an occurrence calculated to excite reflections both pleasant and painful: pleasant, that we have yet among us, even in the decayed state of our musical drama, composers able to enter the lists with those of any country in Europe; and painful, that such composers have not a single theatre, in the greatest city in the world, where anything like justice can be done to their works. When we say, as every one must do, that this opera was poorly and lamely got up, we impute no blame to the Haymarket manager. On the contrary, Mr. Buckstone showed good taste in accepting a work of so much merit, and produced it as well as his means and resources would allow. But it is in an *opera-house* that an opera must be performed; not in a theatre, where music is only one and a subordinate object. The announcement, however, of a work by a composer of Mr. Smart's reputation attracted an audience not only large but musical, who were capable of discerning the merits of the piece, notwithstanding the imperfections of its performance.

“*Berta*,” in spite of its title, is a comic opera, in two acts, without a grain of German *diablerie*. The libretto, by Fitzball, has good points, and affords room for musical effects; but its plot is excessively complicated, and so confused as to be sometimes unintelligible. A detail of its incidents (as the attempts of some of our daily contemporaries have shown) would be tedious and unreadable. There are two rustic lovers, *Michael* and *Berta*; the damsel an arrant coquette, who torments her unfortunate swain by her ambitious dreams and capricious airs. A good-natured *Laron*, the lord of the village, who has returned incognito after a long absence, undertakes to cure *Berta* of her failing, and thus bring about the happiness of the lovers. He sets about his self-imposed task in a somewhat unaccountable way. He mingles, as a mysterious stranger, among the holiday-makers at a fair; persuades the superstitious *Michael* that he has supernatural knowledge, and promises to gain for him, by some magical spell, the affection of *Berta*. He then gets *Michael* involved in a charge of theft, and thrown into prison, while he declares himself to be the long-absent *Baron of Hartzberg*, announces his intention of choosing a wife among the maidens of his native mountains, and designates *Berta* as the object of his choice. Thus the little flirt's ambitious dreams are realised; but her heart is now awakened, and clings to her poor lover in his dungeon. She obtains access to him, and (with the *Baron's* secret connivance) they escape together to the mountains, where they take refuge in a ruined castle, supposed to be haunted by a *Gnome-King*, who is the subject of a fearful tradition. Here the *Baron* appears before them under the semblance of the *Gnome*, and *Berta's* courage and constancy are sorely tried. But she stands the test, and the *Baron* is convinced of her unchangeable love for *Michael*; whereupon the ruin is transformed into a splendid baronial hall, filled with wedding guests, and the lovers are united. The foundation of this story is good, but the playwright has reared upon it a mass of extravagance and absurdity which would be an obstacle to the success of the opera, were it ever so well performed. The music, however, is charming. It belongs to the pure and classical school of dramatic composition; is full of fresh and expressive melody, constructed with mastery, skill, and rich in beautiful orchestral effects. The principal characters—the two lovers—are admirably sustained by Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves. Weiss, the best baritone singer on our stage, personates the *Baron*; and a comic couple, introduced to enliven the piece, are very fairly acted and sung by Mr. Farquharson and Miss Harriet Gordon. So far there is nothing to find fault with; but the effect of the music was almost destroyed by the discords of an orchestra that could not play, and a chorus that could not sing. We felt for the poor composer, assisting at the martyrdom of his own beautiful conceptions. How differently they would have sounded at the *Opéra Comique*! The intrinsic beauties of the piece, nevertheless, triumphed over the defects of its performance. The principal singers exerted themselves greatly, and the chief airs and duets were warmly applauded, and some of them encored. Several of these pieces are so pleasing and graceful that they cannot fail to become popular, both in the concert-room and in the private musical circle. Next week we shall engrave a scene from this successful opera.

This is the height of the Concert season, and many more of them take place every day than it is possible to notice. On Saturday, the 26th of May, at the annual concert of Mr. F. Chatterton, the eminent harpist, considerable interest was excited by the appearance of a young pianist, Miss Mattie Spenny, a girl eleven years old, who made her debut before a London audience, and whose brilliant performance of a fantasia by Beyer was much and deservedly applauded. Mdlle. Hermann, a young performer, lately arrived in this country, gave a *soirée musicale* at the rooms in Harley-street, on Monday. This lady is not only a singer, but a pianist; and on this occasion displayed extraordinary excellence in both capacities. She has a beautiful voice and a brilliant finger; and her singing, as well as her piano-forte playing, bespeaks the highly-accomplished artist. She was assisted by several of our best performers; and this concert (which was attended by a crowded and fashionable audience) was one of the most elegant entertainments of the season.

## THE THEATRES, &amp;c.

**ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.**—What are called “single-handed entertainments”—together with their modifications, two-handed and three-handed—are as popular in Paris as in London. There are French Albert Smiths, Loves, and Woodins, as well as English. Among these, M. Levasor and Mdlle. Julie Tiesseire hold a distinguished place. On Wednesday evening both these highly-finished artists appeared at this theatre in their favourite “*Soirées et Matinées Récréatives et Comiques*.” We fear that the pieces chosen for the occasion are of too slight a character to suit exactly our sterner British taste. A “*deux pas de bonheur*” serves to illustrate the moral that we frequently go abroad to seek the happiness that we might find at home. A certain *Sir George*, charmed with a song, travels over the Continent in search of the singer, and ultimately discovers his invisible charmer in the person of *Betty*, his own ward, who had all along been the companion of his tour. The idea is pretty, but the interest feeble. We require stronger fare. To this piece was added a vaudeville, called “*Le Bas Bleu*,” in which M. Levasor assumes many disguises, and ultimately succeeds in detaching the young lady from her studies and disposition to single-blessedness. Some songs were capitally well sung by both performers, and the success of the entertainment, we think, principally depend on these.

**MARYLEBONE.**—On Wednesday Miss Edith Heraud will perform at this theatre, for one night only, the character of *Pauline*, in the “*Lady of Lyons*.” The performance is for the benefit of an orphan family.

**SHREWSBURY SHOW.**—This ancient pageant will be enacted at Shrewsbury, upon a grand scale, on Monday next.

**CREMORNE GARDENS.**—The first of the three summer meetings of the Royal West London Floricultural Society takes place, on Thursday next, in these gardens. Upwards of sixty gold and silver medals are to be competed for. A brilliant show is expected.

## EPITOME OF NEWS—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

On Monday last a special general court was held at the Trinity-house on Tower-hill, at which Prince Albert was unanimously re-elected master.

The Emperor Alexander, yielding to the wishes of the Empress Dowager of Russia, has forbidden the Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas to return to the Crimea.

Prince Ernest of Leiningen has left Berlin for Dantzic, whence he will proceed to join the Baltic fleet, in which he is to serve.

Letters from Italy attribute a political purpose to the journey of the Archduke Maximilian (brother of the Emperor of Austria), now travelling in the Peninsula.

Prince Albert presided, on Saturday evening last, at the annual dinner of the officers of his regiment, the Grenadier Regiment of Foot Guards, given at Grillion's Hotel, Albemarle-street.

The King of Prussia was to proceed to the Rhine provinces on the 8th, accompanied by the Prince of Prussia, and, after visiting several Rhenish towns, return to Sans Souci on the 19th.

It has been decided that the Queen of Spain shall not go this year to La Granja, on account of the unsettled state of the country. For the same reason the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier will prolong their stay in Spain. It is not decided whether the Court will return to Madrid or continue at Aranjuez.

Baron Von Usedom is suffering from a severe kick he received from a horse at Epsom races, and from which he is only slowly recovering.

It is reported that the Empress Dowager of Russia will arrive in Berlin on the 24th inst.

The *Indus*, which arrived at Marseilles on Monday, brings, among other passengers, Lord and Lady Haddo, and the Hon. Master Gordon, from Alexandria; from Ceylon, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Colombo.

The Czar has conferred the Order of St. Anne, with the insignia in diamonds, on Baron de Chazal, Aide-de-Camp of the King of the Belgians.

The Earl of Albemarle's son, Lord Bury, has entered on his legislative functions as a member of the Council of Canada.

The King Regent of Portugal attended an exhibition of cattle at Sacavem fair on the 27th ult., and was himself an exhibitor of bulls bred by his Majesty.

The Duke de Montpensier has offered his services to the Spanish Government, and declared that he will devote his life to the defence of the Queen, the dynasty, and liberal institutions.

Sir Moses Montefiore is on his way to Jerusalem, where he intends founding a large hospital for Jews.

The Bavarian Government has taken possession of the vast estates belonging to the Leuchtenburg family, which it purchased some time back for 3,000,000 florins.

Chief Baron Pigott has arrived in Dublin. His health has been materially improved by a brief residence in a more genial climate.

The Emperor of Russia, anxious to raise funds to relieve the soldiers and sailors who have had house property injured at Sebastopol, has ordered the sale of two hotels at St. Petersburg belonging to the Admiralty.

Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, the late Minister at Florence, on relinquishing that appointment, obtained his retiring pension, and is now in Paris.

The young King of Portugal—as grandson of Auguste Eugénie Napoleon, Dowager Empress of the Brazils, widow of Don Pedro, and daughter of Prince Eugénie Beauharnais, who was the brother of Queen Hortense, the mother of Napoleon III.—is the cousin of the Emperor of the French; as he is, through his father, a nephew of Prince Albert, Consort of the Queen of England.

Jung Bahadoor, the Nepalese who visited London some years ago, has set out on an expedition against Tibet.

The Bey of Tunis died on the night of the 1st of June. His successor and cousin, Sidi Mohamed Bey, ascended the throne without obstacle.

The Hon. F. H. F. Berkeley has postponed his motion for a Committee to inquire into the operation of the Sunday Beer Act to June 26.

Redschid Pacha is living in retirement at his splendid palace, the late acquisition at Embrinham, on the Bosphorus; and his Vienna mission, it appears, is adjourned *sine die*.

Mr. Mechi, of Tiptree-hall, announces his intention of becoming a candidate for Maidens, when a vacancy occurs.

The *Moniteur* of Saturday contains decrees confirming seven promotions to the rank of Officer, and eighty-five nominations to that of Knight, in the Legion of Honour; as well as the grant of 230 military medals, made by the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the East.

Baron Manderstrom, the Swedish Secretary of Foreign Affairs, has been appointed Ambassador to Vienna, the appointment having reference to approaching negotiations of importance.

Sir Ralph Abercromby departs in a few days to resume his diplomatic duties at the Hague, after a short leave of absence.

A contract has been entered into between the Ottoman Government and M. Lionel Osborn for the establishment of a submarine telegraph to unite the Dardanelles to Egypt.

M. Mavrocordato is likely to resign, in consequence of the complaints made by the Western Powers of the insufficiency of the means taken by him to repress the Greek brigands.

Mr. Cope, the Governor of Newgate, has resigned his post, and retires on an allowance of £500 per annum for life.

Mr. H. Puley, emigration agent at St. John's, New Brunswick, has been appointed Commissioner for the Fisheries of British North America, at a salary of £1000 a year.

Madame Stoltz is about to enter into an engagement with the Imperial Theatre of Rio Janeiro, on the terms of 400,000 f. (£16,000) a year, and a house and carriage.

Zephaniah Williams, the Newport Chartist, who was transported with Frost and Jones to Australia, has made an accidental discovery in Tasmania of a bed of yellow coal of very superior quality.

The Photographic Society has appointed a scientific committee to investigate the permanency of photographs, the causes of fading, and the phenomena of the art. It is the intention of this committee to publish the result of their experiments from time to time.

A party of two hundred Mormons, mostly Welsh and English, arrived in Pittsburgh on the 10th of May, on their way to the city of the Latter-day Saints, in the valley of the Great Salt Lake.

The *Volkshote*, published at Munich, states that a large number of ornamental armlets for ladies, bearing the portrait of the late Czar, have been imported into that city for complimentary distribution.

The Queen has been pleased to grant the sum of £50 annually, for the purpose of being given in rewards for the encouragement and promotion of the education of the pupils of Victoria College, Jersey.

Already no less than 5000 members of Continental choral societies have engaged to take part in the celebration at Lille on the 17th.

The amount raised for the various objects of the Free Church of Scotland for the year ending March 31, 1855, was £308,050 9s. 8d.

The little republic of San Marino having refused to give up some political refugees claimed by the Pope, a diplomatic “tempest in a teapot” is the consequence.

The workmen employed at the Old Hetton and South Hetton Collieries have been on strike during the last week.

A bill nullifying the Fugitive Slave Law passed to a third reading in the Massachusetts Senate on the 10th ult.

In London there are now about 42,000 tons of shipping entered outwards for Australia.

The Legislative Session of the Belgian Chambers was closed on Saturday last.

The carpenters at the Curragh Camp have struck for higher wages.

It is said in Berlin that a treaty of alliance between Sweden and the Western Powers is again on the tapis.

Madrid and Lisbon will soon be united by a line of electric telegraph, which will pass by Badajoz.

The six new steam-frigates building for the United States' Government are reported to be progressing as rapidly as possible.

Mr. Hunter, the Assistant Postmaster at Cork, has been committed for trial to answer a charge of embezzling a letter containing the sum of £22, the property of her Majesty.

A violent tornado passed over the Bermudas on Saturday, May 5, doing much damage. Several schooners in the harbour at Hamilton were injured, some houses damaged, and large cedar trees torn up from the roots.

A letter from Galatz states that the Sulina passage has again become so obstructed by the sand-banks that, before many months have elapsed, it will be in the same condition as in 1853.





OPENING OF THE PALACE OF INDUSTRY AT PARIS, BY THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.—(SEE PAGE 533.)





HER MAJESTY'S STATE BALL—THE GRAND STAIRCASE AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

The Queen gave a (second) State Ball at Buckingham Palace on Friday evening (last week). About 1900 invitations were issued. The whole suite of State saloons were opened for their reception; and the Throne-room, as well as the Ball-room, was prepared for dancing, by the erection of an orchestra. A *haut-pas* was prepared for the Queen and Royal family.

The Picture-gallery and the other rooms were very tastefully decorated with rare and beautiful shrubs and plants in flower, and were brilliantly lit with crystal lustres and or-moulu chandeliers, filled with wax lights.

A party of the Yeomen of the Guard was on duty in the Grand Hall; and a guard of honour of the Foot Guards was on duty in front of the Palace, with the band of the regiment.

The company began to arrive at the Palace soon after nine o'clock, and assembled in the Picture-gallery. The Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary were attended by Lady Sudfield and Major Home Purves. The Hereditary Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz was attended by Lady Caroline Cust and Baron Lübe. The Duke of Cambridge was attended by his Equerries in Waiting. The Maharajah Duleep Singh was attended by Sir J. Logan.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert, and the Royal Family, accompanied by the Princess Adelaide of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, were conducted by the Lord Chamberlain, and other officers of the Royal household, from the White Drawing-room to the Ball-room.

The Queen wore a dress of white tulle over white silk, trimmed with bunches of lilac and white lilacs, with green leaves and rosettes of green satin ribbon, ornamented with diamonds. Her Majesty's head-dress was composed of lilacs to correspond with the dress, and diamonds.

The Duchess of Cambridge wore a white glacé silk dress, trimmed with

point lace, with three deep flounces of point lace, each flounce trimmed with feather fringe. The stomacher ornamented with emeralds and diamonds. The necklace diamonds. Her Royal Highness wore a diamond tiara and white flowers.

The Princess Mary of Cambridge wore a dress of white tulle over a rich white glacé silk petticoat, trimmed with bunches of grapes and green and gold crape leaves. The body trimmed to match, and ornamented with emeralds and diamonds. The necklace pearls and diamonds. Her Royal Highness's head-dress was formed of bunches of grapes, with green and gold leaves and diamond ornaments.

Her Majesty and the Prince, and the Royal circle, were followed by the general company into the Ball-room, where the Queen opened the Ball with his Excellency Count Persigny, the French Ambassador.

Quadrille bands (Mr. Laurent's and Mr. John Weppert's) were stationed in the Ball-room and the Throne-room.

Refreshments were served to her Majesty's guests in one of the principal State apartments during the evening, and the supper was served in the State Dinner-room; the gold plate which decorated the tables being relieved by a choice assortment of flowering plants.

We have engraved the Grand Palace Staircase: it is oblong in plan, being longer from north to south than from east to west. From the Great Hall the ascent is by a flight of marble steps to the first landing, whence the stairs turn to the right and left: a flight, in continuation of the central one, being continued up towards a room called the Garter-room—not used, however, on Ball nights, and therefore the stairs are completely hidden by flowers of the greatest beauty being placed upon them. The balustrades, of the most exquisite workmanship, are

of or-moulu, and, from the richness of their detail add greatly to the effect. A moulding similar to the balustrade is carried round the walls at a height parallel to the balustrade on the top landing, and this is gilded on a blue ground. Below this the walls are panelled and painted in imitation of various different-coloured marbles, most exquisitely imitated; above it the walls also are painted to imitate dove-coloured and Siena marbles. Portraits of George III. and his Queen, George IV., William IV. and Queen Adelaide, the Dukes of Kent and Sussex, Prince George of Cumberland (now King of Hanover), and the Duchess of Kent, adorn the walls; and above them are long bas-reliefs of the Four Seasons. A pretty cornice, resting on consoles, runs round the upper part of the wall; and above this spring arches, in the spandrels of which are paintings by Townshend, emblematic of the Seasons. A domical light of engraved glass completes the whole. In the arches are bas-reliefs of Cupids sporting amongst acanthus foliage. The architectural details are beautifully relieved with colour and gilding, and produce a strikingly rich and palatial effect.

The *tout ensemble* of the Grand Staircase on the occasion of one of the State Balls is extremely magnificent. The gay uniforms of the gentlemen—for nearly all are in uniform, a few only of the immense numbers present wearing sober-coloured Court-dresses—mingled with the endless variety of the colours of the ladies' dresses, the quaint gaudy costumes of the Yeomen of the Guard, the nodding plumes and brilliant equipments of the Gentlemen-at-Arms, with the gold-embroidered dresses of the Pages, added to the polychromatic decoration and gilding of the architectural features of the Staircase, heightened also by flowers, produce an effect of rich colour almost impossible to describe.



THE SILENT MEMBER.—(No. XX.)

THE Vienna Conference are at length announced to be finally closed; and, for the first time, they have done something with which the people of this country will be satisfied. The last meeting was distinguished by an announcement from Count Buol which affords a by no means brilliant specimen of the logical abilities of some of our model diplomatists. The Count intimated that, "having engaged to find elements of accommodation, and having failed to find any elements of accommodation, he had fulfilled his mission." If to fail in an object is the same thing as accomplishing an object, the Count may, of course, congratulate himself on his success in having made a failure. Upon this principle the Conference may be said to have realised all they intended to effect; for, having undertaken to negotiate a peace, and not having negotiated a peace, they have—in a diplomatic sense, which seems to be very different from common sense—done all they desired. It is to be hoped that we shall hear no more of these Vienna Conferences, which may henceforth be buried under the weight of their own protocols. We shall, however, be reminded of them once more, by something still heavier than even the protocols, in the shape of the bill we shall have to pay for our share of the expenses.

The Total Abstinence question has had an airing in Exeter-hall, and a little wholesome ventilation will be useful to a subject which ought to be looked at with the aid of a little more enlightenment than has hitherto been mixed up with it. The champions of what is called the Temperance cause are very well-meaning men; but they look at their favourite object too entirely from one point of view, and they resolutely refuse to see anything but the evils of the present system. That which is in itself harmless should be left to the fullest freedom of choice, though it may be true that, directly the line is overstepped where harmlessness ends and mischief begins, the law may oppose a barrier for the protection of society. If drunkenness is an evil, let it by all means be punished in proportion to the harm it inflicts; but the fact of drunkenness being evil is no reason why that which is in itself harmless should be prohibited. The advocates of prohibition are in the habit of pointing to other matters with which legislation has interfered, and which are said to be harmless in themselves; but it is not true that the objects which have been instanced in proof of this position are of themselves innocuous. The advocates of the Maine Law allege that it is quite as reasonable to shut up houses of refreshment as it has been to pass a law for the closing of betting-houses. But the two cases are by no means identical,—for betting is an evil in itself, a *malum in se*; while a glass of beer may be a good thing in itself; and if nobody were allowed to purchase one it would become a *bonum prohibitum*. There is no doubt that drunkenness is the monster vice of the age, but the cure must be accomplished by other means than those of driving the disease inwards, and causing a complication of evils, which would be the case if the open sale of liquors were to be suppressed, and a fraudulent traffic were to be established. A law that the common sense of society would revolt against ought never to be imposed, for it will surely be violated in some indirect manner, and thus not only is the law brought into odium or contempt, but the community is demoralised by evasive practices.

Among the minor delinquencies of the present day is the mischievous habit of picking flowers in the grounds of the Crystal Palace. A love of flowers seems in itself a very harmless predilection, and there does not appear much criminality in taking a single flower from a well-stocked parterre, but the directors have found it necessary to bring several fair offenders before the magistrates. Prevention is always better than cure; but more especially is it desirable to warn rather than to punish a class of transgressors against the law who have really no criminal intention, and who do not think of the mischief they are doing. The evil is certainly one that ought to be checked, but the circumstances scarcely justify a charge of wilfully damaging a plant, when the will is clearly to become possessed of a flower, and not to damage property. If the servants of the company were to be vigilant in preventing the evil, and if requests to the public not to pick the flowers were to be conspicuously placed about the grounds, the necessity might be avoided of having to bring before the magistrates a class of persons, chiefly females, who have had no dishonest intent, and whom it is hardly fair to place in the degraded position of criminals.

It is gratifying to observe that Lord Brougham is again at his post in the House of Lords, using the most earnest exertions to continue the amendment of the law, which has already been purged of so much that was bad by his untiring zeal and unequalled ability. A few days ago he inquired into the causes of the very heavy exactions of fees from the suitors in the County Courts, which it is quite a mistake to regard as tribunals in which justice is cheaply administered. The County Courts are a vast improvement on the old system, as far as debts of moderate amount are concerned, for, when those debts were sued for in Westminster-hall, the expense of litigation was such as to make the amount in dispute an item of insignificance, when compared with the cost of obtaining it. The result used to be that law was avoided as ruinous; but now, although a vast number of small debts are sued for in the County Courts, the fees are felt as a cumbrous tax on the administration of justice. Several shillings must be expended a very outset of the prosecution of even the smallest claim; and where the amount is very small, the costs frequently exceed the debt sought to be recovered. The only really cheap tribunals are the Metropolitan Police Courts, where two shillings paid for a summons constitute the whole expense of proceeding; but where, unfortunately for the humbler classes, the civil jurisdiction is so limited that even a common claim for wages cannot be enforced, and whence applicants are continually sent away to the County Court with an intimation that the magistrate has no power to assist them. It is, undoubtedly, in some respects, advisable that the criminal and the civil jurisdiction should be kept distinct from each other, but it is idle to boast of having brought justice home to every man's door, until either the Police Courts have jurisdiction in civil cases, or the County Courts are made sufficiently cheap for the poorer class of suitors. The County Courts have certainly aided in bringing home justice to many a door; but if the article is brought home it has to be paid for rather heavily before delivery. The fees taken in the County Courts are far more than sufficient to pay the expenses incidental to the establishment of these tribunals, and the entire excess is so much improperly abstracted from the pockets of the suitors. It may be difficult to adjust very nicely the balance between the sum to be taken from the public and the cost of administering the law; but it is very easy to make a much nearer approximation between the two than has hitherto existed. Another of Lord Brougham's proposals for Law Reform has for its object the saving of a very large number of persons every year from lengthened and often wholly undeserved imprisonment. In these days of national excitement on the subject of the war, which absorbs almost every other question, one is apt to lose sight of much that, at other times, would excite very serious interest. The liberty of the subject is usually regarded as one of the very highest objects of respect, and yet we are allowing it to be trifled with annually to a very considerable extent; for, out of 28,000 persons committed to prison in 1853, no less than 6200 were, by discharge or acquittal, shown to be innocent. It will of course happen unavoidably that some charges should be made which, from various causes, cannot be sustained; but, supposing this to be an inevitable evil, it is the duty of legislation, to mitigate as far as possible a mischief which cannot be entirely remedied. This is the purpose which Lord Brougham has in view; and he has accordingly been urging the Government to adopt certain reforms in the criminal law by which persons who are in prison may be brought to a speedy trial. This desirable end he is endeavouring to attain by promoting a measure which will give magistrates power to

deal with a great number of small offences, and also by an Act of Parliament for causing sessions to be held more frequently in the course of the year, as well as adding to the number or rather to the frequency of the circuits of the Judges. Now that the Superior Courts are freed from more than half their former labours by the institution of the County Courts, it must really be a matter of satisfaction to the Judges of the former to be enabled to earn more conscientiously their large salaries by an increased amount of public utility, which the reforms of Lord Brougham would afford them the luxury of practising.

METROPOLITAN NEWS.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS  
TAKEN DURING THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY, JUNE 7.

Month	Corrected Reading of Barom. at 9 A.M.	Thermometer. Highest Reading.	Thermometer. Lowest Reading.	Mean Temperature of Day.	Departure of Temperature from Average.	Degree of Humi- dity.	Direction of Wind.	Rain in Inches.
June	Inches.							Inches.
1	29.723	52.9	45.1	47.9	— 8.6	91	S.S.W.	0.00
" 2	29.978	64.0	38.2	49.5	— 7.5	83	S.S.W.	0.00
" 3	29.868	64.2	36.8	50.1	— 6.9	80	"	0.00
" 4	29.839	64.0	49.2	56.8	— 0.3	87	"	0.01
" 5	29.862	70.0	51.8	67.7	+ 0.4	91	"	0.00
" 6	29.768	81.5	64.2	69.6	+ 12.1	74	S.S.E.	0.00
" 7	29.802	65.5	53.0	57.4	— 0.3	94	W.S.W.	0.07

Note.—The sign — denotes below the average and the sign + above the average. The numbers in the sixth column are calculated on the supposition that the saturation of the air is represented by 100.

The reading of the barometer increased from 29.72 in. at the beginning of the week to 29.98 in. by the 2nd; decreased to 29.83 in. by the 4th; increased to 29.86 in. by the 5th; decreased to 29.67 in. by the 26th; and increased to 29.85 in. by the end of the week. The mean for the week, at the height of 82 feet above the level of the sea, was 29.814 in.

The mean daily temperatures have varied during the week from 81° below to 12° above their average values. During the period they were below, viz., from May 28th to June 4th, the average defect was 7.8° daily.

The mean temperature of the week was 55.6°—being 1.5° below its average value.

The range of temperature during the week was 47.7, being the difference between the lowest reading of the thermometer, 36.8° on the 3rd; and the highest, 81.5°, on the 6th.

The mean daily range of temperature during the week was 19.7°; the least was 7.8°, on the 1st; and the greatest, 30.3°, on the 6th.

Lain fell during the week to the depth of nearly one-tenth of an inch. The weather during the week has been remarkable for great changes of temperature,—extremes of heat and cold having both been experienced. LEWISHAM, June 8, 1855.

HEALTH OF LONDON.—During the week ending last Saturday the births of 1402 children were registered within the metropolitan districts: of these, 714 were boys, and 688 were girls. The average of the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1845-54 was 1405. The number of deaths during the week was 1075; of these, 542 were males, and 531 were females; being a decrease of about 100 on the deaths registered during the several preceding weeks; and is partly attributable to the rise in the temperature which occurred lately, as was shown in our weekly table. The average number of deaths, corrected for increase of population, was 1029. Of the number of deaths, 630 were those of persons under twenty years of age. There is no remarkable feature in the epidemic class of diseases: small-pox was fatal in 21 cases, scarlatina in 48, hooping-cough in 41, and diarrhoea in 16 cases.

CIVIC ENTERTAINMENT TO THE JUDGES.—On Saturday evening an entertainment was given by the Lord Mayor, in the Egyptian-hall, Mansion-house, to her Majesty's Judges.

ROYAL SOCIETY.—On Thursday the following candidates were elected into the Royal Society:—Arthur Connell, Esq.; William Farr, Esq.; William Lewis Ferdinand Fischer, Esq.; Isaac Fletcher, Esq.; William John Hamilton, Esq.; John Hawkshaw, Esq.; John Hippisley, Esq.; James Luke, Esq.; A. Follett Osler, Esq.; Thomas Thomson, M.D.; Charles B. Vignoles, Esq.; Charles Vincent Walker, Esq.; Robert Wight, M.D.; Alexander William Williamson, Esq.; George Fergusson Wilson, Esq.

ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM.—A public meeting was held at the Rose Tavern, Fulham-road, on Wednesday night, for the purpose of aiding and giving effect to the views enunciated by the Administrative Reform Association. Mr. W. F. Lloyd, a magistrate, was called to the chair, and made some preliminary observations, denouncing "the system" of official formality. He said also that a vulgar clamour was now raised at public meetings against Lord Palmerston, the Prime Minister. He greatly admired Lord Palmerston, and knew that a truer English Minister never presided over the Queen's Councils. He was judicious, vigorous, uncompromising—very valuable qualities. No one could deny the immense stimulus given to all branches of the service since his accession to power. Lord Palmerston could not change on a sudden the system, nor the instruments he was obliged to employ. It was the duty of the people to speak out. Dr. Truman moved a resolution pledging the meeting to support the resolutions carried at the meeting in the City. Mr. Lono moved a resolution to the effect that the Executive was merely the delegated instrument of the people's will to originate and carry out such measures as would prove advantageous to the country; and that the invariable selection from the aristocracy, including both Whigs and Tories, tended to deprive the nation of the assistance of able men in the management of its affairs. The resolution was seconded by Mr. A. B. Richards, and carried. The Rev. Dr. Wilson, Dean of the College of Preceptors, and other gentlemen, addressed the meeting, which did not conclude until a late hour.

ST. MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELDS LIBRARY AND READING-ROOM FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.—The third festival of this institution was held on Wednesday evening, at the Northern Schools, Castle-street, Long-acre. There were about 400 working men and their wives present; and Lord Radstock, the Dean of Hereford, Rev. T. Jackson, Rev. F. D. Maurice, Dr. Lockhart Robertson, Mr. T. J. Furnivall, and other known friends of the working-classes, partook of the feast. Letters were read from Earl Grosvenor, Viscount Goderich, and Lord Overstone, expressing their regret at not being able to attend. The Rev. Henry Mackenzie, the Vicar of the parish, presided. The company assembled in the Library about half-past seven, and amused themselves for some time by looking over the handsome books presented by his Royal Highness Prince Albert, the Bishop of London, Miss Coutts, Sir Walter James, Sir Henry Dukinfield, the late Vicar, and others. When the Library became crowded, a large number of the guests adjourned to the School of Art and Design, fitted upon the floor above, and which had been originally designed as a playground for the children, but was converted into a School of Design last February twelvemonth, when it was opened under the auspices of the Duke of Argyll. Here a number of drawings by the artisans were exhibited, which showed considerable talent and accuracy. Soon after eight o'clock the whole company adjourned to the boys' school-room, which, with one of the committee-rooms, was fitted up for 350 guests, and gaily decorated with flags. The visitors, however, were so numerous that between fifty and one hundred had to return to the Library, where they had tea served, and amused themselves with singing glees while the festival was going on below. The Vicar said grace before and after tea, and then gave a concise history of the Library, which, he said, had been in operation for three years, and had not been so fully supported as he expected by the working classes. There were, however, 129 members, and if that number were increased it would soon become entirely self-supporting. The building provides education for 624 children; instruction in the School of Art for 202 adults and children; evening recreation and instruction for 129 in the Library; and a Life Assurance Branch Association numbering upwards of 80; without speaking of the Sunday-schools, evening classes, and other institutions connected with it. He thought he might assume that the building he had had the satisfaction of seeing grow up among them in one of the waste places of the parish might now fairly be looked on as an institution that had struck its roots deep, and was calculated to exercise a wide influence for good upon the neighbourhood. Several resolutions were afterwards moved and seconded by Lord Radstock, the Dean of Hereford, Rev. John Lawrell, Rev. E. T. Yates, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Churchwarden Stobbs, Mr. Warrington, and others; but the most striking speech of the evening was by a Mr. Parker, a working man in a coach-factory in the parish, who astonished the company by quoting Aristophanes, Mæchylus, and Sophocles; and then, as he expressed himself, "stripped himself of his plumes" by saying that he had learnt all he knew of them; first, by attending a lecture of Professor Browne, at that Library, on "Attic Tragedy;" and then by buying translations of the Greek poets, which he had read with delight and avidity. The evening passed over with great gratification to all; and at the close a vote of thanks to the Vicar and committee was passed by acclamation.

THE OMNIBUS TRADE.—Owing to the high rate of mileage duty and the advanced price of provender, several of the omnibuses in the principal thoroughfares have been taken off the road during the last few months, to the great inconvenience of the public. In 1853, 1238 omnibuses were licensed; last year, only 1160. Fifty omnibuses used to ply between Chelsea and Hoxton, but now only 36; on the Stoke Newington and Ball's Pond-road one-fourth of the number has been withdrawn; and soon in like manner in other neighbourhoods.

PRESERVATION OF LIFE FROM SHIPWRECK.—On Thursday a meeting of the Royal National Life-boat Institution was held at the Society's house, in John-street, Adelphi; his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, K.G., President of the Society, in the chair. A reward of £5 10s. was granted to the crew of the life-boat of the institution stationed at Lytham, in consideration of their prompt conduct in going off to the assistance of the crew of the flat *John*, which was observed during a heavy gale of wind to have drifted on the Horse bank, on the Lancashire coast. Also a reward of £2 10s. to a boat's crew for their laudable services to one out of three persons who were upset from a boat near Cape Clear, on the coast of Cork; two men, unfortunately, perished on the occasion. Other rewards were granted. Some life-boat carriages and a life-boat had been sent by the institution to Budehaven, Porthpess, and Dundrum during the past month. It was stated that the life-boats of the society had saved nearly 140 shipwrecked persons during the past year. It appeared, nevertheless, that upwards of 1500 persons had perished from shipwrecks on our coasts in the same short period. The institution earnestly appeals to the public for support to enable it to carry on its hitherto successful operations in the cause of humanity.

THE SUNDAY BEER BILL.—On Saturday last a numerous and influential deputation of licensed victuallers and others interested in the repeal of the Sunday Beer Bill of last Session waited upon Sir William Molesworth, in Whitehall-place. Mr. Foster, president of the Licensed Victuallers' Defence Society, said that the deputation had attended for the purpose of asking Sir William Molesworth to present to Parliament various numerous signed petitions for the repeal of Mr. Patten's measure, which, in its effects, had proved a great hardship to the public and the trade. Mr. Foster having pointed out the grievances they complained of, was followed by Mr. Shaw, chairman of the Engineers' Association, who detailed the hardships which the bill inflicted upon the class which he represented. Several other members having remarked upon the working of the Act, Sir William Molesworth, in reply, promised to present the petitions. He would see Sir George Grey, the Home Secretary, on the subject, and in the meantime would give his best attention to the matter which had been laid before him.

LORD GODERICH AND HIS CONSTITUENTS.

TAKING advantage of the Whitsuntide holidays, the Liberal electors of Huddersfield entertained Lord Goderich, M.P., at a banquet in the Gymnasium-hall of that town on Thursday week, at which a large number of the most influential members of the Liberal party were present. In the evening a public meeting was held in the Philosophical-hall, when Lord Goderich explained his opinions on the present position of public affairs, and the course he had pursued in Parliament during the two years he had been the representative of Huddersfield. Nearly 2000 persons were present.

After taking a survey of the present state of home politics, he condemned the conduct of Government with regard to the war. He agreed with Mr. Layard that the Government of Lord Aberdeen was in no small degree responsible for the war, owing to their want of a decided policy. "I think (said his Lordship) this war has been occasioned, not by a love of peace, but by timidity in the councils of the nation." Now that we were at war, however, he thought that we ought not to make peace unless upon such terms as were likely to secure the honour of England and the safety of Europe. Having disposed of the war, he passed on to the next great question of the day, Administrative Reform. He was glad to see that Government was beginning to show some conception of the importance of the matter.

But, after all, it is not merely the Government who have something to do in this matter; we have all of us something to do; constituencies in the country and their representatives, have much to do with this question. We are told that the civil service is filled with unfit men; and how has that civil service been filled? It has been filled by the exigencies of party, and at the request of importunate members of Parliament. Now, let me tell you this, that if you mean to have Administrative Reform, to have these changes made in the mode of carrying on the business of the country, and of appointing men to discharge the duties of that country's service, we must ourselves be prepared to take the necessary steps on our side. We members of Parliament, and our constituencies, must be prepared not to wait in the antechambers of Ministers to ask for favours (Cheers). I am told that the most importunate in these matters get most; but the most importunate are not likely to be the best judges of men, because they are quite certain to be the most shameless. It is no pleasant matter to have to ask a favour of a Minister; and I for one have now to say that, as I desire Administrative Reform, and as I believe at this moment it is peculiarly necessary that members of Parliament should maintain their independence and free judgment, I for one am determined that Mr. Hayter's office shall never again be darkened by my shadow (Cheers). That is the way to prove that we are in earnest. As long as constituencies send to Parliament so-called Liberals, and there are plenty of them, who din into the ears of Whig acolytes of the Treasury that they want places for this man and for that—so long as that goes on you cannot and won't have Administrative Reform (Cheers). There were times when places were bought simply and plainly for so much money; and there are times, I suspect, when men are bought by equally efficacious if less patent means. I don't mean to say that members of Parliament are open to corrupt bargains—I should be unworthy of my position in the House of Commons if I lent my soul to calumniate my colleagues; but this I say, that men are kept in good temper by the places that are given to their friends. A member of Parliament keeps his constituents in good temper by the places he gives them; the whipper-in keeps members of Parliament in good temper by the places he enables them to give to their constituents; and so the whole thing goes on, until by pressure upon members of Parliament, and upon Ministers, the public service is filled with incompetent men (Hear, hear). Add to that all the influences that are brought to bear by persons of high position and great wealth who may support the Government, and then I think you will find that, after all, the share of blame which falls upon the wretched Ministers is not so great (Hear, hear). Those who talk about Administrative Reform are scarcely, perhaps, aware of the wide bearing which their words have. I think I have shown you, by what I have now said, that the task of carrying out effectual reform is not so easy and so simple, that it is not to be done by arraigning administrators at public meetings, but by the earnest co-operation, I may say, of every man in the country; and I believe, if what you mean is that the administration of the country shall be carried on, as we often hear the phrase, in the manner in which a private business is carried on, before you arrive at that condition of affairs you will find yourselves called upon to make far deeper and far wider changes than perhaps you now contemplate (Hear, hear). I, for one, am prepared to face the consequences of my opinion. I believe—if this country is to maintain her high position, and we are to show that free government and good administration are not incompatible—we must pursue this object fearlessly whithersoever it may lead us, though cautiously and temperately (Cheers).

After some concluding remarks, Lord Goderich sat down amidst prolonged and enthusiastic cheering, his address having occupied nearly three hours and a quarter.

THE BERNE AND GENEVA RAILWAY.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.)

I have read with considerable interest the excellent article published in your paper of last Saturday, on the opening of a portion of the Western Railway of Switzerland, intended, when complete, to unite the towns of Morges and Lausanne, on the Lake of Geneva, with the town of Yverdon, on the lake of Neuchâtel. This, however, being the first published account of that railway which has fallen under my notice, I feel, as the engineer who laid out the line in question, and set the whole of the work going, that it is only just to myself that the fact should be known. With the exception of the branch of Lausanne, the railway passes generally through the same line of country (the valley of the "Venoge") as that reported upon in 1844, by Mr. W. Fraissie, a Swiss engineer, and afterwards adopted by Mr. Robert Stephenson, in his report to the Federal Government. The branch to Lausanne, however, was entirely laid out by myself, and the greatest possible attention was given to secure the best line, under the double point of view of convenience to the town of Lausanne and port of Ouchy, and neighbouring villages, together with a facility for its extension to Vevey and Villeneuve—a project at that time much insisted upon, and which will probably be executed in the course of time.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant, G. H. PHIPPS, M.I.C.E.  
21, Great George-street, Westminster, June 6, 1855.

THE Opinione of Turin states that it is in contemplation to connect Balacava with Europe through Genoa instead of Giurgevo. With this view the telegraphic line between La Spezia and Cagliari is to be connected by a submarine cable with Malta, Gallipoli, and Constantinople, the latter communicating with Varna by suspended wires. Mr. Brett is expected this month at Cagliari with the cable to be sunk between that place and Algiers.

THE PORE effected his return from the country on the evening of the 23d ult. The road between Castel Gandolfo and Rome was strongly guarded by pickets of gendarmes, stationed at short intervals, and patrols of horse police, who perfectly succeeded in ensuring the safety of his Holiness.

A LETTER from Beyrout mentions the death of one of the French *roues de charité*, who had fallen a victim to her zeal and devotedness in the discharge of her duties. A number of persons attended her funeral, and for the first time in Syria the cross which was carried before the clergy was seen escorted by Turkish soldiers, with their arms reversed.

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.—On the 6th inst. a Leicestershire shareholder took out the share No. 11,000, making the amount subscribed to the Society, since the formation of the Society in September, 1852, £250,000. The withdrawal on this capital of half a million and upwards have been under £12,000, and the amount of land sold exceeds £104,000.



## NATIONAL SPORTS.

The principal event of the week has been the successful maiden appearance of John Scott's crack two-year-old, Fly-by-Night, by the Flying Dutchman, to whom two other Derby favourites—Bird-in-Hand and Pol-moodie (a very elegant creature)—ran second and third. He is a low, lengthy, and very powerful colt, not unlike his sire about the head, and quite as heavily engaged as his unfortunate half-brother, Graculus Esau, who has a large curb on the near side, which sadly interferes with his training. The unexpected defeat of Habena, whose party were very confident, was also another "great fact" on the Vase day, and Claret cleared her at the Stand with the utmost ease. It is quite evident that she must have run some pounds below her real form. Oulton, a very ugly lop-eared animal, out of Alice Hawthorne, won the Vase very cleverly; and taking a line through flatland, who forced the running from end to end, he must be as good if not better than Kingstown. He sprung at once to 3 to 1 for the St. Leger, which at present looks like a match between him and Rife-man. The public were sadly disappointed at the defeat of the old horse, who has always been a great favourite with them. Corabus has passed out of Robert's into J. Dawson's stable; and it is said that Blooming Heather will not improbably become one of Baron Rothschild's string, though her Oaks defeat, by a bad mare like Marchioness, does not enhance her value. The on dds, that the Oaks winner was only backed in the stable for £25 by the gentleman in whose name she ran. Marlow, the jockey, is said to be progressing favourably; and it seems that it was not owing to his own extravagance, but to an unfortunate mortgage in which all his savings were invested, that his friends felt it their duty to open a subscription for him. Hospodar completely failed in his attempt to go two-and-a-half miles in the Ascot Stakes; and, after nearly pulling Aldcroft over his head in the first three quarters of a mile, got completely beaten before they rose the hill, and walked in last of all. The public never believed in his power to accomplish a long distance; but such is their confidence in the Zetland stable (who quite thought so from his private performances with Pandango) that they made him first favourite. Mortimer's mean appearance was sadly against him, and lookers-on considered that his most appropriate sphere would be a light water-cart instead of a race-course. However, his owner knew better, as he had tried him to be quite as good as he was at Chester, and booked victory as certain. Lord Clifden had a turn in the Hunt Cup with Chalice, a daughter of old Crucifix, who has greatly improved under Isaac Day's care.

The racing calendar has not much to invite the sportsman in its pages for next week. Monday will, however, be an afternoon of considerable interest at Fattersall's, as the Royal stud yearlings will be brought to the hammer. They number about thirteen or fourteen, and include a sister to Frantic and a sister to Grapeshot. Ten of Mr. Greville's on Monday averaged 130 guineas each, which was made up by final bids of every kind from 455 guineas (the price of the colt by Orlando out of Little Finch), down to 12 guineas, so that the great prices of last year are not at all likely to be realised by Mr. Godwin's four-legged protégés. A large kennel of Clumber spaniels, &c., are also advertised by the Messrs. Tattersall for sale on the same day; and Bay Middleton, who is now rising 23, and several of Lord Clifden's mares, &c., will be sold at Stockbridge before the Thursday's races in the following week. The race-meetings on the list for next week are Hampton Court on Wednesday and Thursday; and Newton, which is now under Mr. Baker's auspices, on the same days; neither of them big with events of more than passing interest. Apropos of hunting, it is credibly reported that Sir John Trollope is to hunt the Cottesmore country in future.

The willow is being wielded in earnest at last. Clark and his eleven are taking their rest for a week; but on Monday the Marylebone Club and ground play the county of Sussex, at Lord's; and on Thursday the gentlemen of England encounter the gentlemen of the Marylebone Club on the same ground. We fear that we shall see very few public school matches there this year, as head masters are very unaccountably setting their faces against them, and wish them always to be played in their school cloths. The Marylebone Club this week beat Surrey in one innings, by fourteen runs—Maygarth contributing 97 to the score before Sherman reached his stumps.

On Tuesday the Oxford University sculls will be rowed for; and Saturday is appointed both for the Glasgow Flag Regatta and the Ranelagh Yacht-club sailing-match. The latter will be sailed off Battersea reach, and a £10 sailing-cup will be the prize of the day. The entry for the Henley Regatta will be made on Saturday. Its prizes are valued at £436, the silver trophy not included; and comprise cups of every value from 100 guineas to 12 guineas, for all kinds of competitors, from eight-oared crews to scullers.

## ASCOT RACES.—TUESDAY.

Trials Stakes.—Coroner, 1. Early Morn, 2.  
Seventh Ascot Triennial Stakes.—Fly-by-Night, 1. Bird-in-Hand, 2.  
Sixth Ascot Triennial Stakes.—Claret, 1. Clotilde, 2.  
Ascot Derby Stakes.—Pugator, 1. Hazel, 2.  
Ascot Stakes.—Mortimer, 1. Mishap, 2.  
Her Majesty's Gold Vase.—Oulton, 1. Rataplan, 2.  
Welcome Stakes.—Flatterer, 1. Para, 2.

## WEDNESDAY.

Fifth Ascot Triennial Stakes.—Winkfield, 1. Bracken, 2.  
Fourth Ascot Triennial Stakes.—Queen's Head, 2.  
Royal Hunt Cup.—Chalice, 1. Orson, 2.  
Sweetstake of 15 sovs. each.—Contention, 1. Redemption, 2.  
Coronation Stakes.—Alec, 1. Miss Fanshawe, 2.  
Her Majesty's Plate of 100 sovs.—Catastrophe, 1. Octavia, 2.  
Her Majesty's Plate.—Saucebox, 1. Venison, 2.

## THURSDAY.

Palace Stakes.—Palcot, 1. Vexation, 2.  
Visitors' Plate.—Shorcham, 1. Le Juf, 2.  
New Stakes.—Milton, 1. Polmoodie, 2.  
Gold Cup.—Pandango, 1. Rataplan, 2.  
Sweetstake.—Antoinette, 1. Guitar, 2.  
Windsor Castle Stakes.—Professor, 1. Afghan, 2.

A FORAGING EXPEDITION NEAR KERTCH.—The Highlanders in little parties sought about for water, or took a stray peep after a "bit keep-keep" in the houses on their way to the wells, but the French were ever before them, and great was the grumbling at the comparative license allowed to our allies. The houses were clean outside and in—whitewashed neatly and provided with small well-glazed windows, which were barely adequate, however, to light up the two rooms of which each dwelling consisted, but the heavy smell inside was most oppressive and disagreeable: it seemed to proceed from the bags of black bread and vessels of fish-oil which were found in every cabin. Each dwelling had outhouses, stables for cattle, pens, bakeries, and rude agricultural implements outside. The ploughs were admirably described by Virgil, and a reference to "Adams' Antiquities" will save me a world of trouble in satisfying the curiosity of the farming interest at home. The furniture was all smashed to pieces; the hens and ducks captured to the bow and spear of the Gaul were cackling and quacking piteously as they were carried off in bundles from their homes by Zouaves and Chasseurs. Every house we entered was ransacked, and every cupboard had a pair of red breeches sticking out of it, and a blue coat inside of it. Vessels of stinking oil, bags of sour bread, casks of flour or ham, wretched clothing, old boots, beds ripped up for treasure, the hideous pictures of saints on paneling or paper which adorn every cottage with lamps suspended before them, were lying on the floors. Ladies dressed themselves in faded pieces of calico dresses or aged flannel lying in old drawers, and danced about the gardens. One house, which had been occupied as a guard-house, and was marked on a board over the door, "No. 7 Kordon," was a scene of especial confusion. Its inmates had evidently fled in great disorder, for their great-coats and uniform jackets still lay on the floors, and bags of the black bread filled every corner, as well as an incredible quantity of old boots. A French soldier, who, in his indignation at not finding anything of value, had with great wrath devastated the scanty and nasty-looking furniture, was informing his comrades outside of the atrocities which had been committed, and added, with the most amusing air of virtue in the world, "Ah, Messieurs, Messieurs! ces brigands ils ont volés tout!" No doubt he had settled honourably with the proprietor for a large bundle of living poultry, which hung panting over his shoulders, and which were offered to us on very reasonable terms. Notwithstanding the great richness of the land, little had been done by man to avail himself of its productiveness. I never in my life saw such quantities of weeds or productions of such inexorable ferocity towards pantons, or such eccentric flowers of such huge dimensions, as the ground outside these cottages bore. The inhabitants were evidently glaziers rather than agriculturists. Around every house were piles of a substance like peat, which is made, we are informed, from the dung of cattle, and is used as fuel. The cattle, however, had been all driven away. None were taken that I saw, though the quantity must have been very great which fed on the fields around. Poultry and ducks were, however, captured in abundance; and a party of Chasseurs, who had taken a huge wild-looked boar, were in high delight at their fortune, and soon dispatched and cut him up into joints with their swords. There were some thirty or forty houses scattered about the ridge, but all were pretty much alike. The smell was equally disagreeable in all, in spite of whitewash, and we were glad to return from a place which a soldier of the 71st said "A Glasgow beggar wad na tak a gift off!"—*Letter from Kertch, May 25.*

## MONETARY TRANSACTIONS OF THE WEEK.

(From our City Correspondent.)

Compared with the previous week, the amount of business transacted in the Consol Market, since our last, has been small. Prices have, therefore, shown a tendency to give way; but the fall in them has been trifling. If anything, the demand for money for commercial purposes has improved, yet we find that the applications to the Bank of England have not increased in number, from the fact that the charge for discount accommodation is lower by fully one-half per cent in Lombard-street. The stock of gold in the Bank is still increasing, notwithstanding that the French exchanges have taken a turn against us; and the imports of that metal this week have been good—viz., £1,970,000 from New York, £900,000 from the Peninsula, and £600,000 from Australia, together with a larger quantity of silver—£2,400,000 dollars—from Mexico and the West Indies. The shipments were comprised £463,000, chiefly silver, to India, China, &c.; and about £50,000 to the Continent.

On Monday the transactions in national Stocks were limited:—The Three per Cent Reduced were 91½ to 92; Consols for Account, 91½ to 92; the New Three per Cent, 92½. Long Annuities, 1850, were 3 15½; Ditto, 1855 (the New Stock), 16½. India Bonds were done at 21s. to 23s.; Exchequer Bills, 18s. to 23s.; Omnium, 5 pm. Exchequer Bonds, 100½. There was much flatness in the market on the following day. Bank Stock realised 203½. The Three per Cent Reduced 91½; Consols for Account, 91½ to 91¾; and the New Three per Cent, 92½. Long Annuities, 1850, 3½; Ditto, 1855, 3½; Ditto, 1855, 16½. The Omnium was done at 4½ prem; Exchequer Bills, 20s. to 23s.; Ditto Bonds, 100½. Wednesday's business was rather limited:—Bank Stock, 210. The Three per Cent Reduced were 91½ to 91¾; the New Three per Cent, 91½ to 92½; Consols for Account, 91 up to 91½; Long Annuities, 1850, 16½; India Stock, 23s. to 23½; India Bonds, 22s.; Exchequer Bills, 20s. to 23s. prem. Exchequer Bonds, 100½. The Stock Market was rather flat on Thursday:—The Three per Cent for the Account were 91½ to 91¾. Bank Stock was firm, at 209½ to 210. The New Three per Cent marked 92½; Exchequer Bills, 19s. to 22s.; India Bonds, 25s. premium; India Stock, 23s. to 23½.

The transactions in the Foreign House have been devoid of interest; yet, with very few exceptions, no material change has taken place in the quotations:—Brazilian Five per Cent have realised 100; Ditto Sinall, 100; Buenos Ayres Six per Cent, 60; Danish Three per Cent, 81½; Mexican Three per Cent, 22½; Peruvian Three per Cent, 48½; Portuguese Three per Cent, 41; Sardinian Five per Cent, 68½ ex div.; Spanish Three per Cent, 28½; Ditto, New, Deferred, 18½; Turkish Six per Cent, 81½; Dutch Two-and-a-Half per Cent, 64½; Dutch Four per Cent, 95½; Ecuador, 3½; Granada One-and-a-Half per Cent, 16½; Venezuela, 28½; Russian Five per Cent, 100; Ditto, Four-and-a-Half per Cent, 90½; Belgian Four-and-a-Half per Cent, 92½.

The following statement shows the state of the note circulation in the United Kingdom during the four weeks ending on the 12th ult:—

Bank of England .....	£20,182,573
Private Banks .....	3,937,501
Joint-stock Banks .....	3,151,378
Scotland .....	3,801,301
Ireland .....	6,342,250
Total .....	37,515,003

Compared with the previous month, these returns show an increase in the total circulation of £560,742; but a decrease of £2,031,933, when compared with the corresponding month in 1854.

The fluctuations in the value of Joint-stock Bank Shares have been trifling:—Australasia have realised 84½; English, Scottish, and Australian Chartered, 18½; London Chartered of Australia, 21½; London Joint Stock, 28½; London and Westminster, 45; Oriental, 35 ex div.; Union of Australia, 73½. Miscellaneous Securities have been tolerably firm:—Australian Agricultural, 34; Crystal Palace, 32; General Screw Steam Shipping Company, 15½; London Dock, 102½; East and West India, 121; Victoria, 13; North of Europe Steam, 12½; Peel River Land and Mineral, 3; Peninsular and Oriental Steam, 64½; Ditto, New, 12½. Canal Shares have ruled dull, as follows:—Ashton and Oldham, 129; Birmingham, 92; Coventry, 209; Derby, 81; Loughborough, 575; Neath, 160; Oxford, 110; Regent's, 14; Stafford and Worcester, 425; Stourbridge, 285. Water-works Shares have been inactive:—Berlin, 4½; East London, 103½; Grand Junction, 63½; Kent, 78½; Southwark, and Vauxhall, 89½; West Middlesex, 91; Ditto, New, 16½. In Gas-light and Coke Companies' Shares very little has been done:—Imperial, 110; Great Central, 11½; Kitching, 70; Surrey Consumers', 11. Insurance Companies' Securities have met an inactive market. In prices scarcely any change has taken place: Bridge Shares have sold:—Hungerford at 12; Waterloo, 4; Vauxhall, 21½; Ditto, Old Annuities of £3, 32½; Ditto, New, of £7, 23½.

Railway Shares have been flat and drooping, with a dull market. The following are the official closing prices on Thursday:—

ORDINARY SHARES AND STOCKS.—Aberdeen, 24½; Caledonian, 63½; Chester and Holyhead, 15½; East Anglian, 15½; Eastern Counties, 12½; Edinburgh, Perth, and Dundee, 19½; Great Northern, 92½; Ditto, B Stock, 123½; Great Southern and Western (Ireland), 100; Great Western, 65; Lancashire and Yorkshire, 81½; London and Brighton, 103½; London and North-Western, 103½; London and South-Western, 81½; Ditto, £50, 39½; Ditto, £10, 31½; Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, 27; Midland, 74½; North British, 31½; North-Eastern, Berwick, 75½; Ditto, Extension, 13½; Ditto, Leeds, 14½; Ditto York, 51½; North Staffordshire, 12½; Shropshire Union, 47; South-Eastern, 62½; Vale of Neath, 21½.

REFERENCE SHARES.—Aberdeen, No. 2, 96; Edinburgh, Perth, and Dundee, Four per Cent, 63; Great Northern Five per Cent, 117; Ditto, Four-and-a-Half per Cent, 103; Great Western, Birmingham Stock, 76; Lancashire and Yorkshire Six per Cent Stock, 137½; Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, 13½; Midland Consolidated, 89; North British, 100½; North-Eastern—Berwick, Four per Cent, 93½; North Staffordshire, 23; South-Eastern Four-and-a-Half per Cent, 100; Stockton and Darlington Five per Cent, 17.

FOREIGN.—Antwerp and Rotterdam, 9; East Indian Five per Cent, 24½; Grand Trunk of Canada, 3½; Great Luxemburg, 3½; Great Western of Canada Shares, 23½; Paris and Lyons, 44½; Rouen and Havre, 29½; Western of France, 24½.

Mining Shares have been flat. On Thursday British Iron were 4½; Fortuna, 1½; United Mexican, 5½.

## THE MARKETS.

CORN EXCHANGE, June 4.—To-day's market was but moderately supplied with home-grown wheats; yet the demand, owing to the high rates demanded by the factors, was in a sluggish state. However, a few sales took place at prices fully 1s. per quarter above those current on Monday last. The show of foreign wheat was tolerably good. In this grain a little business was transacted, but the quotations were almost nominal. Floating cargoes were firm. The barley trade ruled very inactive, on former terms. In malt next to nothing was doing. Although a steady business was done in oats, prices gave way 6d. per quarter. The sale for beans was heavy, at 1s. less money. In peas very few sales took place. The flour trade was firm, and the quotations were the turn higher.

June 6.—The general demand was in a sluggish state. In the prices of Monday scarcely any change took place.

English.—Wheat, Essex and Kent, red, 70s. to 78s.; ditto, white, 77s. to 87s.; Norfolk and Suffolk, red, 70s. to 76s.; ditto, white, s. to s.; rye, 40s. to 43s.; grinding barley, 31s. to 33s.; distilling ditto, 31s. to 31s.; matting, ditto, 32s. to 36s.; Lincoln and Norfolk malt, 60s. to 70s.; brown ditto, 62s. to 64s.; Kingston and Ware, 69s. to 70s.; Chevalier, 70s. to 74s.; Yorkshire and Lincolnshire feed oats, 35s. to 38s.; potato ditto, 27s. to 30s.; Troughtal and Cork black, 21s. to 22s.; white, 22s. to 23s.; tuck beans, 3s. to 4s.; grey peas, 2s. to 4s.; mangel, 4s. to 4s.; white, 31s. to 40s.; boilers, 42s. to 47s. per quarter. Turn-made row, 65s. to 70s.; country marks, 52s. to 60s.; per 220 lbs. American flour, 30s. to 45s. per barrel.

Needs.—All agricultural seeds are now in sale, at last week's quotations. Linseed and rapeseed, including cakes, move off steadily at full prices. Linseed, English, sowing, 74s. to 76s.; Baltic, crushing, 70s. to 72s.; Mediterranean and Odessa, 68s. to 69s.; hempseed, 48s. to 50s. per quarter. Coriander, 20s. to 21s. per cwt. Brown Mustard seed, 12s. to 14s. white ditto, 8s. to 10s.; Fares, 9s. to 11s. per bushel. English rapeseed, 43s. to 45s. per last of ten quarters. Linseed cakes, English, 12s. to 12½; ditto, foreign, 12½ to 13½; rape cakes, 16s. to 18s. 6d. per ton. Canary, 46s. to 50s. per quarter. Red clover, English, 54s. to 60s.; white ditto, 65s. to 75s. per cwt.

Imperial Weekly Averages.—Wheat, 77s. 7d.; barley, 33s. 3d.; oats, 28s. 2d.; rye, 42s. 4d.; beans, 48s. 4d.; peas, 42s. 3d.; Broad White Wheat, 73s. 7d.; barley, 33s. 2d.; oats, 27s. 1d.; rye, 42s. 1d.; beans, 42s. 6d.; peas, 42s. 6d.

English Grain Sold Last Week.—Wheat, 103,923; barley, 14,933; oats, 11,594; rye, 600; beans, 4,580; peas, 369 quarters.

Bread.—The prices of wheaten bread in the metropolis are from 10d. to 10½d.; of household ditto, 8½d. to 9½d. per 4 lb. loaf.

Large public sales have been held this week, and the demand has fallen off. In prices scarcely any change has taken place.

Sugar.—Our market has become very inactive, and most kinds of raw sugar have given way 6d. per cwt. Barbadoes has changed hands at 31s. to 41s.; brown Mauritius, 28s. 6d. to 35s.; yellow, 32s. 6d. to 39s. 6d.; grainy, 33s. to 41s. 6d.; Date, 31s. to 36s.; Henares, 35s. to 40s.; galley, 40s. to 41s. 6d.; Madras, 30s. to 35s. per cwt. Refined goods are firm. Brown sugar, 18s. 6d. and 19s. 6d. per cwt. 100 lbs. per cwt.

Coffee.—The transactions in this market have been confined to moderate quantities. In the quotations we have to report a fall in prices, and a decline in the market. The prices of the following are well supported.

Arabica.—New Irish butters have sold to a moderate extent, and fine Waterford has realised 100s. to 102s. per cwt. In foreign qualities very little is doing, at further depressed rates. English butter is very dull, but not lower. Bacon moves off slowly, at barely the late decline. All other provisions are a slow sale.

Yulph.—Our market is very inactive. P.Y.C. on the spot is selling at 52s. to 52½; 6d.; 5d.; 4d.; 3d.; 2d.; 1d.; ½d.; ¼d.; ⅛d.; 1/16d.; 1/32d.; 1/64d.; 1/128d.; 1/256d.; 1/512d.; 1/1024d.; 1/2048d.; 1/4096d.; 1/8192d.; 1/16384d.; 1/32768d.; 1/65536d.; 1/131072d.; 1/262144d.; 1/524288d.; 1/1048576d.; 1/2097152d.; 1/4194304d.; 1/8388608d.; 1/16777216d.; 1/33554432d.; 1/67108864d.; 1/134217728d.; 1/268435456d.; 1/536870912d.; 1/1073741824d.; 1/2147483648d.; 1/4294967296d.; 1/8589934592d.; 1/17179869184d.; 1/34359738368d.; 1/68719476736d.; 1/137438953472d.; 1/274877906944d.; 1/549755813888d.; 1/1099511627776d.; 1/2199023255552d.; 1/4398046511104d.; 1/8796093022208d.; 1/17592186044416d.; 1/35184372088832d.; 1/70368744177664d.; 1/140737488355328d.; 1/281474976710656d.; 1/562949953421312d.; 1/1125899906842624d.; 1/2251799813685248d.; 1/4503599627370496d.; 1/9007199254740992d.; 1/18014398509481984d.; 1/36028797018963968d.; 1/72057594037927936d.; 1/144115188075855872d.; 1/288230376151711744d.; 1/576460752303423488d.; 1/1152921504606846976d.; 1/2305843009213693952d.; 1/4611686018427387904d.; 1/9223372036854775808d.; 1/18446744073709551616d.; 1/36893488147419103232d.; 1/73786976294838206464d.; 1/147573952589676412928d.; 1/295147905179352825856d.; 1/590295810358705651712d.; 1/1180591620717411303424d.; 1/2361183241434822606848d.; 1/4722366482869645213696d.; 1/9444732965739290427392d.; 1/18889465931478580854784d.; 1/37778931862957161709568d.; 1/75557863725914323419136d.; 1/151115727451828646838272d.; 1/302231454903657293676544d.; 1/604462909807314587353088d.; 1/1208925819614629174706176d.; 1/2417851639229258349412352d.; 1/4835703278458516698824704d.; 1/9671406556917033397649408d.; 1/19342813113834066795298816d.; 1/38685626227668133590597632d.; 1/77371252455336267181195264d.; 1/154742504910672534362390528d.; 1/309485009821345068724781056d.; 1/618970019642690137449562112d.; 1/1237940039285380274899124224d.; 1/2475880078570760549798248448d.; 1/4951760157141521099596496896d.; 1/9903520314283042199192993792d.; 1/19807040628566084398385987584d.; 1/39614081257132168796771975168d.; 1/79228162514264337593543950336d.; 1/158456325028528675187087900672d.; 1/316912650057057350374175801344d.; 1/633825300114114700748351602688d.; 1/1267650600228229401496703205376d.; 1/2535301200456458802993406410752d.; 1/5070602400912917605986812821504d.; 1/10141204801825835211973625643008d.; 1/20282409603651670423947251286016d.; 1/40564819207303340847894502572032d.; 1/81129638414606681695789005144064d.; 1/162259276829213363391578010288128d.; 1/324518553658426726783156020576256d.; 1/649037107316853453566312041152512d.; 1/1298074214633706907132624082305024d.; 1/2596148429267413814265248164610048d.; 1/5192296858534827628530496329220096d.; 1/10384593717069655257060992658440192d.; 1/20769187434139310514121985316880384d.; 1/41538374868278621028243970633760768d.; 1/83076749736557242056487941267521536d.; 1/166153499473114484112975882535043072d.; 1/332306998946228968225951765070086144d.; 1/664613997892457936451903530140172288d.; 1/1329227995784915872903807060280344576d.; 1/2658455991569831745807614120560689152d.; 1/5316911983139663491615228241121378304d.; 1/10633823966279326983230456482242756608d.; 1/21267647932558653966460912964485513216d.; 1/42535295865117307932921825928971026432d.; 1/85070591730234615865843651857942052864d.; 1/170141183460469231731687303715884105728d.; 1/340282366920938463463374607431768211456d.; 1/680564733841876926926749214863536422912d.; 1/1361129467683753853853498429727072845824d.; 1/272225893536750770770699685945414569152d.; 1/544451787073501541541399371890829138304d.; 1/1088903574147003083082798743781658276608d.; 1/2177807148294006166165597487563316553216d.; 1/43556142965880123323311949751266331066432d.; 1/87112285931760246646623899502532662132672d.; 1/17422457186352049329324779900506526266528d.; 1/34844914372704098658649559801013052533056d.; 1/69689828745408197317299119602026105066112d.; 1/139379657490816394634598392040532210132224d.; 1/278759314981632789269196784081064422644448d.; 1/557518629963265578538393568162128885288896d.; 1/11150372599265311570767871363242737056177792d.; 1/22300745198530623141535742726485474112355536d.; 1/44601490397061246283071485452970948224711104d.; 1/89202980794122492566142970905941896448222208d.; 1/178405961588244985132285941811883793896444416d.; 1/35681192317648997026457188362376758779288832d.; 1/71362384635297994052914376724753517558577664d.; 1/142724769270595988105828753449507035117155328d.; 1/285449538541191976211657506899014070234310656d.; 1/570899077082383952423315013798028140468621312d.; 1/1141798154164767904846630027596056280937242624d.; 1/2283596308329535809693260055192112561874485248d.; 1/4567192616659071619386520110384225123748970496d.; 1/9134385233318143238773040220768450247497940992d.; 1/18268770466636286477546080441536900494995881984d.; 1/36537540933272572955092160883073800989991763





THE ASCOT CUP, 1855.—(FROM "THE LADY OF THE LAKE.")

## THE ASCOT RACE-PLATE.

THE Ascot Prizes, which have been contested for during the week, in design and manufacture fully sustain the great advancement in this branch of art, which we have had the satisfaction to record with each successive year of late. They are picturesque and poetic in character, and present strange contrasts with the old Race-cups—mostly imitated from poor Italian or pseudo-classic models. In these days our artists mostly borrow the subjects from history or poetry, and, catching inspiration from the author, work out his design with the aids and accessories of characteristic detail; and his design being transferred to the artisan, is wrought with spirit and exquisite finish, so as to rival the finest school of metal-work. A few evenings since, at the *conversazione* given by Lord Londes-

borough to the Numismatic Society, how strange was the contrast between the assemblage of early German plate and the Race prizes of our own day: the one quaint, curious, and grotesque in form; and the other simple and natural in outline, yet presenting an equally fine specimen of working in metal with that of the remote period.

Two of the three Ascot prizes for the present year are groups illustrative of modern poetry. First, is the *Queen's Gold Cup*, manufactured by Messrs. Garrard, goldsmiths to the Crown, from a design and model by Mr. E. Cotterill, whose equine compositions we have so often had occasion to commend. His present work is a group of statuettes in silver, in illustration of Burns's masterpiece, "Tam o'Shanter." The subject is old and familiar, but Mr. Cotterill's treatment of it is novel and striking. "Tam," mounted on "Maggie," has just reached the "key-

stone," in time to escape, but not without losing her tail, of which the vengeance of the carline is represented in the act of depriving the old mare. Poor "Maggie" could scarcely have gone a yard or two further; and the artist has most successfully portrayed an animal who has done her best, and can do no more—a more instructive position than that of a race-horse at the winning-post.

The *Ascot Cup* has also been manufactured by Messrs. Garrard, from a design and model by Mr. W. Spencer. The subject is an incident from Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake:" during the games at Stirling, which James the Fifth attended, the exiled Douglas appeared and joined the sport, an unbidden guest. He had been declared victor in every trial of strength and skill, when a noble stag was let loose, intended to be pulled down by the Royal hounds; but Lufra darted from her master's side, and, like him, soon gave evidence of her superiority. The indignant huntsman, in revenge, struck the dog, when Douglas, with one buffet, laid him stunned at his feet. Then

Clamoured loud the Royal train,  
And brandished swords and staves amain  
But stern the Baron's warning "Back!  
Back, on your lives, ye menial pack!  
Beware the Douglas."

This group is throughout a masterly composition.

The *Royal Hunt Cup* has been manufactured at the establishment of Messrs. Hunt and Roskill, goldsmiths to the Queen, from a design and model by Mr. Alfred Brown, whose graceful productions we have often engraved. The present Prize differs altogether in its character from either of the preceding groups. It is a candelabrum of pure silver, and consists of the twisted stems of vines supporting sockets for lights. Upon the rocky base is seen a combat between two dogs and a wolf; the wolf has disabled one of his antagonists, but the other has seized him by the throat. This superb piece of table-plate is admirable for its bold and simple design, and high finish.

## THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

THE attachment of his Imperial Majesty to field sports and the chase is well known; his closely-knit frame and activity eminently qualifying his Majesty for these enjoyments. On the 28th ult., according to the well-informed Correspondent of the *Times*, "his Majesty the Emperor went capercaillie shooting in the Styrian mountains. As is his wont on such occasions, he wore the costume of the country, which consists of a



THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, IN HIS "JÄGER" OR STYRIAN COSTUME.

loose "pike-grey" coat with green facings, a grey and green waistcoat, black leather shorts, ribbed white stockings, and half-boots. If to this is added a green hat, ornamented with the tail-feathers of the cock of the woods and the beard of a chamois, you have the complete costume of the Imperial 'Jäger' who yesterday descended from the train at the foot of the Semmering.

The accompanying Portrait is from a print recently published in Vienna.

THE IMPERIAL CONTEST.—Under this title, Messrs. Jaques, of Hatton-garden, have just issued a Game, which has, at least, the attraction of novelty to recommend it. The antagonism of the game, which is played upon a board marked at right angles, as in chess, is indicated by the designation. The Emperor and his soldiers occupy the centre square; the Allies—namely, the English, French, Turks, and Austrians—lining the four sides, which are uniformly stamped with a crescent, symbolical of the Ottoman Empire. The "contest" is carried on by mutual aggression, and not by a mere defence, as in other games of an analogous kind. The Emperor endeavours to reach the remoter squares, by moving in straight lines; which the Allies strive to prevent, by a general system of circumentation. The game is obviously based upon mathematical principles, and its balance of strength is pretty evenly maintained. Although simple in its laws, and of easy and immediate acquirement, it is in the power of neither side to win without considerable strategy; and hence, as a preliminary study to the more recondite game of chess, the "Imperial Contest" merits the attention of young people, besides being useful as a mental exercise.

LORD RAGLAN AND HIS LITTLE LADY FRIEND.—A little girl, Christiana Benson, daughter of the late Mr. Benson, of Annan, sent three pairs of wristlets to Lord Raglan in December. They were characteristically acknowledged in the following letter:—"Before Sebastopol, April 22, 1855. Dear Miss Christiana,—I received only last night your little note of 20th Dec., forwarding to me three pairs of very nice wristlets. Although the winter is over, and the weather is generally fine, yet occasionally there is a very cold wind, and wristlets are still most acceptable, and add materially to one's comfort. I shall wear those you have so kindly bestowed upon me with the greatest of pleasure; and I shall ever remember with pride and satisfaction the little girl whose feelings of benevolence dictated so useful an offering. Yours, very gratefully, RAGLAN.—Miss Christiana Benson, Ecclefechan, Scotland."

ANCIENT POSSESSIONS OF THE "LORDS OF THE ISLES."—On the 30th ult. the estate of Kilmuir, as it has been called, in the north end of the Island of Skye, was sold in the Parliament-house, Edinburgh, to Captain Fraser, of Kilduckie, at the upset price of £80,000. This estate comprises the most valuable portion of what remained of the once kingly possessions of the Lord of the Isles.



THE ASCOT ROYAL HUNT CUP, 1855.

THE QUEEN'S ASCOT GOLD CUP, 1855.—(FROM "TAM O'SHANTER.")





ROYAL ACADEMY 1855

SUPPLEMENT  
TO THE

# ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

No. 747.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1855.

[VOL. XXVI.]

## ART EXHIBITIONS OF 1855.

We this week redeem our promise, and devote a Supplement to the three leading Art Exhibitions—viz., the Royal Academy of Arts, the Old Society of Painters in Water-Colours, and the New Society of Painters in Water-Colours.

Our range of selection is, indeed large—the three Exhibitions

from which our Engravings are made including 2228 works of art, contributed by more than 1000 different artists.

The difficulty of selection from so large a range is, indeed, great; but the difficulty is still greater than many will at first imagine. By some publishers it is thought (very foolishly we are sure) that an engraving of a picture in so popular a paper as the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS would interfere with its sale as a separate engraving.

Then the rules of the Royal Academy will not allow a picture to be copied—even at daybreak—while it is within the walls of the Academy, and the painter himself (mind this!) is only too anxious to have his labours made known to the tens of thousands who have no chance of ever visiting the Academy. This harsh and foolish rule is confined to the Academy; no other Art Exhibition in London has so unmeaning an exclusion. And this rule as respects the



"BRITOMART UNARMING."—PAINTED BY F. H. PICKERSGILL, A.R.A.—EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



Academy is additionally harsh. Some of your best artists reserve their last strokes to the last moment, and are naturally unwilling, therefore, to suffer a drawing to be made from what they consider is still unfinished work. As young blood is admitted into the Academy this most unnecessary regulation will surely be rescinded.

In spite of a rule so useless and unmeaning, we have this week the pleasure of presenting to our readers five pictures from the Royal Academy Exhibition: two by two of the most distinguished of the Academicians—Mr. Macleise and Mr. Creswick; and one by a very distinguished Associate—Mr. F. R. Pickersgill. The remaining two are by very able and still improving artists—Mr. Ansdell and Mr. Faed—already established favourites with critics and connoisseurs, and—almost better still—with the public at large.

#### THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

We have heard three remarks made about the present Exhibition that have much good sense to recommend them. First, that the Exhibition is but ill supported either by talent or numbers; second, that portraits prevail more largely than has been seen since the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence; and, third, that the hanging of the pictures has been in several remarkable instances (to which we shall have occasion to refer as we proceed) manifestly unjust.

Of the fifteen hundred and fifty-eight works of art exhibited, only one hundred and sixty-four have been contributed by members of the Academy—and these are hung in every instance in the best places—on the line. It will be said by some within the walls of the Academy that this ninth part of the Exhibition is the Exhibition itself; but this is very far from the case. True it is that, with a very few exceptions, all the best works are contributed by members of the Academy; but not less true is it that some of the very worst, and those among the best hung, proceed from this favourite body.

The rules of the Academy allow a member to exhibit not more than eight works of art. This year only three members, and those three portrait-painters, avail themselves of this privilege. These three are Mr. H. W. Pickersgill, Mr. Frank Grant, and Sir William Ross. The next most prolific contributor is another portrait-painter, Mr. Boxall, who treats us with seven portraits. In the next great number, the landscape-painters vie with the portrait-painters. Thus Mr. Lee (a hanger) sends six landscapes, and Sir John Watson Gordon contributes six portraits; thus Mr. Sidney Cooper, an Associate, sends six landscapes and cows; and Mr. Thorburn, another Associate, contributes six miniatures. From Mr. Creswick we have (we are happy to think) five most excellent pictures. Others contribute four, three, and two works of art, while eight send only one each, and twelve are absentees.

Among the members who are absentees we may mention all the architects—Barry, Hardwick, Smirke, and Cockerell; one sculptor—the elder Westmacott; and five painters—viz., the two Landseers, Mulready, Chalon, and Cook. In the list of Associates we miss, with regret, Mr. Alfred Elmore and Mr. Frank Stone. We can ill spare the rich Italian banditti scenes of the one, or the momentary thoughts and unuttered sighs of the other.

Our readers who live remote from London, and who have no opportunity of examining the Exhibition for themselves, will thank us for a general notion of the arrangements of the rooms. In the East or Great Room, the places of honour on the line are given to Mr. Macleise's "Orlando," Mr. Herbert's "Lear and Cordelia," Mr. Hart's "Captivity of Ecelino," Mr. E. W. Cooke's "North Sea Breeze on the Dutch Coast," and a "Scene from Spenser," by Mr. F. R. Pickersgill. These are the first pictures that engage attention when viewed from the Centre Room. As we follow the line a little nearer and still more intently, other pictures of merit, but of less dimensions, are observable. Thus here is a female head (Beatrice) by the President, Sir Charles Eastlake; another female head (Christabel) by Mr. Dyce, two small Websters, a charming Augustus Egg, a little Leslie, two small Friths, three Copies of reasonable size and average merit, and a small John Lewis that more than repays the minutest examination. Above these the portraits engross all the available space. Over Mr. Macleise's "Orlando," a "Yeomanry Officer on Horseback," of the size of life, scowls on the canvas of Mr. F. Grant. Over Mr. Herbert's "Lear and Cordelia" is seen a full-length of "Joseph Robinson Pease, Esq.," of Hesselewood, East Yorkshire, painted by Sir John Gordon, and presented to Mr. Pease, as the Catalogue informs us, "by his friends and neighbours." Over the "Tyrant of Padua," by Mr. Hart, hangs a full-length of "Colonel Haldyard, painted for the Town-hall of Stokesley; and over Mr. Pickersgill's "Britomart" is seen "Mr. Gladstone" at full-length, in the robes of the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer—those very robes which Mr. Disraeli surrendered to him so unwillingly. The spaces between these conspicuous full-lengths are occupied by other portraits of much greater merit—some by Mr. Grant, not a few by Sir John Watson Gordon; Mr. Desanges standing his ground modestly and ably among them all.

Stepping westward, we enter the "Middle Room;" and here, on each side of the west door are hung two scenes of maternal gratitude—one by Mr. Hook, the other by Mr. Millais. Mr. Hook's picture is called "The Gratitude of the Mother of Moses for the Safety of her Child;" and Mr. Millais's is entitled "The Rescue." The Scriptural incident is well known—the infant Moses rescued from a watery grave. Mr. Millais's is a scene from everyday life—the rescue by a London fireman—a real Higginbottom—of a family of infants, and the expressive gratitude of the mother at the restoration of her children. The central spot, on the north side, is occupied by Mr. Hart's "Othello and Iago," crowned by an admirable full-length portrait of "Sir Peter Laurie," by Mr. Grant. Other pictures in position in this room that arrest attention may be for the present summarily dismissed. "The Nearest Way in Summer Time," by Mr. Creswick and Mr. Ansdell (Engraved in this Supplement, p. 545); the "Scotch Gamekeeper," by Mr. Ansdell (another feature in our paper of this week, p. 540); two clever Scottish Kirk scenes—one by Mr. Phillip, the other by Mr. Stirling; a fine head of the "Bishop of Mauritius," by Boxall; and one not less fine, by the same artist, of "Mr. Rendel, the Engineer;" Mr. Egg's excellent and suggestive twin picture of the "Life and Death of the Second Duke of Buckingham of the Villiers Family;" Mr. Solomon's "Contrast;" Mr. Johnston's "Abdication of Mary Queen of Scots;" Mr. Glass's "Prairie Scenes;" Mr. Sant's "Fortune-Teller;" Mr. F. Goodall's "Arrest of a French Royalist;" Mr. Herbert's portrait of "Horace Vernet;" "A Fruit Piece," by Mr. Lance; Mr. Poole's "Scene from the Decameron;" Mr. Horsley's "Scene from Don Quixote;" a full-length of "Archdeacon Sinclair," by Mr. Horsley; and a half-length of "Sir Edwin Landseer," by Mr. F. Grant.

In the West Room four very large pictures engross, and not improperly, a very large portion of the room. Two are of Royal Academicians, and two are by outsiders. Mr. Roberts contributes a grand "View of Rome under a Sunset;" Mr. Standfield exhibits a noble picture of the "Storming of St. Sebastian." The outsiders are Mr. Langton and Mr. Brigstocke—the former being seen to advantage in his "Cimabue Procession" (the picture bought by her Majesty at the private view), the latter not disadvantageously in "Aaron and Hur holding up the hands of Moses that I might be able to see the face of my Lord;" the latter is a wonderful picture by Mr. Sant's "Eda"—a child with flowers, much in Sir Joshua's manner.

The South Room is dedicated, as of old, to Miniatures, Drawings, and Engravings. In the department of miniatures Sir William Ross, Mr. Thorburn, Mr. Carrick, Mr. Wells, and Mr. Gullick are seen in honourable competition. The place of honour is given to a full-length, by Mr.

Moirs of "Don Pedro V., King of Portugal." Immediately above hangs a drawing of Lord Lyndhurst, by Richmond. The chief novelty in this room is a very clever portrait, by Millais, of Mr. John Leech, the backbone of Punch as an artist, and manly in his look withal, though described in the Catalogue as Mrs. John Leech.

The North Room is set apart, as formerly, for the reception of an ill-assorted mixture of architectural drawings, flower-pieces, and surplus oil-pictures. No one work of art arrests the eye.

From what we could see in the Octagon Room, the general arrangement—nay, the very pictures—looked very much as of old. We were chiefly pleased during our short stay in this room by the careful attention given to each picture by a distinguished member of the Charity Commission.

The den devoted to Sculpture presents a remarkable appearance. We have only one portrait statue, and that in the background. While the centre is occupied by a group in marble called "Child play—the children of Herbert Ingram, Esq.," a graceful and playful composition by Mr. A. Munro, conceived poetically, and carved with a very delicate chisel.

Our first illustration this week of the state of art in England is from the Royal Academy Exhibition, and is one of three pictures contributed by Mr. F. R. Pickersgill, A.R.A. He has selected his three subjects from three sources extremely rich in artistic material—from the New Testament, the "Pilgrim's Progress," and the "Fairy Queen." The first (341) is entitled "John Sendeth his Disciples to Christ;" the second (324), "Christian Conducted by Charity, Prudence, Piety, and Discretion into the Valley of Humiliation;" the third (16, and our subject), "Britomart Unarming and Discovering Himself before Amoret, whom she has rescued, and the 'Jolly Knight' she has subdued." All these pictures exhibit a conscientious, and in many respects a successful, seeking of what is lofty and beautiful in art. But Mr. Pickersgill is nearer to Spenser and Bunyan than he is to Scripture. What a truly Spenserian picture has he brought before us! How lovely in her female strength, and in her own half-concealed beauty, is the gentle Britomart! How sweet a damsel has been rescued in Amoret! That Knight on the left of the composition is a sort of a realisation of Sir Philip Sydney. Those Cupids that lift the helmet from the heroine are in the best manner of Italian art—or what is just as good, in Stothard's manner. That Cupid on the ground playing with the Knight's long lance (for which the picture is too small) is happily suggestive of the love combat that has occurred. How exquisitely has Spenser painted Britomart for the pencil of Mr. Pickersgill:—

With that, her glist'ring helmet she unlaced;  
Which doth, her golden locks, that were upbound  
Still in a knot, unto her heels down traced,  
And, like a silken veil, in compass round  
About her backe and all her bodie bound.

Such when those knights and ladies all about  
Beheld her, all were with amazement smit.  
And every one gan grow in secret doubt  
Of this and that, according to each wit:  
Some thought that some enchantment faygned it;  
Some that Bellona in that warlike wise  
To them appeared, with shield and armour fit;  
Some, that it was a maske of strange disguise:  
So diversely each one did sundrie doubts devise.

Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, Book iv., Canto I.

It is said by Spenser himself that the poet's wit surpasseth painter's far in picturing the parts of "beauty daynt;" but Spenser, had he seen Mr. Pickersgill's composition from his great poem, might have admitted, without compliment, that the painter of Britomart and Amoret had done something to lessen the justice of his remark.

Our second illustration is taken not from the page of poetry, but from the autumn life of many a Scottish Highlander. For this characteristic and clever example of what other artists can accomplish in the manner of Sir Edwin Landseer, we are indebted to Mr. Ansdell. It is one of two pictures meant to be hung together, as each assists the other. It is called the "Scotch Gamekeeper" (498); and its companion is called the "English Gamekeeper." One is a leading attraction in the Middle Room; the other a leading attraction in the West Room. Critics are divided which to prefer. Some incline to the greater variety of game to be seen in the Scottish picture, and some prefer the whole execution of the English composition to that of its Scottish companion. Nationality has perhaps something to do with this. John Bull likes his own Yorkshire or Norfolk gamekeeper; and Saunders his own Highland men from the moors of Sutherlandshire and the mountain passes of Argyllshire. How unlike are the two keepers; yet how true is each to his own country. There is a bulldog bearing about Bill Tatler, the Lancashire keeper, in Squire Thornhill's employ; and an indescribable but characteristic peculiarity about Duncan McDougal McGregor who sees after the Inverness-shire estates, which McDonald of that ilk has recently rented for £2000 (English) to a leading member of the Stock Exchange. Our third subject is also from Scotland, and by a Scottish artist. Mr. Ansdell is a native of Lancashire; but Mr. Thomas Faed, the able artist of that touching picture, the "Mitherless Bairn," see page 541, is a Scot by birth, and a true-hearted Scot in feeling. Mr. Faed has found his subject in that Foundling Hospital of Scottish song, called "Whistle Binkie." The author of the "Mitherless Bairn" is Mr. William Thom, and here is the song itself:—

#### THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

When a'ither bairnies are hushed to their hame,  
By aunty or cousin, or freeky grandame,  
Wha stand last and lanely and sairly forlorn?  
'Tis the poor dowie laddie—the mitherless bairn.  
The mitherless bairnie creeps to his lane bed,  
Nane covers his cauld back, nor haps his bare head,  
His wee hacket heels are hard as the airm,  
And little the lair o' the mitherless bairn.

Aneath his cauld brow, siccan dreams hover there,  
O' hands that used kindly to kaim his dark hair!  
But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless and stern,  
That lo'e na the looks o' the mitherless bairn.  
The sister who sang o'er his saftly rocked bed,  
Now rests in the mools where their mamie is laid:  
While the father toils sair his wee bancock to earn,  
And kens na the wrangs o' the mitherless bairn.

Her spirit that passed in the hour of his birth  
Still watches his lane, tom wanderings on earth;  
Tossing in heaven the blessings they earn  
Wha coothly deal with the mitherless bairn.  
Oh! speak him na harshly; he trembles the while  
He bends to your bidding, he bends to your smile.  
In their dark hour o' anguish the heartless shall learn  
That the mitherless bairn is a'ither's bairn!

Fail not to observe with what touching truth Mr. Faed has contrasted the modest, ill-clad mitherless bairn, half-afraid to enter (less bold than the chicken that picks the crumbs before him) with the well-conditioned boy of the same age that stands full-fed and sleek before him. Mark the beautiful female face, that tells its own story so quietly, in the woman seated on the left of the composition; nor omit to remark how truthful is the expression on the face of the old deaf woman, who is still lending a willing ear to the untold but expressive tale of the child who enters hungry and half-naked at her mansion. The picture, then, is a scene of contrast, a very beautiful one, and a very touching one. It is a work that will survive. And yet this picture is shamefully hung; to see it you must have recourse to the lower gallery. This is wrong; it is fairly worth any half-dozen pictures above it. How is this? Is it that we have the old envy of Walker's genius once more among us? Our readers may not remember the story to which we allude. Walker's first picture

exhibited in London was "The Village Politicians," his second "The Blind Fiddler." He was then a lad raw from Scotland, contriving to exist without getting into debt, on eighteen shillings a week. His first picture attracted, and retained attention. His second was certain to raise his reputation. Something must be done. He was to be "killed" quietly. His "Blind Fiddler," now a leading remnant in the National Gallery, was hung between two of Turner's eccentric lights—"The Sun Rising through Vapour," and "The Blacksmith's Forge." But there was no final injury rendered to the picture. The story is only injurious to Turner and to the Academy, as the present position of Mr. Faed's "Mitherless Bairn" is injurious to the same body, and to the Hanging Committee of the Academy—Messrs. Herbert, Cooper, and Lee, who hung it on the ground. Of a picture so full of permanent beauties, it is pleasing to relate what the artist obtained for it. For "The Mitherless Bairn," Mr. Faed received from a dealer four hundred guineas; and it has since passed into other hands at an advance of one hundred guineas. We may safely foretell that it has not yet reached its maximum quotation.

Our fourth illustration is from Mr. Macleise's fine, but single contribution. He has found his subject in Shakespeare—in "As You Like It;" and the particular passage he has sought to illustrate is as follows. We may add that we have enlarged the quotation in the Catalogue, and corrected it:—

Rosalind. Young man, have you challenged Charles the Wrestler?  
Orlando. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Celia. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: you have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you for your own sake to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Rosalind. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised; we will make it our suit to the Duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orlando. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, where I confess me much guilty to deny so far and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed, that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead, that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing—only in the world I fill up a place which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Rosalind. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Celia. And mine to eke out hers.—As You Like It, act. i., scene 2.

The scene in Shakespeare is laid on the lawn in front of the Duke's Palace, and the point of time chosen by the artist is that wherein Orlando is about to engage with Charles. The characters introduced from the left to the right of the spectator, are Dennis (servant to Oliver), Oliver (son of Sir Rowland de Bois), Charles (the Duke's wrestler), Le Beau (a courtier), Duke Frederick (the usurper), Celia (daughter to Duke Frederick), Rosalind (daughter to the banished Duke), Touchstone (a clown), Orlando (son of Sir Rowland de Bois), Adam (servant to Oliver), Lords, and attendants. In the centre of the composition is the Duke; on his left is the slim but lithe Orlando; on his right the confident but strong-built Charles. As the eye runs from the Duke to the two competitors, we can all but hear distinctly from the lips of the athletic wrestler, "Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?" and, while the words are reaching our ears, we watch the young David of the scene, and look with earnestness on the lovely faces of Rosalind and Celia—one of the sweetest groups to be seen on modern canvas. Are we sure of the result of such unequal contest? Orlando certainly is. The eyes of Rosalind and Celia

Rain influence and adjudge the prize.

Charles must fall. It would be easy to write a chapter on this fine realisation of a scene in Shakespeare. How admirably is Touchstone conceived. With what poetic feeling is that rainbow of hope distinctly, but modestly, introduced over Orlando's head. But we must allow our engraver to speak for M. Macleise, and our readers to follow up what we have only in part suggested. The picture was painted for a lady; Charles is, therefore, not a Hercules, or a Figg, or Broughton, or Deaf Burke, or Dutch Sam—but just what he is, apparently more than a match for the slim-built Orlando. The lady is Mrs. Betts; and the house, on the lawn of which the scene is laid, is a modern Elizabethan building—Preston-hall, near Maldstone—a kind of painter's anachronism perfectly justifiable. We must add that the picture, in point of colour, is warmer and richer than is usual with Mr. Macleise.

Our fifth illustration (p. 569) is one of those twin compositions of two distinguished artists working on one canvas, that has of late years become extremely fashionable, and we will add, what is not often the case with things fashionable, extremely sensible as well. The first to revive the fashion of other schools were Sir Edwin Landseer and Sir Augustus Calcott; these were followed soon after by Mr. Sydney Cooper's cows and Mr. Lee's landscapes. Then came Creswick and Frith, and Creswick and Ansdell—of both pairs thus working conjointly we have choice instances in the present Exhibition. Never did Beaumont and Fletcher work more happily together than Mr. Creswick and Mr. Ansdell have wrought together in that truly English scene, "The Nearest Way in Summer Time" (No. 440). Of story there is not much to tell. The associations, however, are of the most pleasing nature, and the objects introduced are of that country-life character which never fails to find admirers. "The Nearest Way in Summer Time" is, in Messrs. Creswick and Ansdell's eyes, that taken by a waggon, waggoner, and horses through a streamlet impassable in the spring, and only rendered passable by the recent droughts of a sunny summer. The drought, however, has not been of a sufficient duration to lessen the green-like hues of trees in a transition state between May and June, while there is water enough to cool the horses' feet, and to show us what the stream must be like after a week of April showers. Most marvellous in point of execution is this choice specimen of our English school of painting. The horses all but walk from out the canvas—the trees all but move—the spectator begins to feel the very air of the picture upon his cheek. No wonder then that in rooms crowded as those of the Royal Academy, spectators are found delighted to linger about a landscape of which Gainsborough could have supplied the arrangement and general colour, but not the details or the full results.

With this fine example of the joint labours of Mr. Creswick and Mr. Ansdell, our Academic illustrations for the week must end. We give, however, in our present Supplement, other illustrations from the two Societies of Painters in Water Colours; but, in order not to interrupt our criticisms on the Royal Academy, we shall transfer what we have written about them to that portion of our Journal in which they appear.

The largest, and certainly one of the finest, landscapes in the collection is the "Rome" of Mr. Roberts, R.A.

Rome! thine imperial brow  
Never shall rise.  
What has thou left thee now?  
Thou hast thy skies!  
  
Thou hast the sunset's glow,  
Rome! for thy dower,  
Flushing tall cypress bough,  
Temple and tower!

Such is the question which Mr. Roberts has given in illustration of in his noble picture of a Sunset over Rome. How very imperfectly it tells what his fine picture conveys. It is impossible to stand and muse before this grand panorama of the great capital without calling to mind the Consuls, and Cæsars, and Popes, and Painters, who have done so much for the long glories of the majestic city. From the point of view chosen by the painter we have modern Rome—nobly represented by St. Peter's on our left—and ancient Rome, with its Coliseum, Pantheon,



and crumbling ruins on our right. The yellow Tiber flows at our feet. The fine lines of Dyer at once occur to the poetic mind:—

The Pilgrim oft  
At dead of night, 'mid his orison hears  
Aghast the voice of Time, departing towers  
Tumbling all precipitate down-dash'd,  
Rattling around, loud thundering to the moon.

Sitting in front of this fine picture, which adds importantly to the well-earned reputation of Mr. Roberts, Gibson might have conceived his history of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," which he tells us was first thought of amid the ruins of the Eternal City.

After the Roberts the next great landscape of moment is the "St. Sebastian" of Clarkson Stanfield, to which Lord Hardinge thus gracefully referred in his speech at the Academy dinner:—

When I saw it the failing light would not enable me to inspect it so closely as I could have wished; but I should refer to the incident described by the artist in that admirable and noble picture as a proof of the skill of the British artillery, and the steadiness of the British infantry. In the storm by which that place was captured they could not find a breach, and they remained twelve feet below the parapet. They could not get upon it, and they set fire to the railings of the convent which burnt like a gridiron. It was impossible to descend, and the men were so steady that they lay down while the artillery, at five hundred yards, fired two feet over their heads. For two hours this continued. The infantry were reinforced, the artillery kept on firing, and when a breach was made the men started up, resumed the attack, and carried the place.

The point of time chosen by the artist is that when the British troops, under Wellington, took possession of the heights and convent of St. Bartholomew. The Duke is in the foreground, looking across the water at the important operations that are taking place against the lofty fortress which towers to the skies before him. All with man is activity and life. Yet the sky is tranquil, and but for man, tranquillity is everywhere. This fine picture is to be viewed in two lights—as a landscape, and as an historical composition. It is noble as both, and is in every respect a suitable pendant to the scene before Gibraltar, by the same artist, where the ship approaches that noble fortress, carrying to St. Paul's the dead body of the heroic Nelson.

Mr. Stanfield's other contributions are two in number—"Hilfrcombe, North Devon" (87), and "The Zuider Zee—Dutch Boats entering Harbour" (142): a species of composition for which he has long been famed, and in which he has no rival of any name but Mr. Edward Cooke.

In the same rank of excellence with the large Stanfield and the larger Roberts, we confidently place that masterpiece of Mr. Creswick's art, "The Nearest Way to Summer Time," to which we have endeavoured to render justice, both by the pen and the graver. But this is only one of Mr. Creswick's four contributions. The other three are called "Morning—the Mouth of an English River" (65); "Afternoon—the River's Bank" (94), "Common Scene in Surrey" (302); and "A Welsh Hill" (415). All these exhibit the best qualities of this thoroughly English painter.

Mr. F. R. Lee, generally a pleasing painter, though occasionally too cold in his colours, is not seen this year in full force. He has six pictures in all:—"A Devonshire Mill" (154); "Sketch from Cliefden, looking towards Maidenhead, on the Thames" (186); "Trees on the Banks of the River Taw—North Devon" (219); "The River Awe—Argyllshire" (356); "Cattle on the Banks of a River" (422); "The Taw Vale, North Devon" (624). In the Cattle scene he had the assistance of Mr. Sidney Cooper; and has, consequently, wrought as if more was expected from him. His sketch from Cliefden is unusually hard.

No artist evidently delights more in green lanes and chequered shades than Mr. Richard Redgrave. He sees Nature always in a salad aspect. He has no love, apparently, for any other period of the year than spring. Of his three pictures—"The Spring" (83)—

Deep and still that gliding stream  
Beautiful to me doth seem,  
As the river of a dream—

"The Bird Keeper" (240); "The Source of the Stream" (347)—we prefer the last. It is one of those green delights that perpetuate spring in the depths of winter.

We wish we could say as much of any one of the four pictures which Mr. Witherington's rank as a Royal Academician has enabled him to hang too prominently before us. He is a careful but cold painter. A chill runs through the spectator at the very first sight of a picture by Mr. Witherington.

Of Mr. E. W. Cooke's four contributions we prefer the largest—"A North-Sea Breeze on the Dutch Coast—Scheveling Fishermen Hauling the 'Pinck' out of the Surf" (269). Here we have the right salt-water smack, and a stirring scene rendered with exquisite life and motion. Scarcely less true is "Scheveling Sands—Low Water, Tide making in" (323), by the same artist. Of a different character is "Venice—Fish arrived" (344); and still more different is "Winter—A Scene on the Fens of Huntingdonshire, old Draining Mills now disused" (64)—a marvellous piece of dreary nature that creates a shudder.

Mr. F. Danby delights, as formerly, in lake scenery, evening lights, and dead calms. His contributions are called "A Party of Pleasure on the Lake of Wallenstadt, in Switzerland" (46); "Evening—In the Bosy Time of the Year" (287); "Dead Calm—Sunset at the Light of Exmouth" (563). These are hardly up to the mark of his earlier efforts in the same line. A younger Danby (T. Danby) sends "The Poet's Hour" (527).

Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around  
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;  
In still small accents whispering from the ground,  
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

Hardly up to the mark of Gray's description, but poetic and pleasing.

The titles of Mr. Sidney Cooper's six pictures will convey to his admirers an excellent notion of what he has been about. They are called "Cooling the Hoof" (75); "A Group in an Interior" (172); "Autumn Showers" (310); "Cattle on the Banks of a River" (422); "A Way over the Fells" (525); "Haymaking Season" (565)—

On summer's day, fragrant hay  
So sweetly scents the breeze.

In No. 422 our English Cuyy has called in Mr. Lee to his assistance, and has, therefore, wrought in his best mood.

We wish we could praise Mr. Pyne's "Florence—from San Miniato" (1140); but there is little to admire in it. It is poor in conception, and weak in point of execution. Mr. Pyne is more at home when he is painting, not for the Royal Academy, but for Suffolk-street.

Mr. Carmichael will please more admirers than his Newcastle friends with "View of Heligoland, where the Foreign Legion will embark" (44)—

The meteor flag of England  
Must yet terrific burn,  
Till Danger's troubled night depart,  
And the star of Peace return.

We have seldom seen him happier.

Mr. Anthony has been to Stratford-on-Avon, and has painted "The Close of an Autumnal Day" (28) in that poetic spot. His motto is from Tennyson:—

Sweet after showers, ambrosial air,  
That rollst from the gorgeous gloom  
Of evening, over brake and bloom,  
And meadow, &c.

Mr. Anthony should have thought more of Shakspeare than of Mr. Tennyson. The point of view is not good; but some of the details are extremely happy.

Mr. Linnell—always a faithful worshipper of nature—has, in "A Country

Road" (542), displayed his well-known peculiarities of touch and tone. No artist has a finer relish for English scenery than Mr. Linnell; but he is apt to get mannered, and to see nature after his own fashion, and not as she is.

To Mr. Jutsum and Mr. Bottomley we have already done justice in the Landscape department of the Royal Academy; therefore little remains for us to note except a clever scene by young Mr. Carrick—"Borrowdale, Cumberland" (606), evidently painted on the spot; and a highly-finished view of "Rouen Cathedral and its Market-place", from the pencil of Mr. S. Read, to whose taste and skill our pages still continue to be indebted. Mr. Read's "Rouen" is a marvel in water-colour art.

This mention of Mr. Read's successful picture reminds us that we must here return to the two Societies of Painters in Water-Colours, from whence we have drawn our remaining illustrations of the week. To the facile hand of Mr. Louis Haghe (whose reputation is more than European) we are indebted for the "Post-office at Albano," No. 78 of the New Water-Colour Society, and most deservedly looked upon as one of the leading attractions of that agreeable exhibition. What wonderful contrast in the heads of those monks! What varied thinking they reveal! Would that the art of engraving on wood could do justice to them in point of colour. But it is not easy in any material to represent Mr. Haghe's marvellous command of the resources of his art.

From the New Society to the Old is an easy and agreeable walk. Here we have the advantage of seeing Mr. William Collingwood Smith, Mr. Joseph Jenkins, and Mr. George Dodgson in their happiest moods, and the advantage, moreover, of transferring to our pages an example of the skill of each. To Mr. Collingwood Smith we are indebted for the view of "The Devil's Bridge in the Pass of St. Gothard" (No. 28); to Mr. Jenkins we owe "En Route" (No. 241), one of the choicest treasures of the screens; and to Mr. George Dodgson we are obliged for "The Beacon" (No. 137).

We shall continue our illustrations and resume our criticisms in an early Number.

#### MR. HORSLEY'S FRESCO IN THE CORRIDOR OF THE HOUSE OF PEERS.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.)

To judge from the engraving in a late Number of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, of Mr. Horsley's fresco of "Satan Touched by Ithuriel's Spear while Whispering Evil Dreams to Eve," the artist has not followed the poet's description so correctly as he might have done. As regards the attitude of Adam and Eve, Milton says—

These, lulled by nightingales, embracing slept;

and, accordingly, they were thus represented by Fuseli, in his picture of "Satan Starting from the Touch of Ithuriel's Spear." Other artists (Stothard, for example) also depicted them thus; and it seems to me that Mr. Horsley's composition would have been improved by a closer rendering of the poet's narrative. But, as it is, he has represented Adam—by the side of Eve, certainly, yet not "embracing"—in a half-sitting posture, as though taking an uncomfortable nap, and not as if he were enjoying a sleep which, although "a-ry-light," was sound and refreshing, and should be contrasted by the painter with the "troubled repose" of Eve. Fuseli's picture denotes this deep sleep of Adam; and his beautiful grouping of the figures of our first parents fully realises the "embracing" of the poet.

In the second place, Mr. Horsley has not followed Milton's description of the place where Adam and Eve "embracing slept." The painter represents them as lying in the open field; the poet places them in "their inmost bower," beneath a "shady, arborous roof;" and says, that—

On their naked limbs the flowery roof  
Shower'd roses.

Milton has given such a minute description of this bower, with its "roof of thickest covert" which "was invov'en shade, laurel and myrtle," and lined and paved with odorous shrubs and beauteous flowers, that, for the painter to entirely omit it, manifests great inattention to the subject he has undertaken to illustrate; and this inattention becomes the more remarkable when, as in the present case, the picture is set forth as a model one, and intended to illustrate the masterpiece of one of the world's greatest poets, and to adorn a corridor of (what is meant to be) one of the world's architectural glories.

Exception might also, perhaps, be taken to the introduction, in the fresco, of the serpent. It is subsequent to the scene of the picture, that the "subtlest beast of all the field" is spoken of; and, in placing him near to the sleeping Eve, Mr. Horsley would seem to have been again inattentive to Milton's description; for the poet distinctly says, that, to Adam and Eve's bower,

Bird, beast, insect, or worm, durst enter none.

I remain, Sir, yours truly,

CUTHBERT BEDE, B.A.

#### NEIL GOW'S OAK.

A VISION.

The sun had set, the air was still,  
And slowly closed the day;  
No breezy sound came from the hill,  
Nor murmur from the Tay:  
I musing gazed upon the Oak,  
Beneath whose branches high,  
Neil Gow from slumbering silence woke  
The soul of melody.

Deep darkness like a curtain came,  
I closed my weary eyes;  
Around the tree shone sparks of flame,  
Like stars in wintry skies.  
Each acorn cup appeared a lamp,  
Each bough a harp was made  
With gossamer strings; and over all  
Rent Neil's immortal shade.

A breeze crept up from Murthly woods,  
And swept the airy strings,  
Till music swelled, like mountain floods,  
From all their secret springs:  
And while the cadence ebb'd and flow'd,  
Clouds sympathising wept,  
The trees their topmost branches  
Swayed,  
And faultless measure kept.

Soon through the hazy southern gloom  
With halo round his head,  
The shade of Burns approached—to  
whom  
The minstrel homage paid.  
The poet, musing, caught the strains,  
And gave to sound sublime  
The immortality of words,  
To charm through endless time.

I heard the stately solemn air,  
That fires the patriot's soul,  
And that which lifts from deep despair,  
And crowns the social bowl.  
I saw the secret whisper breathed,  
I heard fond passion's vows,  
And then a spray descending  
wreathed  
The bard and minstrel's brows.

I know not when the music ceased;  
I woke, but all was still.  
The golden glory of the east  
Was gilding Birmah hill.  
The Duke of Atholl I invoke,  
As he would honour me,  
To guard with care that sacred oak—  
Great Neil's immortal tree. B.

PRESENT TO THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.—The directors of the Crystal Palace have caused to be prepared two volumes, elegantly bound in imperial morocco, containing a series of photographic views of the progress of the Crystal Palace, from the raising of the first column on the 9th of August, 1852, to its opening on the 10th of June last year. The views were all taken by Mr. P. Delamotte, the late photographer to the Crystal Palace, but at present head drawing-master to King's College. There are among the collection, undoubtedly, some of the finest and most successful specimens which the photographic art has yet produced. This splendid work is intended to be presented to the Emperor of the French, as a memorial of his visit to the Crystal Palace.

THE ELECTRIC CLOCK AT LONDON-BRIDGE TERMINUS.—On the 1st of November, 1852, the system of sending time-signals hour by hour from the Royal Observatory at Greenwich to various telegraph stations came into successful operation. Certain hour signals were required by the South-Eastern Railway Company, and the remainder were passed on to the Electric Telegraph Company, for distribution along their system. The interchanges of connections for these purposes were accomplished by a commutator carried by the great clock at the London terminus. The next step in the system was to show time to the shipping in the Downs by the drop of a ball at Deal, caused by a telegraph signal sent from the Greenwich clock at one p.m. On the 3rd of March last a clock was erected over the North Kent platform, facing passengers as they arrive in London; and since that date it has faithfully shown Greenwich mean time, which is sent to it, second by second, from the Royal Observatory.

A LONDON EARTHQUAKE.—In 1842 an absurd report gained credence among the weak-minded, that London would be destroyed by earthquake on the 17th March (St. Patrick's Day). This rumour was founded on certain daggled prophecies: one pretended to be pronounced in the year 1203, and contained in Harleian Collection (British Museum), 800 b. folio 319; the other by Dr. Dee, the astrologer (1588, MS. in the British Museum). The rhymes, with these "authorities" inserted in the newspapers, actually excited some alarm, and a great number of timid persons left the metropolis before the 17th. Upon reference to the British Museum, the "prophecies" were not, however, to be found; and their forger has confessed them to have been an experiment upon public credulity.—*Curiosities of London.*

#### THE GAME OF "PAILLE-MAILLE," AND THE STREET OF PAIL-MALL.

"The Mall," in Saint James's-park, not many years since, was commonly regarded as the place where the game of "Paille-maille" was first played in England, and whence the Park-avenue was said to have taken its name. Strutt calls it "the game of Mall," and thus favours the above notion; but, in "the spacious street between the Haymarket, N.E. of St. James's-street, S.W.," we have preserved the entire name of the game—*Pail Mail*. Charles II. caused the Mall in the Park to be made for playing the game, which was a fashionable amusement in his reign; but it was introduced into England much earlier, and was played in the Park when the original alley had grown into a street, and taken the name of the game itself—*Pail-Mall*. In "Sir Robert Dallington, A Method for Travel," 4to., 1598, *Paille-Maille* is described as an exercise of France, which the author marvels had not been introduced into England; and in "A French Garden for English Ladies," 8vo, 1621, it is described as a French game. Blount, in his "Glossographie," edit. 1670, says, "this game was heretofore used in the long alley near St. James's, and vulgarly called *Pail-Mall*." The name, however, occurs much earlier; for King James I., in his "Basileon Doron," recommends "*Paille-Maille*" as a field-game for the use of his eldest son, Prince Henry; proving the Mall in the present street to have existed as early as the reign of the above King. In a Crown survey, referred to by Mr. Cunningham, we find "*Pail-Mell Close*," partly planted with apple-trees (Apple-tree Yard, St. James's-square, still exists); and in the above document are also named 140 elm trees, standing on both sides of *Pail-Mall Walk*; and Faithorne's plan, 1658, shows a row of trees on the north side; and the name of *Pail-Mall*, as a street, occurs in the rate books of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields under the year 1656. Pepys mentions the game as played in the Park—"2nd April, 1661; to St. James's-park, where I saw the Duke of York playing at *Pele-Mele*, the first time I ever saw the sport." It is described by Blount as "a game wherein round bowles is with a mallet struck through a high arch of iron (standing at either end of an alley), which he that can do it at the fewest blows, or at the number agreed on, wins." A drawing of the time of Charles II., engraved in Smith's "Antiquities of Westminster," and of late in John Carter's "Westminster," shows the above arrangement for playing the game.



THE GAME OF PAILLE-MAILLE.

The name is derived from *Pail*, a ball; and *Meglia*, a mallet; the implements with which the game was played. Of these, a set was discovered in the spring of last year, upon one of the playing places, as thus described in the "*Curiosities of London*," lately published:—

In 1854 were found in the roof of the house of the late Mr. B. L. Vulliamy, No. 63, *Pail-mail*, a box containing four pairs of the mallets, or mallets, and one ball, such as were formerly used for playing the game of *Pail-Mall* upon the site of the above house, or in the Mall of the St. James's-park. Each mallet is 4 feet in length, and is made of lance-wood; the head is slightly curved, and measures outwardly 5½ inches, the inner curve being 4½ inches; the diameter of the mallet-heads is 2½ inches, each shod with a thin iron hoop; the handle, which is very elastic, is bound with white leather to the breadth of two hands, and terminated with a collar of jugged leather. The ball is of box-wood, 2½ inches in diameter. The pair of mallets and a ball, here engraved, have been presented to the British Museum by Mr. George Vulliamy.



BALL AND MALLETS FOR PLAYING THE GAME OF PAILLE-MAILLE.

It should be added that M. Vulliamy was born in the above house, and died here in January, 1854, aged 74 years; and here his family lived before him for 180 years, thus carrying us beyond the date of Pepys's seeing *Paille-Maille* first played. The Vulliamys were clockmakers to the Sovereign in five reigns. Mr. B. L. Vulliamy, the scientific horologist, who died as above, bequeathed his large and very valuable collection of works on "Horology" to the Institution of Civil Engineers, to whose well-arranged library they have been added. Mr. Vulliamy was an Associate of the Institution, and his horological collection is second only to that in the library of the Clockmakers' Company.

It would occupy more space than we can spare to tell how the avenue of elms in which *Paille Maille* was played, rose into a stately street, from three or four houses at the east end of the line of road in 1560; how a century later it became celebrated for its taverns—one of which, "*Wood's at the Pail-Mell*," was a haunt of the gay old Pepys; and how the place became a noted duelling-ground. Dr. Sydenham died there in 1689, at his house next "*the Golden Pestle and Mortar*," which sign remained to our day over an apothecary's shop upon the north side of the street. Another old sign, "*the Golden Ball*," has lasted to our time; but "*the Golden Door*" and "*the Barber's Pole*" have disappeared. Of Sydenham's residence here, Cunningham relates an anecdote told by Mr. Fox to Mr. Rogers, that Sydenham was sitting at his window, looking on the Mall, with his pipe in his mouth and a silver tankard before him, when a fellow made a snatch at the tankard and ran off with it. Nor was he overtaken (said Fox) before he got among the bushes in Bond-street, where they lost him.

Nell Gwyn lived in 1670, "on the east end, north side;" and from 1671 to her death, in 1687, in a house on the south side, with a garden towards the Park; and it was upon a mound in this garden that "the impudent comedian" stood, to hold her "familiar discourse" with Charles II., who stood "on ye green walk" under the wall. This scene, as described by Evelyn, has been cleverly painted by Mr. E. M. Ward, B.A. The site of Nell's house is now occupied by No. 79, Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. Eastward of Nell Gwyn's lived Sir William Temple, the Hon. Robert Boyle, and Bubb Dodgson; and on the south side, Doctor Barrow, and the Countess of Southesk, the celebrated Countess of Marlborough's Memoirs. In Marlborough-house lived the great Duke of Marlborough; and in a house in front of the mansion Sir Robert Walpole. Of Schomberg-house, Nos. 81 and 82, built for the great Duke of Schomberg, the centre and the west wing remain. What a host of celebrities have tenanted this mansion. The bas-relief of painting, over the middle doorway, was placed there by Adley, the painter. Its present tenants are—Messrs. Harding, the silk-mercers, reminding one of "*Fair Pail-mail*" of Gay's time:—

Shops breathe perfumes, through easies Ribbons glow,  
The mutual arms of ladies and the beau.—*Triz, book ii.*

Defoe describes the *Pail-mall* of 1703 as "the ordinary residence of all strangers, because of its vicinity to the Queen's palace, the Park, the Parliament-house, the theatres, the chocolate and coffee houses, where the best company frequent." However, the street became early noted for its taverns, which we consider to have been Pepys's "houses for clubbing." The first modern club-house was No. 86, opened as a subscription-house, called the Albion Hotel, and now the Office of Ordnance. From the removal of Carlton-house, in 1827, "the sweet shady side of *Pail-mall*," as Captain Morris called it, has almost become a line of club mansions, in their architectural character resembling Italian palaces, and some of their decorations aspire to the higher art of classic sculpture.





'SCOTCH GAMEKEEPER'—PAINTED BY R. ANSELL—EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.





"THE MITHERLESS BAIRN."—PAINTED BY T. FAED.—EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



## KUGLER'S ITALIAN SCHOOLS OF ART.\*

THE taste for the study of art—its history, its schools, and its principles—is but a thing of yesterday. Half a century ago the works of high art amongst us were few, and were looked upon rather as curious relics than things to be understood and admired. The amateurs and cognoscenti of those days scarcely knew the names of the great artists whose works they collected, because it was the fashion to do so, and little or nothing of their genius, their labours, the periods at which they lived, and the influence which their example exerted upon the progress of art. At length the dispersing of some of the principal Continental collections, in the spoil of which England has taken a lion's share—the influence of travel, and the aids afforded by the labours of one or two distinguished connoisseurs—labours undertaken more for love than profit—began gradually to exercise an influence upon the public mind, and gave it an appetite for enjoyments of a refined class previously beyond its ken. The result is seen in the large sums now given for pictures as compared with the miserable prices which they formerly fetched; in the elevated position acquired by the artist; and even in the improved taste displayed in the production of many articles of costume and domestic use.

Still, however, whilst the healing influences of art have been making all this progress, there have been few reliable aids afforded for the education of the community in the subject. The lectures of the professors of the Royal Academy have been exclusively addressed to artists and professed students, and the technical mysteries of the art have been kept jealously within the precincts of the studio: in a word art-producers have disdained to confer on what regards their calling with the public, upon whom they depend for the reward of their labours; and yet are so unreasonable as to expect the latter to admire, or purchase without admiring, what they do not understand.

A text-book of art for the use of general readers has long been a desideratum, which Dr. Kugler's "Handbook" will go far to supply. The rapidity with which, in its English form, it has passed through two editions and arrived at a third, is convincing evidence as to the large numbers of the community who have been craving for authentic counsel in this charming study. The author's research and industry are undoubted; his opportunities of arriving at facts have been considerable; and he has treated the subject with a copiousness and a fervour, and yet with a succinctness and a clearness of style, which commands, without tiring, the attention. If we hesitate to award the work the highest meed of praise, and to declare that it fulfils all our requirements of such a work, it is on account of a certain tinge, or bias, which we observe occasionally in the author's mind in reference to the genius and growth of art, in which we do not always concur. The author is a German, and, justly proud of the strenuous exertions now in progress in his country for the revival of art, he is apt to look with eyes too exclusively German upon Italian art; appears sometimes not to appreciate its really grander features; and certainly underrates the influence—an influence paramount above that of all others—which this art exercised upon the art and civilisation of Europe.

Dr. Kugler, at the very outset, in the preface to his second edition, asserts a position for Germany as the modern regenerator of the arts, which we are not prepared to admit. After stating that the first edition of his "Handbook of the History of Painting from the Age of Constantine to the Present Time," appeared in 1837, he goes on to observe:—"The ten years that have since elapsed have changed, in many respects, not only the opinions of the author, but the standard of knowledge respecting art and its history generally. At the time to which we refer we were standing, though almost unconsciously so, at the close of a period which may be said to have commenced with that work exercising so important an influence on the minds of artists, and known by the title of 'Herzen's Ergiessungen eines Kunstliebenden Klosterbruders' (Anglice, 'Heart Outpourings of an Art-loving Monk'). Our schools of painting, embodying that tendency of art to which the denomination of 'romantic' has been given, were celebrating their last triumphs. A general poetic interest, and the valuable results of a wide-spread dilettantism, had disclosed to us the rich world of art belonging to the middle ages. The researches of critical knowledge had begun to elucidate the history of those ages, and Rumohr's 'Italienische Forschungen,' though the immediate result of the prevailing tendency, had gone far beyond it."

It is here implied—first, that the regeneration of art in Europe has been mainly due to Germany; secondly, that the impulse of this movement was given by the "Heart Outpourings of an Art-loving Monk," and its end accomplished by the publication of Dr. Kugler's "Handbook." A fit comment upon this modest pretension is found in a few words in the note of the accomplished editor of the English edition:—"granting (says Sir C. Eastlake) that the writers of Germany had great influence on the revolution in art referred to, still it appears rather bold on the part of the author of the present work to date such a change from a single book." To which may be added that, although Germany was late in receiving the influence of the revived art of Italy, other European States—France, England, and Spain—had acknowledged, and practically proclaimed, its principles at a much earlier period;—long before the "romantic" art of Germany had "celebrated its last triumphs." Whether Germany has even yet received this inspiration is a question we will not discuss at present, though we have our misgivings.

Nothing shows the predilection of the author, in his national idiosyncrasy for the *status quo ante* the revival; for the glimmering and doubtful remains of ancient art lurking in obscure recesses in the byways of Europe, in preference to the fresh and vigorous art of Italy, consequent upon the revival, than the disproportionate space which he (or rather his coadjutor, Dr. Burckhardt) devotes to the late Roman, the Byzantine, and the Romanesque periods—themes extremely interesting and fruitful in themselves, but which have little to do with Italian art as it is known amongst the moderns.

The period of the Revival, according to the leading authorities, is commonly dated from the time of Cimabue; although recent discoveries, as recorded in Ottley's large works, the "Italian School of Design" and the "Early Florentine School," and some other publications, clearly establish that there were men imbued with the pure spirit of art, struggling on towards excellence, long anterior to the time of that renowned artist. However this may be, Cimabue's claims are so pre-eminent that he may still, with much reason, be cited as the founder of the modern school of Italy. At any rate he is entitled to distinguished and honourable mention in any work treating of the history of art in that country; and the perception of the distinguishing features of the effete old art and the vigorous revived art must be weak which would allow of placing the record of the deeds of this great master at the fug end of the chapter on Romanesque Art; reserving for his pupil Giotto the place of honour at the head of the book on the "Second Stage of Development." Yet this has been done by Dr. Kugler. And here again is a claim on the part of German art, to which we feel bound to demur. Speaking of the creative power evinced by the new art, the author writes as follows:—

Above all it became necessary that the creating artist should appear more definitely as a subject—his consciousness only that

defined before the alliance of the opposing principles could be attempted. This new subjective tendency appears now united with a style of representation, the intellectual direction and order of which correspond strikingly with that of Northern art, and which, on that account, may be denominated Germanic. Certain indications even show that the North (where this style was developed half a century earlier) exercised some influence upon the development of the same in Italy. This may be concluded from Italian sculpture, which, somewhat sooner than painting, accepted the Germanic principle of form. Another means of influence was also, as we have suggested, contributed by the circumstance of Naples being governed by a noble French house. Regarded, however, in a broader light, we may consider this metamorphosis in style as one of native origin, founded on the same causes which led to it in the North, and followed by analogous results. In this also we find the consummation of the purely mediæval æsthetic life, and of the Germanic spirit generally speaking. Those essential features in which the Italian-Germanic and the Northern Germanic style correspond, are less of an outward and material, than of a moral, nature. They are based upon a mode of conception, which, disregarding the accidental, kept only the simple and strictly essential in view; that mode of conception, in short, which is generally characteristic of the feeling of the period. This is why, in some instances, Giotto and Wilhelm of Cologne are seen to approach closely together, though, in other respects, the two schools are, as we have shown, as widely sundered.

In all this there is an attempt to claim affinity between German and Italian art of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, which never existed, and the pretending to which argues a disregard of the special favouring circumstances under which art was imported into and nurtured in the Italian peninsula. What names can German art put forward as contemporary with, or half a century anterior, to the great masters of the Early Florentine School? What trace of influence of German art acting upon Italy can the most devoted champion of the "Vaterland" suggest? As to the supposed sympathy between Giotto and Wilhelm of Cologne, and the inference sought to be deduced from it, it may suffice to remark that Giotto died forty years before Wilhelm established himself at Cologne; while Giotto's great master, the creative spirit of this new order of art, quitted the field of his labours nearly forty years previously—making a difference of upwards of seventy years between the close of Cimabue's career and the commencement of Wilhelm's. Those who wish for ocular evidence of the achievements of German art, at the period when the art of Italy was at its zenith of power and greatness, may contemplate with advantage the contributions of German art recently made to the National Gallery. It is with reluctance that we enter upon discussions of this sort, touching the claims of the arts of neighbouring nations; but the question has been forced upon us by the author of this work in such a way, and under such circumstances, that we could not avoid meeting it.

If we complain that the founder of the Florentine school was unceremoniously and unfairly treated in being brought in as a joint of the tail of the Romanesque school; with no less reason are our old associations and prejudices in connection with the great names of Italian art disappointed, when we find the great crowning genius of that school denied the high place and honours to which we have always considered him entitled. In a work of five hundred and eighty pages, a hundred and twenty of which are devoted to the quaint remains of Byzantine and Romanesque art, a dozen pages only are vouchsafed to Michael Angelo. The tone too is cold, even disparaging; showing that, however just in the abstract, German notions of Italian art are not in harmony with those derived from inspiration under an Italian sky. We are told that Michael Angelo, "like Leonardo, led the way [he was the closing figure in the grand procession] in accomplishing the perfection of modern art, and shone as one of its brightest lights." His masterpiece, "The Last Judgment," is very unceremoniously criticised. "It must be admitted," the author writes, "that the artist has laid a stress on this (the terrible) view of his subject; and this has produced an unfavourable effect upon the upper half of the picture. We look in vain for the glory of Heaven, for beings who bear the stamp of Divine holiness, and renunciation of human weakness; everywhere we are met with the expression of human passion, of human efforts. We see no choir of solemn, tranquil forms, no harmonious unity of clear grand lines produced by ideal draperies; (1) instead of these, we find a confused crowd of the most varied movements, naked bodies in violent attitudes, unaccompanied by any of the characteristics made sacred by holy tradition. Christ, the principal figure of the whole, wants every attribute but that of the judge: no expression of Divine majesty reminds us that it is the Saviour who exercises this office."

The suggestions as to the essential requisites for the treatment of this grand subject—"choirs of solemn, tranquil forms," "ideal draperies," and all—we leave without comment. It will be for the reader to decide between Michael Angelo and Kugler upon these points, which concern the highest resources of creative art. But, when the author denies divinity of character and appropriate expression to the face of the Saviour, we must observe that he differs from many of those who have hitherto criticised this great picture, and who seem to have discovered in that face an admirable mixture of compassion and sorrow with the sternness of the judge; whilst the left hand, slightly elevated, interposes, as to screen from his sight the execution of the terrible sentence he is denouncing. To account for these discrepancies in opinions and feeling, we may observe that Dr. Kugler does not appear to have had any long and ripe personal acquaintance with the great works of the Italian school in their native atmosphere. Speaking of the composition of his "Handbook," he says:—"It consisted of materials gathered together partly for my own information, and partly as notes for public lectures. Several tours, and one especially to Italy, undertaken shortly before, had enabled me to give to these materials, for the greater part, the freshness of personal observation."

Of the St. Peter's at Rome, that wonder of the modern world, we are told:—"It must be admitted that this work is not entirely free from the effects of a capricious taste; but the disposition of the whole is so singularly grand, that, had not the general effect of the building been injured by later additions, it would have ranked among the most sublime works of modern architecture."

These passages are sufficient to indicate the medium through which the student will have to view Italian art, who does so by the light of German criticism. Apart from these drawbacks the work, as we said before, is one of great value and interest: the amount of facts contained in it is surprising, and the descriptions of the principal works of various ages are full, luminous, and often eloquent. Not the least meritorious portion of the contents, however, are the notes by Sir Charles Eastlake, who sometimes very judiciously qualifies the opinions of his author.

The work is illustrated by upwards of one hundred engravings, after the works of the old masters (drawn on wood by George Searf, jun.) which, though necessarily small, are executed with remarkable skill and neatness, and considerable appreciation for the spirit of the originals.

To the present edition has been added an "Essay on the First Century of Italian Engraving," by F. Turner Palgrave, which shows the result of careful research into all the best authorities on the subject (principally Bartsch and Ottley); and which will prove a useful Handbook for amateurs.

ENGINEERS OF THE BRITANNIA BRIDGE.—Mr. Lucas has just completed a picture which will prove of interest as a record of the completion of one of the greatest engineering works of modern times—viz., the Britannia bridge on the Chester and Holyhead Railway. It represents the conference held previously to the floating of one of the tubes of the bridge—a simple, busy group of a dozen energetic, calculating, hard-headed individuals, discussing on that

C.E.; I. K. Brunel, &c. The famous background. The picture is now on view by whom an engraving of it will

## LITERATURE.

THE ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF FRENCH SONGS. From the Sixteenth to the Nineteenth Century. Translated and Edited by JOHN OXENFORD, Esq. II. Ingram and Co.

All good judges, who may have disparaged French poetry, have ever made an exception in favour of its lyric, and even of much of its dramatic, effusions. But whatever other beauties it may boast, its songs are the very bloom of it. We speak of the literary view of them in praising them thus; for there is not the same unanimity, nor, doubtless, the same ground for it, respecting the general musical merits of French songs. Yet even this—the worst part of them on the whole—even the music is highly prized by those at least for whom it was intended—the French themselves; and we have scarcely a right to exact from any national performance an extra-national popularity. We remember the coarse metaphor which Frederick the Second of Prussia employed to depreciate the vocal music of France; but, if he was a great critic in the arts of war and statesmanship—which is by no means an indisputable point—his authority does not bear the same crushing away upon subjects of taste; to which remark we may add another, viz., that some of the most successful productions of the French Drato and of the French Thalia have appeared since the death of Frederick. We believe, besides, that he alluded not to the song-music itself so much as to the prevalent national style of singing it,—which is certainly very peculiar, generally shocks a stranger, and is sure to excite great disfavour if it does not give the highest delight—there is no medium.

Of the literary merits, however, of French lyric poetry, we can, in the main, speak with very different confidence. In this and in the dramatic form the muse of France has left its chief masterpieces and obtained its most signal triumphs. Next to the tribune—where the tribune is free, where it is practically and really accessible to every orator throughout the community—the two kinds of literature we have mentioned are the most important. Everybody remembers old Buchanan's remark about one of them—"Give me the writing of a people's laws, and I will give you the making of their laws,"—in his day, a profound saying, which was based even then on experience, but which a thousand wonderful instances of subsequent history have illustrated and verified. The Spaniards drove the Moors out of their country while chanting the patriotic ditties of their bards. In our own age Tom Moore's Irish "Melodies" exercised no small influence on political events. But the rhapsodies connected with the French Revolution, and subsequently with the glory of Napoleon and with the martial memories of the Empire, are the nearest to our purpose. Few cases in all history could better elucidate the social and political power of the lyric muse, or this great fact that what an entire nation sings is often of far more moment than what its rulers may proclaim, or even do.

Independently, then, of the merits which may characterise a people's songs, there is much instruction and much interest attached to a study of them. He who thoroughly enters into their spirit enters into that of a community in all its broader and more permanent tendencies; he will, for instance, intuitively catch and perceive the sentiment which dominated some vast epoch; will appreciate or estimate that sentiment in its exact nature far more readily and surely than folios of learned philosophic disquisition would enable him to do. Therefore, in the case of such a people as the French, the national song-literature affords a rich and remunerative mine of study. But, why not this study in the originals? It is not ignorance of the language which alone prevents thousands from indulging their wish in this respect, and from paying attention to an object the attractiveness and use of which are so obvious. Where are they to find specimens of each class and division of a nation's ballad-productions, collected into one view? An English reader possessing that sufficient knowledge of French which is undoubtedly very common amongst us, would have plenty of time for glancing through, and for studying a convenient book like Mr. Oxenford's, and yet might not have time, nor indeed patience, for collecting, in by-way and cross-way, from many scattered publications, old and new, the samples which that gentleman has not only thus brought together, but classified in their natural demarcations.

Had this "Book of French Songs Illustrated" not been so extremely entertaining in the perusal, and indeed so unusually pretty in appearance, we might not have deemed it necessary thus, in our very first comments, to insist on the graver value which it possesses. But, since it is a gala-volume, as bright and beaming as any Annual, Keepsake, or festive miscellany that ever glittered upon a drawing-room table, we were afraid that its fiery night, according to the well-known way of the world, do some unjust damage to its equally real qualities of intrinsic worth. People will not, if they can help it, allow either man or thing to have credit in an eminent degree for two good qualities of a dissimilar kind. Once they have granted that such a one is a fine gentleman, it goes to their heart to be asked to allow that he is also a solid thinker. Why were they not told of this at an earlier moment? They could have then set him down as a very useful and correct proser, &c. In general, to give a person a striking reputation for any one line of work is to taboo him from every other. Sheridan make a speech! Sheridan succeed in the House of Commons! Nonsense! Has he not succeeded on the stage? Bulwer write a comedy! Did he not write such and such novels? His line is narrative, &c. The feeling or prejudice is common—and so common, in truth, that we deemed it wise to mention at once the serious merits of the work before us as a work, lest its glitter as a volume, being the more obvious particular, might cause its character to be mistaken, and might make people suppose it to be among books what a mere top is among men.

Having disposed of this point, we will add that in the study of songs, with that view which has been already adverted to—we mean with a view to the more sure and delicate appreciation of a nation's peculiarities and prevalent sentiments—foreigners reading such songs translated into their own tongue have a great advantage over persons belonging to the nation in question. These last reflect least on the very characteristics which most strike the foreign reader. What is the most peculiar to ourselves excites in us, of course, the least share of attention; but in others, by the light of the comparisons thus suggested, the largest share. And even the little peculiarities of phrase occasionally forced upon the translator, serve to project from the common level of human emotion the minor differences of national genius.

For many and various reasons, in short, this convenient collection of French songs, rendered into English, is a desirable addition to our literature. We may mention that wherever the lay translated is more than a literary production and may be regarded as also a historic fact, on account either of the effect it produced or of the events with which it is associated—in all these cases, we say, the original is subjoined to the version made by Mr. Oxenford. We are disposed to think that the reader who collates the two in these instances, and who, after perusing the words of the author, examines the words of the translator, will agree with us in admiring Mr. Oxenford's performance, and in assuring him, according to the well-known pun we have made upon a term used by our neighbours, that he is not a "traducer" of the poets whom he thus in part naturalises to the north of the English Channel.

The origin of French lyrics is remote, and may be ascribed to the eleventh century, the era of the Norman Conquest; and it is no easy task, by means of samples, to give any survey of a national career of poetry which extends over such a time. Nor, in truth, is all this attempted by Mr. Oxenford. But his specimens are, nevertheless, opened from a very early date, and come down to Beranger's songs and those of living writers.

He has divided his collection into five grand classifications, the motives for which he satisfactorily explains. The first comprises "songs of the affections," the second, "bachchanalian songs;" the third, "revolutionary, or patriotic songs;" the fourth, the "epicurean class;" and the fifth, the "comic and satirical."

Every author introduced is duly mentioned and recorded, *narratus et tractatus*, in foot-notes—birth, death, date, or other circumstances being given, *ad eulera pagina*.

The most charming illustrations lavishly adorn the pages; and care has been taken to exclude from the number of poems thus presented, such as happen to be disqualified by their pre-eminent grossness, despite of any genius, for English tastes. Such is the publication which we have the pleasure of introducing to the notice, and recommending to the favour, of our readers.

GWEN; OR, THE COUSINS. By A. M. GOODRICH. J. W. Parker.

No one will read these volumes without instruction and amusement—instruction from the consideration

Translated from the German of Kugler, by Sir Charles L. Eastlake,





"SCENE—LAWN BEFORE THE DUKE'S PALACE; ORLANDO ABOUT TO ENGAGE WITH CHARLES, THE DUKE'S WRESTLER."—PAINTED BY D. MACLISE, R.A.—EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.





BELTED WILL'S TOWER, NAWORTH.—PAINTED BY WILLIAM BENNETT.—EXHIBITION OF THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS

#### "BELTED WILL'S TOWER, NAWORTH."

A very pleasing, and therefore well-executed, picture, called "Belted Will's Tower," is from the careful pencil of Mr. William Bennett, and is deservedly regarded as one of the best landscapes to be seen on the walls of the New Water-Colour Society. The artist has chosen not to show so much the peculiar architecture of the castle, as its particular position and the glorious trees by which it is surrounded. What he has attempted he has achieved. Some of those trees, and the progenitors of all, have seen and heard—

When helm'd warriors paced the keep,  
And bugles blew for Belted Will,

As the present Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and the proprietor of the Castle of "Belted Will" sings touchingly in some expressive verse con-

trasting the present with the past condition of his hereditary seat. This Castle of Belted Will is Naworth Castle, some twelve miles to the north-east of Carlisle, and now within sight of the railway traveller who passes from Newcastle to Carlisle. It is deservedly regarded as one of the best examples in the north of the castle of a border baron. A fire in the year 1844 unhappily destroyed much of its antique character; but the restoration has been completed under the careful eye of Mr. Salvin—by far the best restorer of Mediaeval castles that this country has seen.

Naworth Castle was built by two noble families in the north of England, the Dacres and the Howards, and is accessible only on the south. The celebrated inhabitant of it was Lord William Howard, long familiarly known in the north as "Belted Will;" but since Sir Walter Scott wrote known wherever English poetry is read by the same designation. There is a secret pleasure in transcribing Sir Walter's portraiture in words of this border chieftain:—

Costly his garb, his Flemish ruff  
Fell o'er his doublet, shaped of buff,  
With satin slash'd and lined;  
Tawny his boot and gold his spur,  
His cloak was all of Poland fur,  
His hose was silver twined;  
His Bilboa blade, by Marchmen felt,  
Hung in a broad and studded belt.

He was the grandson of Henry Howard, the poetical Earl of Surrey; the son of Thomas Howard, the fourth Duke of Norfolk, and the younger brother of Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk, father of the infamous Countess of Essex and Somerset—the same Earl of Suffolk who built Audley End. His uncle, also a Howard, was that Earl of Northampton who built what is now Northumberland-house, at Charing-cross. Belted Bill Howard was born in 1563 and died in 1640. His place of burial is unknown: his portrait is still to be seen at Castle Howard.



SKETCHES ON THE SUTHERLAND COAST.  
THE HERRING FISHERY, AND SUTHERLAND EMIGRANTS.

THE coast of Sutherland, from Brora, a pretty little village with a few skiffs engaged in the white fishing during the summer, and one or two herring-boats, by which the inhabitants make their autumnal fortune, is placed where the Dornoch Firth opens into the North Sea. About fifteen miles further north stands the gigantic Ord of Caithness—a granitic precipice rising sheer up of 1200 feet above the sea—covered along all its front with sea-fowl of every species, including the skua-gull, whose wings have a stretch of eight feet, and which makes terrible devastation among the herrings, when, on moonlight nights, the shoal rises to the surface. According to the old oyster-dredging song—

The herring loves the merry moonlight,  
And the mackerel loves the wind;  
But the oyster loves the dredging song,  
For he's come of a gentle kind.

The Ord of Caithness forms the boundary between Caithness and Sutherland, and the space between it and Brora forms the northern sea-coast of Sutherland. The country towards the shore is tolerably fertile to the distance of a mile or so, when it rises into a chain of heathery hills, speckled with sheep, white and black. The sea-shore is stony, and studded with formidable rocks—not of very great dimensions, but many not visible at high water—rendering the coast exceedingly dangerous; especially as the most magnificent surf I ever saw breaks amongst the rocks like a thunder-peal, throwing its sparkling surf some ten feet into the air, when it is carried away in a white mist by the north-east gale.

About three miles from the Ord of Caithness, on the Sutherland side, the range of hills breaks, in steep declivities, into one of the prettiest glens in the Highlands, down which the Helmsdale water comes impetuously brawling and foaming over the water-worn rocks which impede its headlong progress. This river forms the harbour of Helmsdale. At the top of the harbour, where the fresh and salt water join, a very handsome bridge spans the stream in one bold arch. The town is a cluster of houses stretching back to the foot of the adjacent hills. There are two piers: the north, the longer; the south acting as a breakwater, when the wind blows hard, as it sometimes does, as I can verify by personal experience. On the northern pier the boats lie three or four abreast nearly up to the bridge. On a space set apart women and girls, to the number of perhaps one hundred, or, in busy seasons, to double the number, perform—shouting and joking in English and Gaelic, with their dresses smeared with the filth of the herrings, and their arms bare to the shoulders—the delectable progress of gutting the herrings, as they are flung by large wooden spades in glittering masses to the pier. To the outward boats, over the inward, lines of broad planks are laid down, and persons, generally Highlanders, hired for the purpose—run along this shaling bridge, bearing on their sturdy backs large creels of herrings. There is a plank for going, and another for returning; and the cargoes are unloaded, gutted, salted, and barrelled by a distinct set of practitioners, so that the four processes go on together. Unfortunately, there is a dangerous bar about twenty feet from the mouth of the harbour, over which, as an old voyager wrote, “the sea breaks high and strange.” If the wind blows a gale into the harbour, the boats at sea try to run close-hauled, and get under the lee of Tarbetness—a long and bleak promontory, forming the southern termination of the Dornoch Firth, and crowned with a lighthouse, which is of unspeakable advantage to the herring fisheries and the coasting trade.

There are two classes of herring-boats, which abound all along the Sutherland and Caithness coast, in pretty equal proportions—Buckie-boats, and what may be called the Celtic boats. The former are only about half the size of the latter. They are strongly built of hard wood; their cutwaters and sternposts rise perpendicularly from the water, while the keel descends a good eighteen inches from the bottom, which is made very deep; the boats—at least, the largest of them—when high and dry, standing full five feet from the sand. They carry two masts, the taller of which is not one half the height of that used by the Celtic boats. I have often admired the firmness with which the mast is stepped in the bows. As it approaches the small deck—which forms a diminutive fore-castle, the shelter of which keeps the provisions dry, by breaking the spray which comes in white showers over the bow—as it approaches this deck, the round form of the mast gradually changes into a square, of larger dimensions than the round, and is firmly stepped in a block of wood clenched to the bottom of the vessel. The sails are spread fore and aft, both on the foremost mast and the lower spritsail mast, which is stepped right in the stern, and useful in going about. The spread of canvas of the buckie-boats is about one-third of the unmanageable lug-sail used by the Celtic boats, raised with vast toil upon a yard about twelve feet long, while the length of the mast is fully thirty feet. These boats are very flat, measuring about three feet, or a little more, when high and dry, from the gunwale to the sand; the keel being only about an inch from the projecting sides, and invisible amidships; and, though broad-beamed, have no hold on the water. They go very fast before the wind; but are obliged to get down their immense lug with vast toil, and often great danger, as soon as the crew perceive the wind shifting against them. After about half an hour's labour they manage to reduce their sail to smaller dimensions. They can make but little way to windward; and when a leeward sea comes upon the broadside every surge heaves them some ten or fifteen feet towards the rocks, where, if the boat be once dashed, all is over.

But it is time for me to proceed with my herring-fishing expedition. I chose a buckie-boat, where the fishermen spoke a patois of Aberdeenshire, of which I could make out just here and there a word; while, in a Celtic boat, the men generally speak Gaelic, and, as they never go to sea except in the herring time, cannot be depended on as sailors. The night was most favourable. The moon was bright, and at its full—the harvest moon—shedding a silvery lustre, which illuminated the whole sea for miles, and showing the undulating hills of Sutherland and the mighty brow of the Ord of Caithness. Our skipper rubbed his hands, while a gentle breeze from the south, ruffling the surface of the long swell, just kept the sails “asleep.” A large fleet of herring-boats stole like phantoms over the sea. They gradually scattered, but to no great distance from each other; and our crew, of course, began to prepare their nets. The “drift” of nets consists of from 16 to 26, according to the means of the proprietor of the boat or boats. Each net is sixteen fathoms long and four deep; the upper side of the net is lined with buoys, generally of inflated seal-skin, and the lower with plummets of lead. In the meantime, the skipper, standing in the bows (and I standing beside him), looked keenly ahead. Presently, he made me understand, partly by words and partly gestures, that we were approaching the “bank;” and in about ten minutes—in which he and all his crew, in a state of intense excitement, were in a state of intense excitement—the skipper, seated, painted aloft, and extended distinctly over the “bank,” I looked, and saw in the moonlight a dark appearance, which extended on each side and ahead further than I could see. It was evidently what the skipper called the “bank.” In a few minutes we were sailing over the bank. I was told to look overboard, with my hands on each side of my eyes, and I saw a sort of luminous, very faint and indistinct, as I felt it, two feet from the surface. Instantly the process of shaling the drift began. One man told the black side, the other the lead side; two others pulled the nets from the heap; and in about ten minutes, or something more, the long line of buoys were riding behind us, the sails having been kept partially filled, so as to impart a gentle motion to the boat, while the drift slowly followed it. It sometimes, but seldom, happens that currents, formed perhaps by a recent storm, or by the motion of the tide, entangle

the nets, which causes terrible confusion and frequent cutting of the drifts, even when heavy with herring—a serious loss to the proprietors. These entanglements cause bickering and quarrelling, which sometimes end in bloodshed, as the current brings two boats—the nets of both of which are entangled with each other—together. Mr. Hugh Miller, now editor of the *Witness*, and one of the greatest geologists in Europe, gives, in his first most amusing book, “Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland; or, the Traditional History of Cromarty”—a curious legend of the consequences which ensued from the crews of two boats, with their nets entangled and drifted together, putting the knives intended for cutting the nets, to a totally different purpose. They fought leaning over the respective gunwales of the boats. Blood was spilt, unfortunately, in the sea, and the offended herrings, which had been particularly numerous the year before, deserted the Firth, and did not return for seven years.

But to return to the shoal, the boats, and the drift. The boat had not advanced her own length over the shoal when the first buoy sank. Immediately the hauling incommenced, and the herrings, shaken from the meshes, came tumbling into the boat like a shower of silver. The light of the moon materially increased the effect, and the silver shower was continued until the whole drift was drawn, and the contents emptied into the boat. The luminous effect playing over the surface of the heaps of herrings only lasts for about thirty or forty seconds. The fish is one which dies almost immediately after its being taken from the water—hence the proverb, “as dead as a herring.” Drift after drift was shot and hauled with equal effect, and at length the boat had obtained its full cargo, and was deep in the water—the rest of the fleet appearing to be as well loaded as ourselves. There was plenty of work for the extra hands that day; and landing, gutting, and packing occupied nearly twice the time that they had done the day before. The herring is well known to be a very changeable fish. The shoal will appear in a night and disappear in a night. There will be one season in which they do not make their appearance at all, and another in which a succession of cloudy nights materially injures the fishing. This, however, seldom happens. Of all the months in the year, June, July, and August are likely to be the sunniest, and those in which the moon shines the brightest, and the greatest number of nights. Sometimes a great shoal comes on shore, pursued by their natural enemies, whales and porpoises. A case of this kind is related by Mr. Hugh Miller, in his “Traditions of Cromarty:”—“There is a tradition that shortly after the Union a shoal of many hundred barrels, pursued by a body of whales and porpoises, was stranded in a little bay of Cromarty, a few hundred yards to the east of the town. The beach was covered with them to the depth of several feet, and salt and casks failed the packers, when only an inconsiderable part of the shoal was cured. The residue was carried away by the neighbouring farmers for manure; and so great was the quantity used in this way, and the stench they caused so offensive, that it was feared that disease would ensue. The season in which this took place is still spoken of as the Harst (or Harvest) of the Herring Drove.”

Before I quit this interesting subject, I shall subjoin some statistics touching the herring trade in all its principal features, for which I am indebted to that excellent and very copious work, “Anderson's Guide to the Highlands.” It is fair to state that the Messrs. Anderson acknowledge that the following statements were copied from the *John o' Groat Journal*, published in Wick:—

The account sets out with a state of the fishery in 1829 and 1840. The apparent falling off latterly is owing to the resort of so many boats to Helmsdale:—

STATISTICS OF THE HERRING FISHERY ON THE NORTH-EAST COAST OF SCOTLAND.

	1829.	1840.
Boats belonging to Wick, engaged in	457	423
Boats not belonging to the district	493	327
Total number of boats	950	750
Fishermen	3,761	3,882
Curers (only 91 regularly entered in 1840)	1,146	91
Women, chiefly occupied in gutting the fish	2,937	2,175
Coopers	442	265
Carters	117	127
Other labourers	177	196
Seamen in coasting vessels for carrying away herrings	3,200	1,200
Total number of persons employed	11,780	7,936
Total of barrels cured	112,693	63,495

QUANTITY OF HERRINGS CURED AT FISHING TOWNS ALONG THE COAST.

	1835.	1836.
Peterhead	33,000	44,000
Fraserburgh	54,000	45,000
Ranff	24,000	18,000
Cullen	5,000	3,000
Findhorn	8,000	6,000
Cromarty	7,000	7,000
Helmsdale	28,000	18,000
Lybster	32,000	15,000
Wick	106,000	40,000
Thurso and Tongue	22,000	7,000
Orkney	45,000	28,000
Shetland	38,000	27,000
Berwick	—	30,000

The cost of a boat without a fit of nets, is about £120. The fisherman generally receives from 9s. to 10s. a cran or barrel, for the herrings; and a crew—four in number—when proprietors of the boat, sometimes make £20, £30, and even £50 per head. The wages allowed for about two months' service, from the middle of July to September, are from £3 to £7, and a peck and a half of meal a week. Poor widows and girls are employed to gut and pack, at about 4d. per barrel. They make from 20s. to £3 per season. Whisky is consumed amongst all, to a most enormous and demoralising extent.

After a further tour in Sutherlandshire, I returned by Helmsdale; and, walking down to the pier, I saw—it was at the close of September—the usual debris of a successful season—broken barrels, broken oars, torn canvas, and a miscellaneous quantity of the rubbish which continually encumbers the pier of a northern sea-port town. The boats—the proprietors of them despairing of another herring—lay dancing on the undulations which proceeded from the heavy swell on the bar, by the jetty; while, on the other side, half a dozen or more Dutch galliots were taking in their cargoes of herrings. The square heavy mould, the massiveness of the timbers, and the side-boards which keep flat bottomed vessels from going to leeward, are their great characteristics. It is extremely rare that these schooners—many of them of 200 tons burden—are lost; they ride over the seas like ducks, their broad bluff bows dashing the spray aside in the most contemptuous fashion. The Dutch sailors, who are almost as square built as their ships, are, nevertheless, most excellent seamen. They are canny enough to construct their rigging and arrange their sails so that they can set them and haul them down, without going aloft. There were a number of them lounging on the pier, walking about or sitting on casks, in their clumsy sea-boots and nor-wester hats.

But a widely different class of people were grouped together upon the pier, no less than Sutherland emigrants: stalwart men, with strong features, broad flat bonnets, Sutherland tartan plaids; and the watchful and faithful colley, wondering where on earth he had got to; the married and the young women wore the usual homespun garments of the Highlands; while, on their heads, the matrons wore the curch, and the maidens the emblematic enood. During the day the number of emigrants increased, and the whole of the population of the town turned out to bid them farewell. There was an emigrant ship lying in Cromarty, and their

destination was Canada. The passages of all, and maintenance of all down to the shepherd dogs, had been paid by the Duke of Sutherland, and their transport guaranteed, to patches of land and cottages in a district, where a number of the Sutherland Highlanders were settled before them. The scene before me was unspeakably affecting. The nervous, agitated looks of the men, the restlessness which they manifested, the constant moving about, the continually opened and continually broken-off conversations, all showed the agitated nature of their feelings. The grief of the women was loud and utterly unrestrained. They clung to their relatives whom they were leaving—never, perhaps, to see more—with frantic energy, kissing each other on the forehead, the lips, the cheeks, and the hands; while the children clung to their mothers' skirts, utterly bewildered, and weeping in sympathy with their mothers. Every reference—and their overflowing hearts could not refrain from them—to the cottages in which they were born, to the little patch of land which they cultivated, to the loch, to the burn, to the glen, and to their friends at home—brought forth a fresh burst of wailing. Several women fainted, and were carried in that condition into the boat—which, by the way, was a very good one—where they soon recovered.

I applied to the skipper, who was a Helmsdale man, to give me a passage for a small consideration, to which he readily agreed. I happened to mention that my destination was Tarbert, and that his was Cromarty. “Look,” he said, “at those thin, fleecy clouds rising from the sea to windward; they will gradually turn to heavy clouds, and towards dusk there will be a furious gale, with drenching rain and hail.” This was pleasant news for me, but I felt it still more for the poor women and children, and said so. “As soon,” he replied, “as the first gust comes over the sea, and the first pelt of rain comes driving forth, I will spread a spare tarpauling, under which they can creep and keep each other warm.” “And when,” I rejoined, “do you think the gale will break up?” “It will begin,” he said, “at sundown, and break up at sunrise.” I observed, “I suppose you will not think of doubling Tarbetness.” “What do you say?—double Tarbetness in such a night! Every man, woman, and child in this boat would be dashed to pieces upon the rocks before the surf had time to drown them. No, no; the wind will blow about south-east—that is from a point where the Moray Firth opens to the ocean—it will strike us on the larboard bow, so that I shall have to put in two reefs. Were it dead ahead, I would put it in three, for then it would be tack for tack against it; but as it will be, according to my judgment, we may keep a pretty good full, but still close hauled, till we run her under the lee of the Ness, where I can land you in a safe creek in the rock.”

And now the time was come for our departure. There was immediately apparent a sort of revulsion of feelings amongst the emigrants and their relations on shore. It seemed to me that the actual departure had turned the thoughts of both from the hills and the glens—the rocks and the rivers of the Highlands—to the fertile district to which they were going, and where many of their friends had gone before them, and had written them home good news, so that by a universal impulse a loud cheer was raised both from boat and pier, and in which the stalwart Dutchmen joined; and glasses of whisky were drained—first, as in duty bound, to her Majesty and the Royal family—then “To those we leave behind us.” “To those we'll find before us.” The piper then struck up the most beautiful, and, at the same time, most melancholy pibroch ever composed—I cannot spell the Gaelic name, but the meaning is, “We return no more.” A light and pleasant breeze from the shore carried us merrily across the long swell of the bar—and for about half a mile on our course, when it dropped into a dead calm, and left us heaving upon the long swell of the North Sea. Presently a light whale-boat issued from the harbour, and a reverend old gentleman, of a most patriarchal appearance, the Cathochist of the parish, stepped on board, and the emigrants all clustered round him, using the most endearing expressions to him; when, waving his hand to them, and taking off his hat—at which off went every broad bonnet—he poured forth in Gaelic a most eloquent and exciting prayer. The women melted into tears, and the men were evidently moved. The prayer was not long; but I never heard anything delivered with such intense fervour. When he was on the point of leaving, the shaking of hands with all the parishioners—men, women, and children—was so cordially given, and continued so long, that the worthy skipper began to look a little impatiently to windward; besides, another pretty strong puff from the land which had sprung up was likely, he said, to last a half-hour or more; so that, when the worthy Cathochist had got into his whale-boat, he put up the helm, crowded all sail—which was not scanty—and went, at a very fair rate, directly out to sea. “We must make as good an oiling as we can,” he said, “with this puff!” and we did carry it with us so as to take us at least three miles from land. According to the skipper's prediction, as the sun approached the horizon, the light fleecy clouds became one black ominous gloom, spreading just from the quarter he had indicated. The head of the boat was now turned to north-east, so that the tempest might fall upon our starboard bow. This course would take us out of our way to a certain degree, but, as our skipper had set it carefully by the compass, I had no apprehension. Presently down came the tempest in its wrath, preceded by several furious gusts, which, while they lasted—only about three minutes each—tossed the boat over on her gunwale. But soon came the gale in earnest, with the driving rain and hail, and the “sea horses,” as sailors call breast-high breaking surges, came down upon us in their fury. The boat, under three reefed sails, behaved admirably, tossing her bow over the breaking seas, and plunging down into the troughs. Her keel was often half out of the water. This fierce contest with the elements lasted two hours and a half, during which we made no headway—but, owing to the excellent qualities of our craft, made no leeway; then there came a lull, with a breaking in the clouds; the rain continued, but the hail abated. The sea got less furious, so that the head of the boat was turned again towards the land—breaking seas still assailing on the starboard bow, but, as I mentioned, with diminished strength; and now we made good way, one reef shaken out, and the motion of the boat becoming decidedly more easy. Presently, on rising on a sea, we could catch a glimpse of the Tarbetness Light, but still to windward. The skipper told me that three hours more would bring us, with another tack out to sea, under the lee of the Ness. We beat up—the sea still abating—to within three miles of the Light, then turned the head of our craft out to sea, going as fast through the water as on the other tack, and, in two hours and a half, made a mile and a half of direct heading. Our course was then again turned landwards, which brought us parallel to the lighthouse. Another short tack seaward brought the lighthouse fairly under our lee; while the corresponding tack gave us, what sailors call, a “good berth.” Presently we were in comparatively smooth water; and the poor emigrants—who, man, woman, and child, had been prostrated with severe sea-sickness—began to revive: the men to hold on to the rigging—for the boat was still heaving considerably—and the women to creep out from under the tarpauling, gradually to recover their health and spirits. They were dreadfully depressed, however, when they could see no “big ship,” and were told by the skipper that this was not Cromarty; but he consoled them by assuring them that they would be there by to-morrow afternoon—using the same phrase to them as he had used to me, that the storm would commence when the sun went down, and would stop when the sun arose. Cheered by this assurance, they took out their stores of oat-bannocks and home-made cheese, and very good whisky, of all of which we all partook very heartily. The Celts had their hard biscuits, dried herrings, and Helmsdale gin, on which we made merry; while my friend the skipper—to whose seamanship and knowledge of the coast we owed our lives—preferred with us the “mountain dew” and home-made cheese; and, in the words of the old Scotch song, slightly paraphrased:—

To whang at the bannocks of oat (not barley) meal.

And now most of us went to sleep, for, as may be conceived, we were thoroughly done up. Some time after dawn, however, we were awakened by the skipper, when we found ourselves in a snug little cove in the rocks, where the undulating waves were of quite a harmless nature, and where I discerned a rugged enough ravine; up which, however, I soon made my way, and was presently installed in the comfortable quarters of the house of a half-pay Captain, who lived with a maiden sister, who forms his only society. There is not another house in the weary waste of bog and rushes with which, for miles around, my friend's dwelling is encompassed. Certainly there are the two lighthouse keepers and their wives, and their children, and the fishing village of Portmahomack, which, during the herring fishery, is much frequented by French luggers and Dutch doggers; and the Captain's Jack-of-all-trades is not unfrequently seen on his master's Shetland pony, with a hamper, which appears light when he arrives and enters a certain public-house, and heavy when he departs. By the means of the Jack-of-all-trades, Shetland pony, and the hamper, my friend the Captain is enabled to put upon his table the choicest champagne, delicious-tasted brandy, and excellent hollands, racy of the juniper,

A. B. R.





"THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE, PASS OF ST. GOTTHARD."—PAINTED BY W. COLLINGWOOD SMITH.—EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.



"THE POST-OFFICE AT ALBANO."—PAINTED BY LOUIS HAGHE.—EXHIBITION OF THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.





"EN ROUTE."—PAINTED BY JOSEPH J. JENKINS.—EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.



"THE BEACON."—PAINTED BY GEORGE DODGSON.—EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

A sheet of flame from the turret high  
Waved like a blood-flag in the sky,  
All flaring and unceasing.

And soon a score of fires, I ween,  
From height and hill and cliffs were seen,  
Each with warlike tidings fraught,

Each from each the signal caught,  
Each after each they glanced to sight,  
As stars arise upon the night.



## NAPOLEON III., EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

(Continued from page 569.)

1808 TO 1830.—INFANCY, YOUTH, MANHOOD.

CHARLES LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was born in Paris on the 20th of April, 1803. Foresight the most inspired could scarcely have presaged the coming fate and future history either of his family or of himself. At the hour of his birth his father was a King—King of that small but opulent territory which, scarcely a century before, through its commerce and the bravery of its people, had had a place of honour among the most powerful States of Europe. His uncle, the Emperor Napoleon, who had conquered the admiration of mankind even more by his commanding genius than by the might of his armies, was at that time at the very height of his dazzling greatness. Thrones were filled, or on the eve of being filled, by the various members of his family; and the extent of his actual territorial sway is recalled by the fact that, at the birth of this young Prince, salutes in honour of the event were fired throughout the western continent of Europe, from the Hague and Hamburg in the north, to Rome in the south; and in the east as far as the banks of the Danube. The Emperor had already commenced his aggression on the nationality of Spain; and, a few weeks after, another uncle of the newly-born was proclaimed King of Spain and the Spanish Indies; thus completing the chain of conquest which had merged the nationalities of half Europe in the paramount sway of the French, and had created so many royalties in the blood of one illustrious man. In the subsequent history of this young Prince are comprised the atonement of his family for the faults of that great man, and the tribute paid by France and the world at large to his virtues.

The Prince Charles Louis Napoleon was the third son of Louis, the King of Holland. His mother, Hortense Beauharnais, like others of the female members of the Bonaparte family, was the subject of studied calumny by the Emperor's enemies; but time has done justice to her virtues and accomplishments, of which the memory is enhanced by her noble dignity in adversity. Of the two elder brothers, Napoleon Charles was born in 1802, and died, at the Hague, in 1807. The second, Napoleon Louis, was born in 1804; and in March, 1805, he was baptised by the Pope, who was then still a prisoner in France. The Emperor himself held the infant at the font, and gave him his names; and the act constituting the legality of his birth was deposited in the archives of the Senate, as, according to the law of inheritance established on the formation of the Empire, he was in the direct succession to the Imperial Crown. Of this Prince—whose early death in the arms of his younger brother will afterwards be mentioned—it is recorded that he was of remarkable manly beauty, and that his qualities of mind and of character were of a very high order. He married, in 1827, his cousin Charlotte, the second daughter of Joseph Bonaparte, by whom he had no children.

In accordance with the custom established by Napoleon, of appealing on all great occasions, by means of a universal vote, to the will of the nation, the succession of these two young Princes to the Imperial Throne, in the event of the Emperor or of his brother Joseph dying without heirs, was adopted by more than three millions and a half of Frenchmen. The infant Prince, Charles Louis Napoleon, was the first child of the Imperialised race whose name was inscribed on the family register of the dynasty confided to the care of the Senate. He was not baptised until the 10th of November, 1810. The ceremony was performed by Cardinal Fesch; the Emperor was his godfather, and the Empress Marie Louise his godmother. Already the mother of Hortense had been divorced, and the Queen of Holland had seen with pain in the new marriage the prospect of direct heirs to the Emperor, which would deprive her sons of their hope of the succession. The great fact of today, compared with her maternal fears at that epoch, is itself one of the most solemn and striking incidents in the history of the Napoleon family.

The Emperor Napoleon was much attached to these two infants. Their prattle and play were his recreation; nor did the birth of his own child diminish his affection for them. In the midst of the gravest affairs—of plans and discussions which were to change the face of empires, his relaxation was to send for these boys, who were seated at a little table by themselves, at his side, when he was breakfasting, or at other repasts that were not matters of etiquette. He incited them to talk, and bestowed much pains on the formation of their infant minds: among other things, he was accustomed to make them repeat the fables of Lafontaine, which he explained in a manner suited to their young capacity.

But now came the period of reverse: the recoil of Europe on her conqueror; battles lost; peace rejected with the obstinacy of oblivious pride, or the magnanimous courage of despair; abdication and banishment—all that sublime drama traced by the prophetic and avenging finger of Fate—a story which the young Prince was then too young to comprehend, but from which he was destined to suffer and to profit.

The first exile of Napoleon did not necessarily involve the proscription of his family. On his return from Elba, his own child torn from him by the jealous Austrians, his heart yearned the more for the little companions of former days. When they were brought to him all the tenderness of his affection was shown with an intensity that might have disarmed the calumniators of his personal character could they have witnessed it; and he remarked with joy their growing beauty and ability. But the events of the Hundred Days involved his family in the second exile, which followed Waterloo; and, although he was destined never more to see these children whom he had loved so well, the young Princes ever cherished with a filial affection the memory of their uncle; and the present Emperor certainly had much of personal feeling to conquer ere adopting, as he afterwards did, so strong a respect for the character and institutions of this country.

A sentence of perpetual banishment was pronounced against every member of the Napoleon family, without distinction of age or sex. The ex-Queen Hortense, with her children, was of course included. The sad story of French ingratitude to the illustrious man who at least had made France a sharer in the criminal ambition which was the ground of his punishment, is too familiar. The rage, the insults, which the Emperor himself could scarcely escape, were even extended to the most innocent members of his family. Writing the night before her departure from Paris, the mother of Louis Napoleon says:—"I am compelled to quit Paris, whence I am suddenly expelled by the Allies. Weak woman though I am, with my two children, yet so much feared, that the enemy's troops are stationed on the road we must traverse, ostensibly to protect us, but in reality to make sure of our departure." She was not quite just in this view. During the journey, accompanied by an Austrian officer named De Wilna, she was stopped at Dijon by a detachment of *gardes du corps*, by whom she was menaced and insulted. One of them endeavoured to seize her, and declared that she was his prisoner. "Madame is under the protection of Austria," cried M. de Wilna. The *garde du corps* paid no attention, and actually seized the ex-Queen by the arm to hinder her departure. M. de Wilna succeeded in disengaging her; and the two children having been rescued and pushed into the carriage with their mother, they succeeded in escaping. It happened, singularly enough, that the next day the ex-Queen was in a position to return the service thus rendered. It was

at Lons-le-Saulnier, and there the people made a violent demonstration against the Austrian officer. The Queen appealed to them urgently on his behalf, and saved him from their rage.

The life of these two children and their mother was for some time to come a continued wandering. Geneva, Aix (in Savoy), the Grand Duchy of Baden, Bavaria, Augsburg, Rome, were successively the places of their brief residence; until, finally, the ex-Queen determined on inhabiting Arenenberg, in the Canton of Thurgovia, on the Swiss shore of the Lake of Constance. Here were passed the next few years of the life of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.

The ex-Queen had the good qualities of the Empress Josephine, and more—she had the beauty and indescribable fascination of her mother, with a proud spirit, a strong firm character, and a deep sense of her duty to her children; a consciousness of the responsibility of her charge that approached her in character to the Roman matron of old; and, like some of those wondrous women, she trained and tempered her sons that they might be equal to their destiny, whatever of good or of evil might be in store. The means were not wanting, although the personal wealth of the family was so much diminished. The first preceptor of the young Prince Louis was the Abbé Bertrand; and he afterwards pursued his classical studies under M. Lebris, son of one of the deputies to the Convention of that name, and since Professor at the Paris Athenæum. During their residence at Augsburg the young Prince, like his uncle, distinguished himself at the Gymnasium of that city by his unusual aptitude for the exact sciences. He became a proficient not only in the dead languages, but also in some living ones; and he also received lessons in chemistry and physics from a M. Gaspard, who was at the time at the head of a manufactory in Switzerland. In all the merely physical accomplishments of a cavalier and a soldier he made rapid progress; he was extremely skilful in fencing, and as a marksman; and he also acquired that practice which has made him one of the most graceful and commanding horsemen of his age. He also became an expert swimmer—an accomplishment which twice in his life was of good service to him.

Naturally enough, the Prince's attention was early turned to the military profession. He studied it in theory and practice. It happened that there was a garrison at Constance, a regiment of the Baden army, and here he took his first lessons. Soon after he was allowed to take part in the camp of Thunn, in the Canton of Berne, where the Swiss held an annual meeting for artillery manoeuvres, under the direction of an old soldier of the Empire, General Dufour. Here he went through all the exercises, and shared all the mimic hardships of the regular soldier—bivouacking with the men, eating the common bread, and, compass in hand, performing all the duties of an artilleryman. At other times he went with these pupils of General Dufour on excursions in the mountains, walking twelve leagues a day, with the haversack on his back, and sleeping in his tent at the base of some glacier.

Two anecdotes are told of Louis Napoleon at this period of his life which denote a courage of no common order. It appears that he was in the habit of making solitary excursions on horseback in the mountains near his mother's residence. On one of these occasions his attention was attracted by cries of alarm proceeding from a crowd of peasants. The horses of a carriage had taken fright, and were madly rushing towards a precipice. The coachman had been thrown off his box, and in the carriage (an open one) were a lady and her two children screaming with fright, and in terror at impending death. The young Prince, who was at some little distance, spurred his horse into a gallop, cleared every obstacle in his way, and arrived just in time to grasp the bit of one of the horses and turn them, at the very moment when they were about to dash into the abyss. The lady and her children were saved from a terrible death, and the Prince was hailed with passionate applause by the people.

On another occasion (it was in the winter, and when the Prince had scarcely reached his twentieth year), being on a visit with his aunt, the Grand Duchess Stephanie of Baden, he was walking on the shores of the Rhine, accompanying the Grand Duchess and his two cousins, the Princesses Josephine and Marie of Baden, and many personages of the Court. They were talking of the old chivalrous gallantry of the French character, and the Princess Mary was lamenting its decline. Louis Napoleon as warmly defended the claims of the present age, maintained that the French were not degenerate in that respect, and that in all times women who knew how to inspire devotion were sure to receive it. They had arrived at the confluence of the Rhine and the Necker, where, in winter especially, the waters are turbid and furious. As they were walking slowly along, the wind blew a flower from the hair of the Princess Marie into the foaming river.

"There!" cried the Princess thoughtlessly, "there would have been an admirable opportunity for a cavalier of the old order!" And she pointed to the flower already borne away by the current.

"What! a defiance?" said the Prince. "Well, I accept it."

And, before any one could stop him, he leapt, as he was, into the stream, amidst the terror of the ladies and the others who were of the party. The Prince, who was a good swimmer, strove valiantly against the eddies which at that point are very strong, sometimes disappearing altogether from view; but at length he conquered, and his friends saw him reappear, holding in triumph the precious flower, with which he soon regained the bank.

"There is your flower, my fair cousin! But, for Heaven's sake," he added, laughing and shaking his dripping clothes, "do not let us talk any more of your chivalries of the old school."

An heroic imprudence, thus manifested, explains some incidents in the subsequent career of this young man, which only inspired ridicule in a society from which the spirit of chivalry had certainly departed.

## 1830 TO 1836.—THE ITALIAN INSURRECTION.—MILITARY SERVICE IN SWITZERLAND.—FIRST ESSAYS IN LITERATURE.

Although the immediate cause of the Revolution of 1830 in France was the effort of Charles X. to abrogate some of the most prominent, if not the most valuable, of the guarantees of political liberty contained in the Charter, there existed, deep in the heart of the nation, a sentiment of mingled shame, indignation, and remorse at the events which immediately followed the final defeat of Napoleon in 1815. There was a wide-spread feeling not so much in favour of the Bonapartes as against the military invasion that had restored the Bourbons. We can now read the French mind of that epoch by the light of the eight millions of votes for the present Emperor; but even his most ardent champion will scarcely be prepared to advance that, had the King of Rome been presented to France in 1830, she would have chosen him Emperor with the same unanimity that, two-and-twenty years after, raised his cousin to the Throne. The time was not yet ripe for such an event. The young French of the Bonaparte family had a right to be bitter. They had shared the exile, and a mother's love for what might be the first Revolution, and a kind of love of bloodshed, had been in their veins, and they had been permitted to see the world at a distance, and to feel its legitimate end. If Louis Philippe was chosen by a couple, he was afterwards accepted by the nation; and it is at least questionable whether the interests of the Bonaparte family were not better served by this exhausting popularity which otherwise would have attached to the untired and the unknown.

The King of Rome—or, as he was usually termed, the Duke of Reichstadt—having been consigned by Austria to a kind of civil death, Joseph Bonaparte, the ex-King of Spain, as the head of the family,

addressed to the Chamber of Deputies from New York a kind of protest on behalf of the Imperial rights of his nephew.

While Joseph Bonaparte was thus watching over the pretensions of the son of Napoleon, were was the son of Louis—he who was destined twenty years later to obtain for those pretensions, inherited by himself, the sanction of eight millions of Frenchmen? He was about to take the first active step in his eventful life. At the age of two-and-twenty, a young Prince, proscribed and restricted in his career, might be pardoned if he displayed more enthusiasm than judgment at such a crisis. If older and wiser heads than his were carried away by the excitement of that revolutionary epoch, it is not surprising that he should have regarded the Revolution of July as a reversal of the judgment pronounced by united Europe on his uncle in 1815—as the *coup de grâce* of the Holy Alliance, and of all the territorial spoliation in which the members of that honourable confederacy had indulged. During this period of excitement, he was at Rome, whither he and his mother had gone to spend the winter. The revolutionary fire had spread to Italy, and an insurrection against the Pope was in preparation. Louis Napoleon, obeying his instincts—and at that age the motives to action are little else—lent himself to the movement, which was organised by a conspiracy extending throughout the Peninsula. Before matters were ripe, however, the secret transpired, and Louis Napoleon was obliged to fly from Rome. At Florence, he joined his elder brother, Napoleon Louis Bonaparte, who but a short time after died of fever in his arms, and the two Princes at once responded to an appeal made by the patriots of the Romagna. Even at this early period he had the habit of acting without announcing his intentions. Thus it was that his mother received the first news of his having lent his name to the Italian insurgents, after he and his brother had irreversibly committed themselves. In his letter to Hortense, announcing the event, he said:—"Your affection will understand the motives of our determination. We have contracted engagements which we could not do otherwise than fulfil. Could we remain deaf to the voice of the unfortunate people who call upon us? We bear a name which implies a duty!" Eighteen or nineteen years later, this personage, President of the French Republic, sanctioned and persisted in the occupation of Rome by French troops, for the express purpose of restraining the same revolutionary spirit. If one must approve the change which time and experience had wrought, one cannot the less admire the enthusiasm, the courage, and the self-devotion of the youth of two-and-twenty, who, at the dictation of a sense of duty, and from sympathy for an oppressed people, took arms in the defence of what he believed to be a holy cause.

The present Emperor of the French, then, and his elder brother, at about the epoch when their uncle Joseph was demanding a vote by universal suffrage to choose between Louis Philippe and the "young Astyanax of modern Troy," pining to death in the cold atmosphere of Austrian etiquette—those two brothers were drawing the sword in behalf of the independence of Italy, crushed under that same Austrian yoke. Who has not some escapades of youth to remember, if not to atone for? Who does not smile rather than blush, if those earlier adventures have been inspired by some magnanimous folly? The enterprise in which the two Bonapartes were engaged was at the moment a hopeless one; yet we must not forget that, some eighteen years after, one of their cousins was a chief of a successful insurrection on the same spot, and one of the rulers of a (short-lived) Italian Republic. The attempt of 1830 was a total failure. Austria was too strong in Italy: the Italians too prone to factions and divisions. Yet Louis Napoleon Bonaparte acted with a promptitude and energy worthy of a greater cause and a grander scene of action. It is observable that in all his acts and writings the spirit of his uncle may be traced, as if he had been predestined to take up the work at the point where it was wrested from the former, and to fulfil it on the original plan. His military movements in this petty insurrection were an unconscious imitation of the tactics of the great Napoleon. He sought by rapidity and boldness to break the local power ere the alarm could be given and reinforcements arrive. He assembled a few men, and with one cannon—which represented his whole artillery force, and which he had himself put in serviceable order—he set off to take possession of Civita Castellana. But all this young ardour was thrown away. His movements, like greater and more important acts of his subsequent career, had been adopted without consulting any one. Probably it was *mal-à-propos*; at all events, it displeased the insurrectionary chief, who filled the office of Minister of War for the insurgents; and the young Prince was ordered to retire. He proceeded to Bologna, from whence—the Austrians having strengthened their forces—he was speedily obliged to retire to Forlì, and afterwards to Ancona. The Italian insurrection was virtually at an end. The two Bonapartes, however, gained laurels from the patriots. General Armandi, writing at the time to their mother, said—"You have a reason to be proud, Madam, of being the mother of such sons. Their whole conduct under these painful circumstances, has been a series of acts of courage and self-devotion." The General adds "that history will remember them"—a prophecy which at the moment seemed somewhat absurd, but of which subsequent events have brought about the fulfilment; for assuredly posterity will pursue with avidity the earlier traits of a man whose subsequent career has been so remarkable. During this retreat the elder of the two brothers died in the arms of the other at Forlì; and Louis Napoleon himself, overcome by chagrin and grief, fell ill of fever at Ancona. Here his life was also in danger from the vengeance of the Governments he had successively striven to overthrow.

His mother fled from Rome to his aid. Above all, he must be concealed from the police. Her maternal instincts inspired her with the means to deceive them. Concealing her terrors, and simulating security, she gave out that he had escaped into Greece, while all the while he was under her own care, in a house a few doors from that of the commander of the Austrian troops. Finally, by means of an English passport and a disguise, she conducted her son through the Austrian troops until they crossed the French frontier.

Louis Napoleon was suffering severely from fever. The Queen took the resolution of proceeding direct to Paris, notwithstanding the law of banishment still in force. She desired to rest a few days only in the capital that the health of the Prince might be recovered, and then to return to Switzerland. She alighted at the Hôtel de Hollande, close to the Napoleon Column in the Place Vendôme: the column was then still minus the statue of the Emperor, which had been removed by the vulgar vengeance of the Restoration; and the Queen, in choosing this particular spot, could scarcely have been ignorant of the political importance, at that moment, of the associations inspired by the presence of the nephew, after fifteen years of proscription, in face of the monument which the national gratitude had raised to the uncle. The French Government believed that the Prince and his mother were at Corfu; and the astonishment of Louis Philippe and his Ministers was great when the King received from the ex-Queen a letter dated from her hotel, frankly avowing their presence in Paris.

To M. Casimir Perier, the Prime Minister, who came to see her in the course of the day, she exclaimed, "A mother! I had but one means of saving my son—to enter into France. I know the risk we run. My life and that of my child are in your hands: take them if you will."

But although the law rendered at least the son, as one of the Imperial family, liable to the penalty of death, the day for such sanguinary follies was past. The Government was not the less bound to guard against the effect that might be produced by the presence of the heir presumptive of the Imperial title at a period of such excitement. Clemency and courtesy were among the virtues of Louis Philippe; he had himself too much suffered in proscription to be capable of persecuting those unfortunate exiles.

M. Casimir Perier at once met the wishes of the Queen. He undertook to procure from the King a permission for a week's sojourn, solely on the score of the Prince's state of health, and on condition that their presence should be kept a secret. This was an engagement which with the most perfect good faith it was difficult to keep. The presence of the Queen and her son transpired; the papers spoke of it. It happened to be the 6th of May, the anniversary of the death of the Emperor Napoleon, and the column on the Place Vendôme was covered with garlands. The greeting Louis Napoleon, prostrate with fever, received on his return to his country, was the cry of the people in honour of his uncle and that graceful tribute to his memory. France was at that time too much excited to permit of any sentimental weakness on the part of the Government. The permission to remain rested on the condition of secrecy, and although there was not the slightest suggestion that the parole had been broken, the ex-Queen was almost instantly requested by Casimir Perier to quit France without delay.



There was no means of avoiding the dilemma; and the Prince, still in the same fever, was put in a room, which at once put for him.

In England they remained some weeks. During this period Louis Napoleon, recovered from his illness, applied himself to the study of our institutions and manners, and personally investigated the various sources of our industrial and commercial greatness. In this respect, he but followed the example of most foreigners who visit our shores; but he was destined to turn in subsequent years all the knowledge thus acquired to the profit of his own country, as well in his earlier writings as in his administration. He was at that time well received in England.

Early in August, 1831, the Prince and his mother returned to their residence at Arenenberg, on the Lake of Constance.

He had already, to a certain extent, made himself "talked about." Whatever his character or his capacity, it was evident that he was animated by a spirit of enterprise, and that he did not resemble either his father or his uncle Joseph. The quasi legitimate titles of the "Citiz'n King" precluded at the time all serious thoughts of a return of the Bonapartes; but it was remembered that the Emperor himself, before the birth of the King of Rome, had regarded the son of his brother Louis as his possible heir, and that the marriage with Marie Louise had been looked at jealously by the Queen Hortense as an infringement on his presumptive rights. The death of the elder of the two sons of Louis had brought the younger still nearer to the sympathies of the Bonapartes in France, while at the same time he naturally attracted the attention of the governing powers of Europe. Still, in the then state of public feeling, the last thing thought of was that this young man could ever succeed to the Crown, or become the executor of the system of the Emperor Napoleon.

On the other hand, his insurrectionary escapades in Northern Italy had been hailed with fraternisation by the democratic and revolutionary party. "They saw in him what the hopes of their fathers had made of the First Consul: he was to be the liberator of oppressed nations; and thus, if liberty had been crushed by one Napoleon, she would be avenged by another. The Poles, ever panting for a restoration of their nationality, had responded to the tocsin sounded in Paris, by an insurrection gallantly sustained and repulsed with difficulty. The eyes of the chiefs were turned on the young Prince Louis Napoleon as a fit man to be placed at its head. On his arrival at Arenenberg, after the events just recorded, he received a letter from Count Plater, General Czarzewicz, and other chiefs of the Polish national party, urging him to declare himself. "To whose direction," they said, "could our enterprise better be confided, than to the nephew of the greatest captain of any age? A young Bonaparte appearing among us with the tricolor flag, would produce a moral effect of which the consequences are incalculable. Come then, young hero, hope of our country, trust to us, Caesar and his fortunes, and, what is still more precious, the destinies of freedom. You will merit the gratitude of your brethren-in-arms, and the admiration of the universe!" And the letter was accompanied by an offer of the Crown of Poland, should the national movement be crowned with success.

The military and revolutionary ardour of the Prince was inflamed by the exciting events of the hour. Although he refused the proffered Crown, on the ground that he belonged to France, he determined, notwithstanding the tears and entreaties of his mother, to fight as a volunteer in the ranks of the insurgent Poles. The taking of Warsaw stopped him on his way to the scene of action. All these proceedings indicate that the Prince, at this period, had more enthusiasm than judgment; but the proof they afford of a certain magnanimous courage ought to have protected him from imputations cast on him at a subsequent period, when it became the interest of the French Court to render him ridiculous.

One more effort the Prince made to commence a career of action ere resigning himself to seclusion and study. He wrote to Louis Philippe, asking to be permitted to serve his country in a military capacity; and claiming to be allowed to enjoy the title and rights of French citizen, of which the Law of Banishment—promulgated, under the Restoration, against the Bonapartes—had deprived him. Louis Philippe took no notice of this letter—which, to the men of that day, who saw France in the Chamber of Deputies, and could not comprehend the dumb justice meditated by the people towards the memory of their great man, appeared the absurd and unreasonable escapade of a disordered spirit, possessed of an extravagant and disproportioned ambition.

Secluded and studious in his retreat on the shores of the Lake of Constance, the Prince terminated the first active period of his earlier life.

To a period of infructuous, if not pernicious, action, now succeeded one of reflection and literary production. His uncle is said to have written a romance, and an ultra-revolutionary effusion, under similar circumstances. Louis Napoleon's works were more *à propos*—more prospective in their tendency. He wrote, not from vanity, but because his mind was full of impressions it desired to throw off. Three publications rapidly followed each other—"Political Reveries," followed by a project of a Constitution; "Two Words to M. Chateaubriand on the Duchesse of Berry;" and "Political and Military Reflections on Switzerland." Even were these little works taken by themselves, with no interest derived from the age and position of the writer, they would attract attention by their intrinsic merit. Political wisdom, the result of experience, could not be expected from a young man of two or three and twenty; but the publications evidence a large and liberal spirit, and a habit of observation and reflection rarely found in persons of that age; and which was the more remarkable in one whose first manly efforts had taken the shape of intemperate and ill-calculated political action. One of the best men of that day—Armand Carrel—said of these early works of the Prince, that they announced a good head and a noble character, and that there were in them profound observations indicative of serious studies and a great sympathy with a new era.

At the same period the Prince received from the Swiss Government the honorary title of citizen, which gave him certain rights without necessitating naturalization. The death of the Duke of Reichstadt, in 1832, constituted Louis Napoleon the "young hope" of the Bonaparte family. In June, 1834, he received a captain's commission in the artillery regiment of the Canton of Berne.

Towards the close of the year 1835 a project was formed to marry the Prince to the young Queen of Portugal, then recently raised to the throne. The letter of Louis Napoleon declining the proposed honour is characteristic, and especially interesting, as having been written so short a time before the attempt at Strasbourg:—"Several journals," writes the Prince, "have adopted the report of my departure for Portugal as candidate for the hand of Donna Maria. However flattering for me may be the idea of a union with a young Queen, beautiful and virtuous, and the widow of a cousin who was dear to me, it is my duty to contradict the report, as no act of mine, of which I am aware, has given the slightest foundation for it. I might even add that, notwithstanding the deep interest which attaches to the destinies of a people who have just conquered their liberties, I should refuse the honour of sharing the throne of Portugal should it happen that I was thought of in connection with it. The noble conduct of my father—who abdicated, in 1810, because he could not associate the interests of France with those of Holland—is not forgotten by me. My father proved by his magnanimous example how preferable is one's country to a foreign throne. In fact, I feel that, habituated from my infancy to cherish my country as above all things, I could not yield to any consideration the interests of France. Persuaded that the great name I bear will not be for ever a cause of exclusion in the eyes of my countrymen, seeing that it recalls fifteen years of glory, I calmly await, in a free and friendly country, the hour when the people of France will recall to her bosom those who in 1815 were exiled by twelve hundred thousand foreigners. This hope, one day to serve France as a citizen and as a soldier, fortifies my soul, and is worth in my eyes all the thrones in the world."

Of course the foregoing was an "aside" to the French nation; but the writer's faith in himself, and in his ultimate destiny is not the less apparent in every line. In the blaze of his after-success one is apt to forget that at that epoch all Europe thought his Imperial pretensions ridiculous, or (worse for him) did not think of them at all. His pertinacious adherence to his fixed idea was not the less logical. The "fifteen years of glory" constituted a "great fact;" and a Bonaparte, at some epoch or other, was sure to rise to the top, it only to show that France for ever rejected the "twelve hundred thousand foreigners!"

(To be continued.)

## JOACHIM SANDRART, THE VASARI OF THE NORTH.

ONE of the most obscure and intricate subjects is the wandering of the Germanic nations into Hungary in the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. *Silenburg*, or the Seven Boroughs, is to this very day the name of Transylvania, marking this Teutonic exodus. Through all Hungary at that date we find a tripartite division of labour; the soil was mostly cultivated by the Slaavic and Daco-Roman aborigines; the Magyar conquerors were the military rulers and landlords; while the most cunning artificers of the towns were, as they are to this day, mostly Germans.

The goldsmith craft was the great school of art at that time. In the poulca of the festive board, and in the treasures of the sacristy—whether the candelabrum that enlightened the mass, or the crosier that glittered in the hands of the prelate—the goldsmith showed the craft or artistic power that was in him. From a family of these goldsmiths settled at Glœula, in the plain between the Theiss and the Transylvania Carpathians, sprung Albert Dürer. No one who reads the autobiographical memoir of this artist (A.D. 1524) can doubt that Albert's grandfather, who was settled at Glœula, was one of those Flandreses who, quitting the Lower Rhine, peopled the banks of the Maros with an industrious race that subsists to this day; and, *vice versa*, we find that Albert's cousin Nicholas, after the return of the family to Germany, settled in Cologne, and was still called by the name of Unger, or the Hungarian.

Albert Dürer was the Alpha of the high art of Germany, who inaugurated the marriage of reason and art; although it was some time before the Byzantine hardness and curious frosty minuteness of the schools of Augsburg and Nuremberg were melted into ease and nature by the grandeur and glowing power of the bright and luminous era of the Southern *cinq-<sup>cento</sup>*. Gradually the works of the great Italian masters became known through Germany; and before the breaking out of the Thirty Years War, Germany was covered with palaces built in the style of the Renaissance, and filled with choice works of art from the south of the Alps. At length, in the fatal year 1618, the Thirty Years War began; palaces were burnt down, and artists driven into exile. Painting flourished in the security of Italy, Spain, and the Netherlands, but took to flight from Germany; "and it was in vain," says Sandrart's biographer, in his quaint language, "that Adam Elzheimer, of Frankfort, attempted to seize the fugitive goddess by the coat."

Greater success both as an artist and encyclopædic writer on art was destined to attend the renowned Joachim Sandrart, whose gigantic labours, persevering genius, and felicitous juxtaposition with the most renowned artists of his own time, have procured him a place which cannot be filled up, and which entitle him to be called the Vasari of Northern Art—if one dare apply an imitative cognomen to a genius of so original a character, and the possessor of accomplishments so extensive, that it is only the circumstance of the best edition of his work being in so ponderous a form, so uncouth a German dialect, and so obnoxious to a type, that has prevented him from enjoying that popularity with the general public which he decidedly has possessed with the hunters after recondite *delicæ literaræ* for a period of nearly two centuries. The prodigious folio now lies before us in all its amplitude of volume, and although, perhaps, not the most skilled of literary epicures, we are not ashamed to be a voracious *heliolus librarium*. How our eyes water at the sight of the title-page, "Die Teutsche Akademie," at the top, in big letters, not to mention the little fable at the bottom, being a view of the patrimonial residence of the ingenious Joachim, who, although an artist, has no objection to have it known that he is a *Laird*; nor must we omit to mention that the atmosphere for several feet around us is perfumed with a most delicious exhalation of an antique musty character from the book of the man who was the cicero of Rubens in Holland, and who had Guido, Albano, and Pietro da Cortona for his friends in Italy.

In the end of the fifteenth century, or beginning of the sixteenth century, the great-grandfather of the subject of our memoir, John Sandrart, was Captain of Archers, in the service of Pope Alexander the Sixth, and, being knighted, had given to him by this notorious scion of the House of Borgia the Signiorities of Scala and Fay. But who was his son does not appear. Certain it is that John Sandrart, the father of Joachim, married a Frenchwoman, Antoinette Bordeaux, of Valenciennes; the fruit of which union was the renowned Joachim, who, according to his faithful and minute biographer and pupil, was born between the hours of three and four o'clock in the morning of the 12th May, 1606.

At an early age Sandrart discovered his taste for drawing and engraving; and in 1621, three years after the breaking out of the Thirty Years War, when only fifteen years of age, he was sent to study engraving under the well-known Egeidius Sadler, whose works, illustrative of history and heraldry, may still be seen occupying a conspicuous place in the catalogues of our Bohms, Nutts, and Quaritches. Sadler resided in Prague, which, a few years before, was in the heyday of its political, literary, and artistic importance. Its presses teemed with an active Protestant literature: its University, dating from the fourteenth century, was frequented by students from all parts of Germany. All the wealthy nobles of Bohemia had built palaces which, in a decadent state, still adorn this capital; the decoration of which, in the Italian manner, kept up the artistic atmosphere of the place; and when a Bohemian speaks of the splendour of Prague, it is always to the seventeenth century that he looks back. Here Sandrart, surrounded with much that was capable of forming his taste, devoted himself to the subsidiary art of engraving; but Egeidius Sadler, discovering his ingenuity, advised him to renounce the graving tool, and take to palette and brush; which advice the young student followed.

It was to Holland that Sandrart now directed his steps; and, settling at Utrecht, he became a pupil of Gerard Houthorst, whose works, under the cognomen of *Gerardo della Notte*, were, even in his lifetime, well known south of the Alps. At this time the fame of Rembrandt was not yet full blown. Rubens and Vandyke, as inhabitants of the Catholic Antwerp, belonged to a school distinct from that of Holland; and the swarms of Dutch landscape and conversation painters had not yet come up. The natural bent of Houthorst's genius was towards the passions; and, with the Church as an employer, who can doubt of his success? But in a Protestant country, where pictures were needed as mere articles of luxury, to adorn the rooms of wealthy merchants, conversation pieces—or, as it is called, *genre* painting—became a manufacture of a natural growth. The service of the Church had hitherto rendered art somewhat remote from daily life; but, in Holland, the growing wealth gained in commerce—a Protestant ritual that excluded the accessories of art, and the development of a new mine of interest in the reflection of social life during a most picturesque phase of costume—vigour in landscape and still life—remoteness from Italy, and comparative ignorance of what the Italians had done—all conspired to make the Dutch school what Heine, with singular felicity calls it, a window opened upon the seventeenth century. Gerard Houthorst was, perhaps, the most eminent of those Dutchmen that led the way. He is, in fact, a bridge or pier that connects the grand Catholic school of art with the miniature conversation pieces of the Dutch; for, preserving figures of the size of life with the chiaroscuro of the grand school, he, at the same time, began to seek subjects in the times and manners of the period in which he lived.

Rubens, during his lifetime, was not indifferent to art in Holland, the culmination of which in the middle of the seventeenth century took place rather after his death than during his life, and it afforded him pleasure to become acquainted with a rising class of painters who were, as far as intention went, as faithful to nature as the Pre-Rubensite Flemings, and much more felicitous than they in that perspective and chiaroscuro without which nature cannot be truly imitated. "But, as his (Rubens's) wife sickened and died, he took a tour into Holland, in order to forget his grief, by visiting the numerous excellent artists residing there, of whom he had heard so much; thus he came also to Utrecht to visit Gerard Houthorst, who received him well, and showed him all that was doing; among other things, a Diogenes, who,

by clear daylight, was seeking an honest man in the crowded public place of Athens. The invention of this picture pleased Rubens, but he saw at once that it was by a young student of painting, several of whom were then in the room. On which Rubens asked which of these young men it was; and Houthorst answered, 'This young German,' pointing to me; on which Rubens, praising my essay, encouraged me to persevere. When he further wished to visit Abraham Bloemart and Cornelius Polemberg, and others, Houthorst was, from sickness, unable to accompany him; he, therefore, asked Houthorst to send me with him, which commission I executed to his great content. After Houthorst had given him a banquet, he travelled further to Amsterdam and other parts of Holland, where he saw through whatever was praiseworthy; in which trip I willingly waited on him as on an artist who could, by his counsel and conversation, give me an insight into my profession; and thus I accompanied him to the borders of the Brabant. I might have a great deal to say of him in this journey, but, to cut short, I found him perfect in all virtues, and held in great consideration by persons high and low. Among other things on this journey, he praised Houthorst's manner, especially in night pieces; Bloemart's noble drawing; Polemberg's intelligent little figures, which are accompanied by ornamental landscapes, ruins, and animals; on which account Rubens ordered several for himself."—Sandrart, Vol. II., Book III., Chap. 16.

Charles I's accession to the Throne of England had now taken place, and he was sorely perplexed between his love of high art and his horror of Presbytery. Gerard Houthorst having been sent for by this picture-prizing Prince, he selected Sandrart from his pupils to accompany him; and when Houthorst had returned to Holland, Sandrart remained, and became a favourite of the King. Sandrart was thus in London during the golden age of English dilettantism. "It must be said," said one of Sandrart's anonymous biographers and pupils, "to the praise of all English princes and lords, that they delight in virtuous studies, particularly painting, so that when they hear of masterpieces of art, they send to the most distant lands with ready money to purchase them."

Sandrart dwelt with delight on the art-treasures of England, and spoke with enthusiasm of the Arundel marbles and gardens, with the treasures of the gallery, including the choice works of Hans Holbein, and the portraits of Erasmus and Sir Thomas More. Not less pleasant and instructive to the young artist were the palace and gardens on the Thames, of his second patron the Duke of Buckingham, which were soon after dispersed, but most of the pictures of which were in Sandrart's old age (i.e., our Restoration period), again mostly gathered together in Prague by Ferdinand III., to replace the old Prague collection, which had been carried off to Sweden by Konigsmark, in the Thirty Years War. But of all the pictures that Sandrart saw in England, none seems to have made a greater impression on him than Titian's "Christ at Emmaus," which adorned the Gallery of Manuscripts, in Whitehall Palace, and of which he appears frequently to have spoken to his pupils in his old age.

The murder of the Duke of Buckingham, and various other circumstances, after this period cast a gloom over the lives and prospects of the artists seeking Court employment; and this, combined with a desire to see the masterpieces of Italian art, led Sandrart away from the foggy climate and lowering political atmosphere of England, across the Alps, to the bright sun and marble palaces of Venice, little more than a generation after Paul Veronese and Balthazar Longhena had, in painting and architecture, carried the decoration of the city to the most exuberant picture of palatial splendour. Sandrart copied the famous supper-piece, painted for the refectory of the Servi, which is still a great ornament of the Accademia of that city—a picture which, with its companion at Paris, may show neither passion nor devotion, neither the grief of a Magdalen nor the seraphic tranquillity of a St. Cecilia; but, with its airy splendour, its sumptuous architecture, its brilliant figures, and festive movement, is certainly the most poetic expression that human genius ever lent to joyous luxury.

At Bologna and Rome, Sandrart examined the works of the great artists then living—Guido, Albano, Guercino, Dominichino, and Pietro da Cortona, and made a particular acquaintance with the first and last. "Guido," says Sandrart, "in his old age, was a man of great personal expense and luxury, being fond of parties, of music, and, having lost large sums at cards, high prices were given him for his pictures, which were not to be got out of his hands except through his card engagements; so that his debts in Bologna, where he lived, were about 25,000 crowns." And Sandrart informs us that when he died, in 1642, he left nothing but a little furniture, with a quantity of begun and half-finished pictures. "I mention this," says Sandrart, "not to diminish the praise of Guido, but as a warning to other young artists."

The Italian portion of Sandrart's great work is invaluable from the circumstance that, although Vasari flourished after Raphael, under the wing of "Il nostro Gran-Duca Cosimo," and has produced a work which is immortal, from being the fullest repository of information relative to the greatest artists, of many of whom he was contemporary, and of others earlier, he received authentic traditional information from his seniors—yet there was much of the best of the Italian school in the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century, which he never lived to see, and which gap Sandrart, by his opportunities and his industry, helps to fill up, but which want of space prevents us from attempting to reproduce in an English shape.

Sandrart's chief ally in Rome appears to have been Pietro da Cortona, an artist whom personal regard and relish for a bad pun induced him to speak of as "Pietro da Cortona, Corona dei Pittori"—an allusion in art which Pietro managed to attain somewhat too literally by his decoration of ceilings, particularly that of the Barberini Palace; but the first of house painters, and on canvass at best a servant of decoration, Pietro da Cortona is one of the signs of the termination of the great age of sentiment in Italy, and of the imitation of the mechanical qualities of the Venetians, without their higher powers. Pietro, in 1635, agreed to accompany Sandrart to the north; but the French attack on Bavaria, which Richelieu had combined to further his projects, along with the business at the Barberini Palace, threw obstacles in his way. However, he begged Sandrart, if he returned to Italy, to let him know, and he would go to meet him as far as Venice. Sandrart, therefore, alone undertook the journey across a country ravaged with war, and, arriving at Frankfort, found it closely besieged by the Imperialist General Count Gallas, with 13,000 men under him. To be within sight of the spires of Frankfort, and not to enter, was too tantalizing for so active and enterprising a spirit as Joachim; so, traversing the Croat camp, with great danger to himself, he, at daybreak, presented himself at the gate, to the great astonishment of the guard, and was admitted to his home.

But we must now proceed rapidly through the other phases of the life of this most active and meritorious artist. The hot continuance of the Thirty Years War appears to have hindered him from settling in Germany; and, transferring himself to Amsterdam, he appears to have occupied himself in painting, and in collecting those notices of Rembrandt, Douw, Brouwer, and their numerous other contemporaries, whose excellence has given its renown to the Dutch School, and of whom personal intimacy enabled Sandrart to give traits which confer on his memoirs a value far exceeding that of Houbraken, De Piles, and others, who, living after the school, picked up their information second and third hand.

But a circumstance now recalled Sandrart to Germany: the fates, although inimical to the public tranquillity, yet rendered Sandrart heir of the castle and lands of Stockau, near Ingolstadt—accompanied soon after, however, with the mortification of having Bavaria overrun with French troops, and of Sandrart seeing with his own eyes, from the towers of the neighbouring town of Ingolstadt, in which he sought security, his mansion burnt to the ground. With the Peace of Westphalia, which soon after followed, the clouds that had hung over Germany were dispersed; and now commenced the tranquil, happy, and unclouded period of Sandrart's life. In 1649 he was at the Congress of Nuremberg assembled to carry out the provisions of the Treaty of Westphalia, and, compounding courier and painter, was admired for the politeness of his manners, for the fluency with which he spoke German, French, Italian, Latin, Low Dutch, and English. Having painted Piccolomini, the Count Palatine, and other leaders of the close of the Thirty Years War, he became known to the house of Austria, and afterwards was employed by the Emperor Ferdinand III. to paint a full-length of him. In 1673, being then sixty-seven years of age, he took a second wife, and, removing to Nuremberg, became President of the Academy there; and in the city abounding in associations with the life and works of the most genial of his predecessors—Albert Dürer—Sandrart, in full possession of experience, pecuniary ease, sufficient leisure, and the devoted admiration and assistance of his pupils, began that gigantic work which will transmit his name to a distant posterity as the author of (with all its faults) the most complete encyclopædia of art that has hitherto seen the light, mingled with historical and biographical matter which cannot be superseded. Sandrart lived to see the accomplishment of this great work—of the critical portion of which we may give an account and subject to some analysis on a future occasion, in connection with a review of the similar labours of others who, not content with the practice of art, have investigated its first principles.





"THE NEAREST WAY IN SUMMER-TIME"—PAINTED BY T. CRESWICK, R.A., AND R. ANSDELL—EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.





"THE PIRATES."—PAINTED BY F. BIARD.—FROM THE EXHIBITION OF THE FRENCH SCHOOL OF ART.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)



## PARTNERSHIPS WITH LIMITED LIABILITIES.

The principle of Free-Trade is now firmly rooted in the national mind. Experience has tested its soundness, and those who were its bitterest opponents now frankly acknowledge its utility and wisdom. The Legislature, however, has not yet removed all impediments to its extension, for many duties still remain—protective in some cases, prohibitory in others; but, perhaps, the most remarkable and injurious exception to the rule of unfettered action in business is the restriction imposed on the employment of capital in the formation of mercantile partnerships. It is an obvious truth, though one that has received too little attention, that money constitutes one-half of every bargain; and while we proclaim the principle of freedom in the purchase and sale of commodities, it is absurd to deny a corresponding liberty to the use of the instruments by which alone sales and purchases can be effected. Government has at length pledged itself to erase this blot on commercial legislation, and the Vice-President of the Board of Trade has given notice of his intention to submit a measure to Parliament for legalising partnerships with limited liabilities. This system, though new to the present generation of Englishmen, is of very ancient date on the continent of Europe, and has existed in France from the time of the Middle Ages, under the title of "La Société en Commandite"—mention being made of it in the most ancient commercial records, and in the earliest mercantile regulations of Marseilles and Montpellier. In the vulgar Latin of the Middle Ages it was styled *Commenda*, and in Italy *Accomenda*. In the statutes of Pisa and Florence it is recognised so far back as the year 1160; also in the ordinance of Louis le Hutin, of 1315; in the statutes of Marseilles, in 1253; in those of Geneva, in 1583. In the Middle Ages it was one of the most frequent combinations of trade, and was the basis of the active and widely-extended commerce of the opulent maritime cities of Italy. It contributed largely to the support of the great and prosperous trade carried on along the shores of the Mediterranean; was known in Languedoc, Provence, and Lombardy; entered into most of the industrial occupations and pursuits of the age, and even travelled, under the protection of the arms of the Crusaders, to the city of Jerusalem. At a period when capital was in the hands of the nobles and clergy, who, from pride of caste or canonical regulations, could not engage directly in trade, it afforded the means of secretly embarking in commercial enterprises, and reaping the profits of such lucrative pursuits without risk; and thus the vast wealth which would otherwise have lain dormant in the coffers of the rich became the foundation, by means of this ingenious idea, of that great commerce which made princes of the merchants, elevated the trading classes, and brought the commons into position as an influential estate in the Commonwealth. Ducange defines the system of limited partnership in these terms:—"Societas Mercatorum quæ uni sociorum tota negotiationis cura commendatur, certis conditionibus;" that is, a society of merchants, in which the entire management of the business is commended or entrusted to one of the partners on certain conditions. It was always considered a proper partnership, *Societas*, with certain reservations and restrictions; and in the ordinance of Louis XIV., of 1673, it is ranked as a regular partnership; and in the Napoleon Code of Commerce it is classed in the same manner.

At the head of this system in Italy was the Florentine House of Medici. Speaking of this family, Philip de Commines says:—"Their agents and factors are in such high credit under colour of the name of Medici, that what I have witnessed in Flanders and England may appear to others incredible. I have seen a person called Gerald Quavese, almost wholly supporting King Edward IV. in England, when engaged in civil war in his kingdom; he supplied the King at different times with one hundred and twenty thousand crowns, and made but little profit for his master; however, he did at length recover all his advances. I have seen another, named Thomas Portunary, who became guarantee between the same King Edward and Charles Duke of Burgundy on one occasion for fifty thousand crowns, and on another for eighty thousand." As a proof of the opulence of this family, Mr. Roscoe states, in his "Life of Lorenzo the Magnificent," that from the time of his grandfather Cosmo de Medici to the year 1471 they had spent the enormous sum of 663,755 florins in the erection of buildings and the carrying on of public works for the accommodation and embellishment of the city of Florence. The value of the ancient florin, or *Florino d'oro*, was about two shillings and sixpence; but it must be remembered that money was greatly more valuable in the fifteenth than it is in the nineteenth century, so that the outlay of the house of Medici was most princely. This wealth they acquired by the system of limited partnership. They had the confidence of the nobles and clergy, who placed their funds in their hands, and reaped the benefit of their sagacity and experience. All classes were benefitted by this active dispersion of capital, which permeated all the markets of trade, instead of lying barren, or being heaped up in the markets of interest; which, indeed, would have been a most hazardous experiment, as the Canon Law absolutely prohibited usury, even to the extent of the smallest fraction, by most severe penalties.

Some ten years since a very instructive volume on this subject was published anonymously, but it is now known that the author was an Englishman, long resident in Holland, and engaged in the Dutch trade.\* It gives the following clear and simple explanation of the system:—

Partnerships *en commandite* or *in commendam*, that is limited partnerships, when the contract is between one or more persons, who are general partners, and jointly and severally responsible, and one or more other persons, who merely furnish a particular fund or capital stock, and are thence called *commanditaires*, or partners *en commandite*, the business being carried on under the social name or firm of the general partners only, composed of the name of the general or complementary partners; the partners *en commandite* being liable to losses only to the extent of the funds or capital furnished by them; but their names must not appear in the style or firm of the partnership; nor must such partners interfere in the business of the partnership (though they may assist in its deliberations), under the penalty of being considered general partners, and of becoming personally responsible for the debts and engagements of the firm.

Experience, which is ever correcting speculative theories, is the true test of utility and security; and, if the system of limited partnership be judged of by that standard, a verdict must be pronounced in its favour. The rapid rise and prodigious extension of

industry in the United States are mainly to be attributed to this plan of uniting small capitals, feeble when divided, but strong in their concentration. In the year 1813 there was not even a solitary dwelling on the spot where the factories of Lowell now stand. During the last war between America and England the water-power there afforded by the falls of the Merrimack and Concord rivers first tempted speculation in that locality; but it failed, being undertaken by only two persons, whose means were inadequate to the enterprise. In 1826 the two factories that had been established passed into the hands of a company formed on the *commandite* principle; and from that day to the present the whole district has flourished. Lowell is now the metropolis of the cotton manufactures of the United States, and in due time may rival Manchester. King William of the Netherlands adopted the principle of limited partnerships in Holland, Belgium, and Java, when the general pacification of Europe took place in 1815. He himself became a *commandite* partner with Mr. John Cockerill in the iron works of Seraing, which rapidly became most lucrative. At the close of the war he had only three merchant-ships at Rotterdam, and two at Antwerp; this was the whole of his commercial navy fitted for long voyages; he soon raised it to 300, each of 1000 tons burden; and Java, which, under the government of Sir Stamford Raffles, showed a deficit in the revenue of £333,333 6s. 8d., rose, in a few years, under this monarch's rule, to a net income of £1,333,333 6s. 8d. If space permitted, additional evidence might readily be adduced, in the modern enterprises of Switzerland, France, and Italy, to recommend the system of partnership with limited liabilities.

Who among us are its opponents? The very wealthy firms, who are already in possession of colossal capital and credit, which enable them to carry out the most gigantic enterprises, and reap enormous profits. Against them competition is vain, and they are, in a practical point of view, monopolists, however loudly they may proclaim the principle of free trade in commodities. They resist the association of moderate capitals, which, united, might raise up a host of rivals in the market of production; though it is the interest of the nation that all impediments should be removed which obstruct the progress of industry. If a man who possesses a moderate competency embarks in trade, he perils his last shilling and his last acre; that risk he fears to encounter; but, if his liability were limited to a fixed sum, he would be disposed, for the benefit of his family, to invest it in business under the management of those whose judgment, experience, and honourable character entitled them to confidence. Money, says Lord Bacon, is like manure—it is valueless until it is spread. Now, the junction of small capitals, like the junction of small rivulets, invigorates the processes of production, as the accumulated volume covers and fertilises a wider area, and by this union a space is covered which otherwise must remain void and barren. It is not long since that an application was made to Parliament to allow a steam navigation company to be established on the principles here recommended, to traffic between Canada and Liverpool; the Board of Trade had encouraged the project, but when it was brought into the House of Commons it was rejected on the opposition of members who were connected with the Cunard and Collins lines, both of which are actually receiving a subsidy—the former from the British, the latter from the United States Government. These gentlemen profess to be Free-traders, and were returned to Parliament on that principle; but they protected the monopoly from which they have derived enormous profits for many years, and a rising colony was deprived of the opportunity of developing its resources.

Of the nature of the Government scheme we are ignorant; for, although two bills have been printed—one entitled "The Partnership Amendment Act," the other, "The Limited Liability Bill"—it is said they have been withdrawn that some modifications may be introduced. We are, therefore, precluded from giving any decided opinion on their merits or demerits. The former, however, as printed, permits persons to lend money on loan without becoming partners, but clogs the freedom of the parties, which ought to be the vital principle of these enactments, by a variety of irksome conditions. Both borrower and lender must register the amount, their names, places of business, a full description of them, and the rate of profits to be derived from the loan; although it is plain that the rate of profits ought to be determined by the success of the business, as is now the case in all companies which have a fluctuating dividend, dependent on the enlargement or contraction, the greater or less prosperity, of their transactions. If the borrower become bankrupt, the claims of the lender are postponed till all other creditors receive twenty shillings in the pound.

The Limited Liability Bill embraces both existing and future companies. The former may adopt the new plan, provided they have a nominal capital of not less than £20,000, and three-fourths in number and value of the shareholders consent to its adoption. As regards future companies, they can only obtain the privilege where the nominal capital amounts to £20,000, in shares of not less than £25 each, of which twenty per cent must be paid up. Insurance companies are excepted. Every company is to be wound up, when three-fourths of the capital are lost. They are to have a seal, and the name of the company is to be painted outside, the premises. We have already confessed ourselves unacquainted with the changes that are to be made; but as these bills are enabling bills, and profess to be based on Free-trade principles, we must protest against withholding the privilege until the responsible firm—that is the firm liable for the whole of their property—put down a capital of £20,000, since this is no boon to small traders, but a mere aristocratic indulgence. The pernicious hand of Government should not interfere in arrangements of this character. Either establish the principle fully and without restrictive exceptions, or let the measure be abandoned.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT AND THE EXHIBITION.—The Exhibition Company are, it is said, to be relieved of all trouble and apprehension touching the fate of the undertaking, by the Government. The French are great sight-seers when the sight is to be seen gratis, but when even the modest sum of a franc is exacted to visit the Exhibition of Manufactures, and a like sum to be admitted to the Exhibition of Fine Arts, the majority of the French visitors would certainly have abstained from visiting one of the two. The Emperor has therefore resolved to indemnify the company, and place the undertaking under the Ministry of State, when the public will be admitted gratis.—*Letter from Paris.*

## "THE PIRATES," BY FRANCOIS BIARD.

M. BIARD is an artist of decidedly dramatic genius. Invention and expression are his forte. With a fertile imagination, and an eye for "effect" in whatever field it may present itself, his subjects display endless variety—now serious, now comic, now serio-comic; and the realisation of the idea in all is complete and masterly. In the picture which we engrave and which forms part of the present year's exhibition of paintings of the French School, we have an incident of surpassing interest and animation, such as one has found described in the pages of Cooper, and other nautical novelists, and which one has read with eager avidity and suspended respiration—a pirate ship in a tropical climate, waiting for its prey, which the crew are artfully luring into their clutches. At the side of the ship we behold some of them disguised: one with a bonnet and parasol, another as a female hanging on the shoulders of a well-dressed gentleman, the respectable looking master with his speaking-trumpet under his arm, all earnestly hailing the American clipper, which, unsuspecting their real character, is nearing them. Every man of this vile crew is armed to the teeth; and all except the prominent actors are crouching to the deck for the sake of concealment until the word is given for the murderous attack. One fellow standing on a cask is playing very innocently on a fiddle; and a knowing-looking lad sits perched up with a book in his hand pretending to read obviously to help in keeping up the delusion that it is "all right" and pleasant on board. A broken spirit-chest shows that strong drinks have been pretty freely resorted to by the crew, and the general effect of the general dramatic effect, and the skilful grouping, will be struck with the great variety thrown into the expression of the faces, in which, however, the type of villany and brutal sensuality still prevails as the only living principle. The general effect of atmosphere and locale also are well rendered; M. Biard having, we believe, had much personal experience of sea-life.

François Biard is a pupil of Revoil, school of Lyons. He received the second-class medal (genre) in 1828, the first-class medal in 1826, and was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honour in 1848.

## "THE PIRATES."

Slow sailing at ease on her fearless way,  
With but half her broad canvas unfurled,  
A right queenly vessel, she holdeth her sway  
On the throne of the watery world.  
Say, what should her brave hearts of treachery know  
On the waves where their fathers rode free?  
Or how should they dream of a lurking foe  
Mid the joys of a Tropic sea?

Yet, mark! where the dimpling billows leap  
At the touch of her glancing keel,  
A pirate rides dark like a storm o'er the deep,  
And his timbers are bristling with steel!  
With a hail and a cheer, like a friend well met,  
He follows, like fate, on her lee,  
And the shouts of his band, on her ruin set,  
Ring wild o'er the Tropic sea!

O, guardian sun of the Tropic sky,  
Glance bright on each cutlass grim!  
The pirate is cunning, the pirate is sly,—  
But thou art too keen for him.  
In spite of his masking, in spite of his guile,  
Betrayed by thy glance shall he be;  
Where his blood-thirsting weapons reflect back thy smile,  
Mid the glare of a Tropic sea.

The crew of the pirate may rest where they lie—  
All vainly they crouch on the deck:  
Like a bird the glad ship spreads her wings to the sky,  
Faster-speeding, she holds them in check.  
Borne afar on the breath of the freshening breeze,  
She is flown—she is safe—she is free!  
And the billows laugh round where she dances at ease,  
In the light of the Tropic sea!

E. L. HERVEY.

EARTHWORKS AND MASONRY.—We have been unable to enfilade the Russian works to any extent, owing to the ravines and the skill of the Russian engineers. The great object of the attacking engineer is to place the line of his batteries at right angles to the prolongation of the faces of the batteries of the enemy, and by that means to obtain an enfilading fire. The Russian engineers have frustrated this object in the present instance by the judicious position of their defences. The prolongation of the faces of the Redan, of the Garden Battery, of the Flank of the Redan Tower, and of the redoubts to the east, terminate, with few exceptions, in ravines, or run at right angles to positions inaccessible to us. Hence our fire has been "direct," and has lacked the advantages derivable from a change of ground on the part of the besiegers, and the points of attack are so widely extended, that the Allies have not been able to obtain any considerable amount of concentrated fire. It must be remembered that earthworks, however admirable for the purpose of immediate attack or defence, are unsuited for permanent defence. They are in a constant state of "breaking down," decay and decadence are their inseparable conditions; and, if we were to retire from Sebastopol to-morrow, and if the Russians were to leave their works unrepared, a winter's snow and rain, and the action of the weather, in a few months, would soon destroy the works which now represent the aggressive force of four nations and the defensive power of one. It is probable, therefore, notwithstanding the eulogies bestowed upon earthen works, that if the Allies were to break up their camp to-morrow and leave the Russians to themselves, they would find, on returning in a few years, that the lines of the present works would be represented by solid stone, and that the Redan and Mamelon would be crowned with redoubts of masonry. It is in consequence of the rapidly-decaying property of earthworks that our labours have been so great—they are like a London house, there is always something or other to be done, losses made, and repairs needed—they cannot stand alone for twenty-four hours. The action of sun and shell upon them at once accelerates the destructive influences of the weather and of time—gabions are knocked to pieces in a moment instead of the willow and twig ribs becoming rotten in sun and rain, and parapets fall down and ditches are filled up by the iron shower more rapidly, but not more surely, than by the rains of heaven.—*Letter from the Camp, May 21.*

RUSSIAN FOOLHARDINESS.—A Russian exhibited remarkable coolness in the performance of a very daring, and, as far as could be understood, unnecessary, act about eleven o'clock on the morning of Sunday, the 19th inst. The man alluded to walked out of a trench on the side of the Mamelon Vert, running heavily parallel with the trench, to the Mamelon and French batteries. He was completely enveloped in a dense covering of linen or some such material, his head being wrapped round with it as well as his body. The object seemed to be to render himself as invulnerable as possible, for, as the sun was shining with a strong glare at the time, there was a great deal of grass and dark ground very much exposed. The Russian's legs were first seen, but as he walked on he came to the open ground and he became fully exposed to view. When he arrived he could not have been more than five hundred yards from the bayonet at the right of the advanced works, towards which his back was turned; but the men in this trench did not seemingly perceive him, as they did not fire. A party of men and officers, however, about two hundred yards further off along the advanced work saw him at once, and discharged altogether about thirty shots at him from their minis. The first few bullets fell short; but, the range being ascertained, the remainder were observed to kick up the dust on all sides of him. When he perceived the Mamelon took no notice, beyond looking round and hastening his pace, bent his body, nor in any way evincing a desire to be rescued. The Russian's progress was not arrested by the progress of the men, who were sent to arrest his progress. A few minutes elapsed before he was again under shelter of the works, and he walked away at no great distance, along which he could have been easily shot, the extraordinary exposure was manifestly voluntary, or, if forced, must have been as a punishment. Perhaps it was done for a wager!—*Letter from the Camp.*

THE FORTRESSES OF GERMANY.—A letter from Berlin in the *Constitutionnel* says:—"The Austrian Government has again proposed to the Diet of Frankfurt to vote a credit of a million and a half of florins for the completion of the fortresses of Ulm and Rastatt. With the credit of the same sum voted last year, the expense already entailed has been up to this time twenty-two millions of florins. The Prussian Government will not, it is said, give its assent to this proposition, except on condition that the federal fortresses on the north-eastern and south-eastern frontiers of Germany be also put in a proper state of defence."

\* "Partnership en Commandite." London: Edinham Wilson.



## IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

## HOUSE OF LORDS.—MONDAY.

## LAW OF BLOCKADE.

The Earl of ALBEMARLE wished to ask whether there was any objection on the part of the Government to state the exact words used by Captain Watson of the *Imperieuse*, upon declaring the Baltic blockaded upon the 28th April? and also whether it was true, as had been reported by the Russian Government, that the Government of this country intended to change the principle upon which they had hitherto acted with reference to blockade?

Earl GRANVILLE said, there was no foundation whatever in Captain Watson's statement for the construction which Russia had put upon it. The Roman Catholic Charities Bill, and the Weights and Measures Bill were each read a second time.

The Newspaper-stamp Bill passed through Committee.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.—MONDAY.

## NEW FRANCHISE.

Major REED, for 26th June, gave notice of a motion for a bill to extend the elective franchise to all persons assessed for Income-tax, and not otherwise qualified.

## THE CONFERENCES AT VIENNA.

Lord PALMERSTON, in reply to Mr. Duncombe, stated that a Conference was to be held that day at Vienna, at which the representatives of the Four Powers were to attend, and from which the result anticipated by the Government was that all negotiation was at an end for the present. The actual conclusion arrived at in this meeting, however, could not be formally notified until a late hour that night or next morning.

## THE WAR.—ADJOURNED DEBATE.

The order of the day having been read for resuming the debate on Sir F. Baring's motion, and Mr. Lowe's amendment,

Mr. M. GIBSON reopened the discussion. He had listened to the speeches of the leaders both of the Opposition and of the Government, and though both seemed to agree in the prolongation of the war, he had been unable to discover that either party had any definite views as to the ultimate object of that war. He recollected that an eminent political writer, speaking on one occasion of two well-known Reviews which were always opposing each other, but whose politics were much the same, said they reminded him of two opposition conveyances that were always running against each other, raising a cloud of dust, or bespattering each other with mud, but which were, nevertheless, travelling the same road, and would both arrive at the same destination. Among the various propositions offered to the House on the subject, he expressed a preference for the resolution moved by Mr. Disraeli, as presenting a better prospect for the speedy termination of the war. The amendment suggested by Sir F. Baring he considered vague and unmeaning in its terms, as leading to a blind and implicit trust in the Government as to the great question of peace and war. To the proposition of Mr. Lowe he objected because it shut the door against negotiations, and pronounced an absolute, and, as he believed, a premature and uncalled-for repudiation of the offers made by the Russian Emperor as a basis for some satisfactory treaty of peace. If the Government were predetermined not to accept those terms, whose tenor had been long anticipated, the mission of Lord John Russell to Vienna was nothing more than a costly and empty farce. But upon examining the nature and effects of the terms proposed on different sides, he pronounced the Russian basis much the best, declaring that, as a permanent arrangement, the suggestion of making the Black Sea a *mare apertum* was preferable to that of persisting in the observance of the old Ottoman tradition which constituted it a *mare clausum*. The right hon. member then traced the external relationships of the Porte through the several phases they had undergone for many years past; contending that the dangers which threatened the independence of Turkey had not always arrived from the East, and that the idea of providing for her security by rendering Russian aggression impossible was based upon a narrow and temporary view of the political contingencies and national antagonisms that might hereafter supervene. Believing that all attempts at a permanent settlement were illusory, he advised the country to rest content with the results at present achieved, observing that already the invading troops had been repulsed, and all peril of aggression on the part of Russia against Turkey for the time removed. The Turkish territory being now intact and safe, he condemned the persistence in a war of indefinite extent, pursued in the vain desire for military glory, and for which no termination could be foreseen, except in the total exhaustion of the contending Powers.

Sir W. MOLESWORTH combated the conclusion that, in the present stage of the war, the country was bound to accept the same terms which would have satisfied us before hostilities were proclaimed. The right hon. gentleman the member for the University of Oxford the other night said that Russia conceded to us all that we asked before the commencement of hostilities; and that we ought to be satisfied, on the ground that a nation engaged in hostilities ought not to enlarge its demands. That, as a general rule, was a very bad one; it was contrary to common sense, and would lead to most pernicious consequences. What greater inducement could be offered to a despot to persevere in doing wrong than to assure him beforehand that he should not be placed in any worse position than he was in before? The true and sound rule of a just war was rather this: "Beware of entrance into a quarrel; but, being in, so bear it that the opposer may beware of thee" (Cheers). In order to maintain peace and avert the calamities of war as long as possible, the Allied Governments in the first instance lowered their demands upon Russia, as long as they could do so with honour. But, having been once compelled to draw the sword, and having expended in this war a vast amount of treasure and sacrificed so many valuable lives, the chief reason for abating their demands as much as possible no longer existed, and they were now entitled to stand upon their rights, and to demand that these should be fully secured to them; they were even entitled, if they thought proper, to increase their demands in proportion to the continuance of the war and the success of their arms (Cheers). And this right had been clearly, distinctly, and repeatedly asserted by Lord Aberdeen's Government in their communications with foreign Powers. In the Note of the 8th of August, and in the Memorandum of the 23rd of December, the power to add further conditions to the Four Guarantees was expressly reserved by Lord Aberdeen's Government. Now, what were the real objects of the war? The Allied Governments engaged in it, after a protracted and fruitless negotiation, which had proved their most earnest and sincere desire to maintain peace, in order to prevent the dangerous aggrandisement of Russia at the expense of the Ottoman empire, menacing the stability of the system of European States, of which, as the Allies maintained, the Ottoman empire was part and parcel; and in order to enforce the law of European nations, and inflict punishment upon Russia for wantonly violating that law by her unjust invasion of the Danubian Principalities. The Allied Governments undertook the war to teach Russia that she should not with impunity disregard the rights and liberties of European States, and that there were at least two European Powers which were determined and ready to curb her unjust and insolent aggression. For these purposes the Crimea had been invaded, and the determination arrived at that an end must be put to the naval preponderance of Russia in the Black Sea. Towards this result, he contended, the proposals of Russia for the settlement of the Third Point offered no satisfactory basis, the difference between that proposal and the suggestion of the Allies presenting the marked distinction of compelling the maintenance of fleets on a war footing, instead of a peace establishment, in the Buxine. If the Russian scheme were adopted, not merely the independence of Turkey, but that of the countries lying on the shores of the Mediterranean would be perpetually endangered, unless England and France maintained powerful armaments constantly in those waters. He denounced the temptations which had been presented for the conclusion of a recent peace, contending that the safety, as well as the glory, of the British empire would be perilled by any signs of cowardice or surrender of the high principles which constituted the real bond of union among the scattered elements of our national grandeur.

Mr. J. MCGEEGHON thought that, considering the political crimes of Russia, and her uniform disregard of past treaties, we ought, in justice to the people of England and France, to insist upon a full indemnification for the whole expenses of the war. By that means we should permanently weaken the power of Russia more than by any other course. It would compel her to make a loan; and before persons would lend they would require the amplest securities. Those securities, and the payment of the interest, would constitute a much better safeguard than any such illusory proposal as a reduction in the number of Russian ships of war in the Black Sea.

Mr. V. HARCOURT insisted that the war should be closed as soon as the objects for which it was commenced were attained. This result, he believed, was placed within reach during the recent negotiations; and he regretted that the opportunity had not been seized, and the further effusion of blood arrested.

Lord DUNGLAVAN rejoiced to learn that the Vienna Conferences were closed, and the nation allowed to address itself seriously to the prosecution of the war. In the propositions offered by Russia he found no sincere desire for peace; and argued that the Allies were bound by consideration for the ultimate safety of European liberties to conduct the conflict in which they were engaged to an honourable conclusion.

Mr. BAXTER remarked upon the inconvenience of fettering the Executive Government either by pronouncing all negotiation impossible, according to the amendment of Mr. Lowe, or deciding with Sir W. Heathcote that the Russian terms ought to be accepted. Leaving the determination of those questions to the discretion of Ministers, he recommended a unanimous co-operation for the vigorous pursuance of hostilities against an enemy whom nothing but defeat could bring to peace.

Mr. BAILEY censured the Government for mismanaging the war, and also for the way in which they had conducted the negotiations. He had felt some surprise that, in the course of the Conferences at Vienna, the noble Lord, who talked so much about the nationality of Poland, never said anything about the nationality of Circassia. By the treaty of Adrianople, the boundaries of Russia and Turkey were defined, and in

the former Circassia was included. The Turks had no objection to this, because they never exercised any authority there. The Circassians were a brave and chivalrous people. For twenty-five years they resisted all the efforts of Russia, and Russia had never been able to do more than to conquer certain fortified places on the coast. He was surprised that the noble Lord had not alluded to this circumstance, because the Government only last year appointed an Envoy to Circassia, with a salary of £2000 a year. His object, he presumed, was to induce them to continue the war against Russia. If that was the view, it was neither honourable nor just that in the negotiations the Circassians should have been left out, and that the negotiations should have been concluded without making any arrangements on their behalf. The Circassians had a coast on the Black Sea which was always accessible to our ships, and it was but fair that England should do something for them.

Mr. M. MILNES believed that the great disasters which our armies had suffered in the Crimea, and which, he hoped, no temporary successes would induce them to forget, were mainly owing to the want of principle on which the war was entered upon, and the manner in which it had since been conducted. Most of the evils he traced to that section of the Cabinet which had now retired, and which had the direction of the war more particularly in its hands. He felt that if the war was to continue as it had begun, without a worthy pilot to direct it, or a safe port in prospect—if we were to continue not the ally but the dependant of France—not the ally but the plaything of Austria—if we were to continue this war solely for the purpose of propping up a Power which all Europe could not sustain, merely to substitute one tyranny and oppression for another—it would be wise for the Government to accept any sort of reasonable terms, and postpone the great struggle which must some time occur between the East and West of Europe to a more convenient time. There was no doubt the object of Russia was to incorporate Turkey and Constantinople itself in their empire. The policy of Peter and Catherine, which sought to obtain this object by diplomacy, had been laid aside for open violence. But there had never been any concealment on the part of the Russian Governments of late; they had rather been guilty of a shameful candour. In this aggressive policy Russia has been encouraged by all the Governments of Europe and by all the Governments of England. The strongest oppressions and most flagrant violations of the public law of Europe had not only been connived at but applauded by that House. This had been done on the destruction of the free city of Cracow. For us to ask the Courts and Governments of Germany to assist us against Russia was very much like the attempt made in the House of Lords the other day by a noble Lord, to induce their Lordships to place themselves at the head of a movement which was to deprive them of governmental authority (Hear, hear, hear). The German States had always regarded the Czar as the police officer of Europe; and it was the wildest speculation that ever entered the brain of a diplomatist to suppose that either Prussia, Austria, or any of the German Governments could be induced to take an active part in the struggle (Hear, hear). We were engaged against a great and courageous Power, which had hurled back the legions of Napoleon, and had never yet submitted to any open humiliations in the face of Europe, except such as were inflicted by Turkey a century and a half ago. He approved of the proposal for limiting the Russian force in the Black Sea, but doubted whether it would furnish any security for future peace. The exclusion from the Black Sea of all ships of war, except those which were necessary for the purposes of police, would be an appropriate termination of the war, and would enable Russia to carry out that which she professed herself anxious to do—to protect and not to destroy Turkey. If an agreement could be made to limit the ships of war of all nations in the Black Sea, much would be done for the interests of the commerce of the world.

Sir E. DERING wished for effectual guarantees against Russian invasion before peace was concluded.

Lord ELCHO could not admit that the objects of the war had been attained. Some valid and permanent check to Russian aggression was required, and this could hardly be provided without securing the limitation of her preponderance in the Black Sea.

Lord C. HAMILTON denied the assertion that the aggressive ambition of Russia was to be dreaded or her faith doubted. He referred to periods when any ambitious designs upon Constantinople might have been gratified by the Russian Sovereign without danger or difficulty, but they had never been prosecuted, proving the moderation of the Muscovite policy. Contending that Russia had acted throughout with equal consistency and candour, the noble Lord submitted that the late negotiations had been undertaken by the English Government with the predetermination that they should lead to no pacific result.

Sir E. B. LYTON maintained that the question of peace or war could not now be decided solely upon English interests. We had pledged our honour to redress the wrongs and secure the independence of Turkey, and could not honourably withdraw from the contest until that promise had been redeemed. Commenting upon the speech of Mr. Gladstone, he founded upon it a charge of inconsistency against the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, who had at one time consented to act as member of the Government which engaged in war, and at another had repudiated the active hostilities which were the logical consequence of that proceeding. With regard to the pending position of affairs, the hon. Baronet observed that every symptom of moderation on the part of Russia had been professed by the successes of the Allies in the field, showing that a substantial peace was only to be won at the point of the sword. The Russian propositions offered at Vienna were wholly unsatisfactory, compelling England and France to maintain a powerful armament in the Black Sea, and leaving Turkey in a state of perpetual peril and chronic protection. Our chief object should be to crush, not Russia as an empire, but her power of doing wrong to Europe. In this endeavour our success was certain, if we acted with energy and perseverance.

The Lord Advocate defended the Government, whose opponents, he said, urged arguments from opposite sides, and mutually confuted one another. The war must be fought out until Turkey was secured in a position where the aggression of Russia could be permanently defied. Describing the details of the arrangement that could accomplish this result, the learned Lord contended that the progress of their military operations justified the Allies in demanding the requisite terms, and had, indeed, already gone a good way towards achieving the desired end.

The adjournment of the debate was then moved by Mr. COBDEN. Lord PALMERSTON submitted that, as several amendments were on the paper, the present question might be disposed of, so as to place the issue of war or negotiation fairly before the House.

Mr. COBDEN and Mr. DISRAELI objected to this proceeding, and the debate was adjourned until next evening.

## HOUSE OF LORDS.—TUESDAY.

The Earl of CLARENDON announced the termination of the Conferences at Vienna.

The Ecclesiastical Property (Ireland) Bill, and the Leases and Sales of Settled Estates Bill, respectively passed through Committee. The Newspaper-Stamp Duties Bill was read a third time and passed.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.—TUESDAY.

## THE VIENNA CONFERENCES.

Lord PALMERSTON stated, in answer to Mr. Bright, that he had no objection to lay before the House the last proposition made by the Austrian Government, with the answer to it of her Majesty's Government. He added that he had received intelligence to the effect that the Plenipotentiaries met yesterday at Vienna, and finally closed the Conferences. (This announcement was received with cheering from both sides of the House.)

## THE WAR.—ADJOURNED DEBATE.

Mr. COBDEN, on resuming the adjourned debate, complained of the slanders cast upon himself and his friends that they were Russian emissaries, and said that similar charges were thrown out against Baring and Fox. For himself, he had no object in view but the just interests of England. He characterised the speech of the right hon. Baronet the member for Southwark, as the most inconsistent with his former opinions that had ever been delivered in that House. Moore had a *bona fide* respect for Irishmen turning negroes in the West Indies; and there were many political metamorphoses equally extraordinary. But he would venture to say that never was a deeper jet dyed or a stiffer curl effected than the Treasury bench had caused in the right hon. Baronet. The right hon. Baronet objected to the Russian terms that, in such a case, we must have kept up a war establishment. But he would ask how long the expenses of this war would have enabled us to keep up a war establishment in the Black Sea? The right hon. Baronet had vituperated Russia more than any other member of this House; was he aware, as a Cabinet Minister, that he had proposed to bind this country to be joint-governor with Russia in the government of Wallachia and Moldavia? This has been done by one of the Vienna protocols. From the same protocols he read some extracts to show that the Government meant to enslave still further the inhabitants of those provinces; and he called on Mr. Lytton to denounce the war altogether, as it had objects so different from those he cherished. He (Mr. Cobden) had long ago warned influential persons that this war would only strengthen despotism, and depress still lower the people. The noble Lord the member for London had drawn a strong picture of the aggression and the corruption of the Russian Government; but the obvious question was, which of the Four Points was intended to correct all these frightful evils? He denied that there was any feeling in Germany favourable to the cause of the Allies, and it ought not to be forgotten that the old traditional feelings of Germany were favourable to Russia and hostile to France. He said now, as he had said from the beginning, that, if this country must go to war, we ought to have confined ourselves to our strong arm, the navy, and not to have sent a man to Turkey. If Germany was really in danger, let the Germans fight for themselves. As regards France, he and his honourable friend (Mr. Bright) had learned from an authentic source that the French Government were willing, if ours were, to accept terms which our Government refused. He had put the question to the noble Lord at the meeting in Downing-street, and the noble Lord refused to answer whether it was true or not. He had no faith in the value of the achievements in the Sea of Azoff. The property destroyed all belonged to individuals, and could have no

effect upon the fortune of the war. The supplies of Sebastopol were all brought through Perekop; and both Perekop and Simpheropol were fortified as strongly as Sebastopol.

Mr. COLLIER said the great value of the present debate was, that it had explained the causes of the mismanagement of the war. Those causes were now clearly seen to be the presence in the Cabinet of right honourable gentlemen who were determined that this country should not humble the enemy, and who seemed to consider themselves equally charged with the interests of Russia as of England. He characterised the arguments of the hon. member for the West Riding as fallacious; and severely commented on the bad taste shown in the way he spoke of our recent successes in the Sea of Azoff, and the exultation with which he anticipated the progress of fever in the Crimea.

Lord H. VANE intimated his intention to support the amendment of Sir W. Heathcote. He admitted that the limitation of Russian power in the Black Sea was difficult; and he thought the Russian propositions were as well calculated to secure that end as that proposed by the Government; and he believed that a peace concluded upon those terms would have been beneficial to Europe.

Sir S. NORTHGOTE opposed, and Major REED supported, Mr. Lowe's amendment.

Mr. KWART, though a firm friend of peace, would support the vigorous prosecution of the war, believing that was the shortest road to peace. At the same time he was not for a war of nationalities, and he had no idea of crushing Russia, but he would leave the terms of peace in the hands of Government, and could not therefore support Mr. Lowe's amendment.

Mr. VANSITTART condemned the Government for standing upon such a nice point of honour as their interpretation of the Third Proposition, and he was therefore inclined to support Sir W. Heathcote's amendment. He would not, however, press that, but he called upon the Government to lay down some definite course of policy, on attaining which they would conclude the war.

Mr. F. SCULLY defended the conduct of Lord J. Russell in the Vienna negotiations.

Mr. CROSSLEY had been opposed to the war altogether at its commencement, but being once engaged he was for a vigorous prosecution of it.

Mr. J. G. PHILLIMORE severely censured the conduct of Mr. Gladstone, and urged a strenuous prosecution of the war.

Sir J. GRAHAM pleaded for an indulgent hearing, on the ground that he formed one of a small minority. It was painful to him to be taunted as the friend of Russia; his only consolation was that wiser and better men than he, in similar circumstances, had been subjected to the same taunts. He still believed that the war at its commencement was just and necessary; the only question was, whether Russia had not since afforded the means of obtaining an honourable peace. It had been said in the House to-night that his conduct in office, with his opinions as now expressed, was a sufficient explanation of our disasters. All he could say in reply was, that he exerted himself to the utmost to equip the fleet; and he believed his successor had not found those means inadequate. Coming now to the question before the House, he wished to know from the Government what was the nature of the Austrian proposition which the Allied Powers had rejected; and, next, whether the Four Points were still to be considered the basis of future negotiations, or whether they were now to be altogether discarded. This was the more important, as he had observed the remarkable disposition in the House to raise their terms of negotiation till he had become altogether at a loss to understand what were the objects of the war. It was a popular thing to commence a war, but it was difficult to maintain it in its popularity; and in illustration of that position he adduced the war which Sir H. Walpole began with Spain, which in two years drove Walpole from power, and ended in a most inglorious peace. The same happened in the case of the American War. In these wars, and in the war of the French Revolution, the objects were simple, direct, and closely touching the interests of Great Britain. In the present case, the object of the war at its commencement was the maintenance of the independence and integrity of Turkey. Now, he did not mean to say they ought never to vary the terms of peace according to the fortunes of the war; but he did say that they ought not to extend their object. The question then was, had not that object been gained. He proceeded, at great length, to state the original demands of Russia, and to contrast them with the terms which she was willing to accept at Vienna, contending that Russia had abated all her original demands, and had been sufficiently humbled both in arms and diplomacy. He agreed with Lord John Russell in rejecting the Russian proposition of the 21st April, which was called the proposition of the *mare apertum*. He entertained quite a different opinion with regard to the proposition made on the 26th, which admitted the calling in of the Allied fleets, and he regretted that the noble Lord had left Vienna before it was submitted. He might state here a very general rumour that M. Drouyn de Lhuys, the French Ambassador, was favourable to this proposition; that the French Emperor was also willing to accept it; but that it was rejected through the influence of the English Cabinet. He wished to know if this were true. He deprecated all idea of fighting for prestige; and he thought there was something in the balanced position of parties in the Crimea which suggested the idea of peace being concluded with honour to all. He was not the friend of Russia, but he was the friend of peace; and, if the present golden opportunity for making peace were really lost, he should regret it to the latest hour of his life. With regard to the future, he regarded it as the great test of the rising statesmanship of England to make provision for the fall of the Turkish empire, and to take care that Constantinople did not fall into the hands of Russia on the one hand, or any great Western Power on the other. This would require the maintenance of adequate military establishments, so that, even if peace were established to-morrow, the country must not expect any great diminution in its burdens.

Lord J. RUSSELL said, the Vienna Conferences would not have been entered into but for the obligations imposed upon us by our treaty with Austria. He defended the limitations imposed upon the Danubian Principalities by the arrangement on the first proposition as the best which could have been adopted under the very delicate circumstances of the case. The Principalities could not be independent. If they were to have self-government under the protection of the Porte, it was necessary to stipulate that they should not intrigue against the tranquillity of their neighbours. With regard to the Third Proposition, he thought the opposite party took advantage of the moderation of the Western Powers, and argued, because we had conceded so much, therefore we ought to have conceded more and still more, till the negotiations became perfectly nugatory. It was impossible to see in the Russian proposition any difference between Russian preponderance before and after its acceptance. He believed that Russia refused the Western terms, not on the question of honour, but because she had not yet sustained reverses enough to induce her to abandon her aggressive intentions. The question then came to be, for what object was the war to be continued? His answer must be general, that it still continued to be the maintenance of the independence of Turkey, and consequently the security of Europe. He believed that was the general feeling of this country; and the only blame he apprehended was that the Government had not insisted on stronger terms. But the negotiations were now over; and the events of war must determine what new terms they must insist on to attain the one object. In conclusion, he commented on the anomalous position of this debate, discussing the propriety of continuing negotiations which were now finally closed; and suggested that it would be much more regular now to wait till the closing papers of the Vienna Conferences were produced, when the Minister would propose an address to her Majesty, which would then properly and regularly open up the whole question.

Mr. ROXBOROUGH moved the adjournment of the debate. Lord PALMERSTON suggested that the House should agree to this motion for adjournment, and that the adjournment should continue till the papers closing the Conference were laid before the House.

Mr. DISRAELI objected to this mode of getting rid of the debate. After some discussion, in which Mr. Bright and Mr. Labouchere took part, Mr. Lowe said he had been urged to withdraw his amendment, but he could not do so unless he had an assurance that the Government resolution would fairly raise the point he had started.

The debate was then adjourned till Thursday.

GREEK RUPEANISM.—Letters from Athens of the 23rd say that troops of banditti come down from the mountains in the open day, and commit all the excesses for which Greek banditti, since the days of Sley, have been famous. At Trebes three children were carried off to the hills, and they restored to their parents on a sum of 6000 drachmas being paid. Some fighting has taken place at Lamia between the Government troops and the banditti, in which the former were the victors.

ROUTE OF FRENCH TROOPS TO THE BALTIC.—Great sensation has been caused by the demand of Count Reuclot, the French Envoy at this Court, for permission to march a body of Imperial troops through the Rumanian territory. It appears that considerable movements were set on foot by occasioned last year by sending the French army of co-operation to the Baltic by sea, although on land such special steps as the seizure of the Carpathian Greys in the *Hemist*, and it has now been decided to send the expedition by the railway through the North of Germany to Libeck, where steamers will be waiting to take the troops up to the point where they are wanted, and which, of necessity, remains a secret for the present. Besides, the expedition will be much more numerous than the last. The number of French troops conveyed to the Baltic last summer, and employed at the reduction of Bomarsund, was not more than eight or ten thousand men, whereas the Army of the North destined for service in the Baltic, consists nearly 50,000 men, about one-half of whom have received orders to land themselves in readiness to move, and the other half will form the reserve. Although the Rumanian Government has not yet given a decided answer, there is little reason to doubt that it will be a favourable one; particularly as the request is supported most warmly by the British Government, who have sent instructions to that effect to Mr. Blich, her Majesty's representative here. A similar request has been made by the Marquis de Moustier, at Berlin, to the Prussian Government, and steps have been also taken by France to obtain the consent of the Senate of Libeck for the embarkation of the French troops at Travemunde.—Letter from *Hannover*, May 7.





THE PARIS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION.—"DUTCH BOATS RIDING OUT A GALE OFF THE DOGGERBANK"—DRAWN BY E. DUNCAN.—(SEE PAGE 583.)





THE PARIS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION.—"THE EXCOMMUNICATION OF PHILIP, KING OF FRANCE"—PAINTED BY L. W. DESANGES.—(SEE PAGE 583.)



(above a thousand miles) entirely on foot. *Taffer from Kensington.*



## THE OPENING OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

(See the Illustrations at pages 552-553, and 556.)

THE opening of the Universal Exhibition was in no way so remarkable a ceremony as that which drew hundreds of thousands of people to Hyde-park on the 1st of May, 1851. The Champs Elysées were crowded by curious Parisians, ready to defy the bad weather for the chance of seeing the Imperial cortege. Long tricolor streamers waved before the Palace of Industry; strong parties of the Paris police (who have all returned to the cocked hats of the olden time) were lounging about; and mounted dragoons charged at carriages inclined to go the wrong way with a daring generally considered to be misplaced. The tickets of admission, colored according to the wing at which they gave admittance, were a source of constant annoyance. But these little annoyances were soon forgotten when the cards had been delivered at their proper destination. General visitors were congregated in the Galleries—the holders of white cards (which implied evening dress) being alone admitted to the ground floor railed off round about the throne. This arrangement gave effect to the Building, at the expense of the visitors, who could see little of the opening ceremony, and who had, behind them generally, unfinished deal counters, garnished with packages of every description. But the view from a commanding position, either in the Eastern or the Western Gallery, was imposing.

At the central point of the Nave were the raised steps, upon which thrones stood ready to receive the Imperial couple. Above, from the Galleries, rich red velvet drapery floated in massive folds to the ground, being gathered at the top by a golden crown. On each side of the throne were the seats of the Senators and Deputies; and round about, those of the Diplomatic Corps, the Foreign Commissioners, and the Jurors. In the other parts of the Nave—railed off from the State dignitaries—season-ticket-holders and exhibitors roamed amid statues, trophies, church carvings, fountains, and flowers, at their leisure, or desperately sought to perch themselves upon high counters to obtain a view of the proceedings. People who had been waiting for hours began to extract lumps of chocolate, or other popular Parisian refreshment, from their pockets, and to eat. The dignitaries, in all conceivable varieties of costume, from the bright green embroideries of the Institute to the blazing scarlet of London municipal grandeur, dropped in rapidly. Ladies in painfully light but pleasingly elegant evening dress, came leaning upon the arms of stately Senators. And then the Imperial Commissioners, with Prince Napoleon in a General's uniform, at their head, created great attention. You could see the agitation of the ladies, who beautifully fringed the light Galleries—you could hear it when the cannon of the Invalides reverberated through the Building, announcing the departure of the Emperor and Empress from the Tuileries. The cheers outside soon increased the buzz of expectation within, as the splendid state coaches, richly decorated, advanced, headed by outriders wonderfully dressed, and followed by the remarkable Cent Gardes.

Within the building the excitement became intense—partly because it was obvious that the bad arrangements of the authorities would prevent at least half of the persons present from seeing anything whatever. People became desperate, and clambered into all kinds of dangerous positions—from which they were, however, dislodged by the police.

Presently Prince Napoleon, followed by the Imperial Commissioners, moved towards the northern or public entrance; one minute afterwards a band, beautifully conducted, struck up "Partant pour la Syrie." The Emperor and Empress were in the Building.

As soon as the Imperial couple had reached the seats provided for them, the Empress bowed to her Consort, and sat down—the Emperor remained standing. The band was hushed. At this moment Prince Napoleon advanced to the steps of the throne, and read an address of some length to his relative. This address included one sentiment which has, strangely enough, been passed by without remark, so far as I know, by the English press. The Prince, referring to the reduction of tariffs to twenty per cent on all foreign manufactures sent for exhibition, declared that he would not use the word prohibition in connection with the Exhibition. The free-trade tendency of this remark is unequivocal. The Emperor, who appeared to speak without preparation, addressed the Prince as his dear cousin; and said that, in opening the Exhibition he opened a temple of universal concord—or words to this effect. All this was soon over; and as people in the Galleries (except those directly opposite the throne) could neither see nor hear anything, they had amused themselves gossiping, waiting till the procession should begin its progress along the Nave.

The procession was rapidly formed; the band struck up a stirring march; and the Emperor, with the Empress leaning on his arm, followed by Prince Napoleon and the Princess Mathilde, and the officers of the Imperial household, turned to the east, up the southern side of the Nave. The Emperor, dressed in a General's uniform, and wearing the Grand Cordon, appeared ill, and not very content with the appearance of the Exhibition. The Empress, upon whom all eyes were turned, was universally admitted to be *charmante, ravissante*. Her toilet was excitedly discussed on all sides. It consisted of a green ball-dress, with deep flounces of white lace, and a head-dress of jewels. All admired the tender smile, the graceful bow, the stately step of the lady who shares the Third Napoleon's throne. It was with the utmost difficulty that the police cleared the way for the procession, hundreds of people crowding on the Imperial footsteps; while from the galleries above crowds of pretty faces looked down curiously upon the scene. Prince Napoleon's stately figure was very conspicuous in the procession.

Having made the tour of the Nave, the Imperial couple advanced to the steps of the throne, saluted the assembled people, and proceeded slowly to the northern door, the band bursting forth with the stirring "Partant pour la Syrie." At the entrance (no retiring place having been provided, apparently) the Empress covered her shoulders with an ermine tippet. And then the Imperial pair entered the splendid state carriage drawn by six horses, and made their way back to the Tuileries. The barriers were at once pulled down, and the brilliant crowd circulated about the Building. The variety of costumes was remarkable, because every public functionary in France has a state uniform.

Of the Exhibition, to which the 10,000 persons present at the opening ceremony were allowed access, little need be said. It was far from finished. Skillfully-disposed hangings hid deal counters and carpenter's tools; the galleries generally, were about as attractive as Pickford's yard. Still, in the Nave there was a good effect, or rather a gay effect. The flags of all nations hanging from the Crystal roof; the naval trophy of England; the great lighthouse ornamented with Gerome's allegories of the maritime towns; the groups of English, French, and Prussian statuary; the great St. Gobain glass; the beautiful carved altars; the French and Belgian church sculpture; the mysterious transit circle from Greenwich (which a French writer has described as a model of the Greenwich Observatory); the Bohemian glass; the Berlin castings; the great carved bird-cage; Oster's huge crystal candelabrum; the fine candelabra exhibited by the French—all these contributions, skillfully disposed in the Nave, gave a holiday appearance to the Building—for the hour.

It was said that the Emperor was highly displeased with the state of the Building on the opening day, in spite of the endeavours of the Imperial Commissioners to replace the apathy of the Company by their own vigorous administration. Since the day on which this opening ceremony took place the Commissioners in power have been dismissed. General Morin and his factotum no longer govern the fortunes or misfortunes of the undertaking. A new set of men promise a vigorous remedy. Prince Napoleon himself may be seen in the Building, portfolio in hand, directing special managers, distributing various objects, and generally superintend-

ing the works of completion. This real government of the affair promises for France those happy results which waited upon Prince Albert's personal attention to the Great Exhibition of 1851. If mistakes have been made in connection with this Universal Exhibition, they are clearly traceable to individuals. The Government plan was large and liberal. It overruled custom-house—octroi—everything. It gave every facility for the gratuitous transport of contributions over the French territory. It abolished the stamp upon all circulars distributed within the Exhibition walls; and, lastly, it afforded working men an opportunity of seeing the Industry of all Nations—gratis! Let us hope that this liberal spirit, sustained by the new energy infused into the Imperial Commission, will yet accomplish all the hopes which the friends of this Universal Exhibition entertained when they saw the Imperial decree authorising it in the *Moniteur*, bearing date the 8th of March, 1855.

## THE FINE ARTS DEPARTMENT.

PRINCE NAPOLEON has declared that the French people owe the Fine Art Department of the Universal Exhibition to the Empress Eugénie. The idea of adding the graces of universal art to the splendours of universal industry was a most happy one, especially when applied in a nation celebrated for the fervour in which its industry has wooed art to its aid, for the production of elegant utilities. And undoubtedly this idea has, in its present realisation, been an eminently happy one. In the Dublin Exhibition there was a gallery of painting and sculpture, sent from various countries; but it was not an organised representation of the various schools of living nations. Now, the Exhibition open at the present moment in Paris is, in many respects, the most remarkable collection of paintings and sculpture ever brought within the walls of one building. The fine arts of twenty-eight nations are represented upon its walls, including Mexico, Peru, and Java. These twenty-eight nations are represented by 2054 artists, exhibiting in all 5112 works of art. Of these artists there are 1059 French, and 955 foreigners; and of the total number of works, 2810 belong to France. It is gratifying, however, to notice England at the head of foreign exhibitors; as regards numerical strength. British art is represented by 99 painters, 34 sculptors, 51 engravers, 49 architects, 9 lithographers, and 51 water-colour painters. These contributors have sent 232 oil-paintings, 76 pieces of sculpture, 164 engravings, 128 architectural drawings, 33 lithographs, and 144 water-colour drawings. Thus British art is represented by 777 works!

It must be evident at a glance that France has the fairest chance of issuing triumphantly from this competition. She crushes all the other schools by the number and size of her contributions. In all the English collection there is not a canvas like Gerome's for size; it being some feet larger than the "Marriage of Cana." The first impression made upon the visitor, as he hastily walks through the vast galleries of this universal Art Exhibition, is that the English school looks small and feeble beside the daring and colossal pictures of France. Our paintings are said by the French artists to have all the effect of careful water-colour drawings. To Continental students they appear to lack force—freedom. Then, again, the familiar subjects chosen by English artists appear triding in galleries, where the fall of Rome, the great passages of Scripture, the horrors of war and revolution, are dealt in to the exclusion of almost every other subject. Those students of art, in short, who would like to become acquainted with the prejudices and principles of our neighbours as applied to the British school, would do well to read Theophile Gautier's feuilleton on the subject, now in course of publication in the columns of the *Moniteur*. He will here find what the critic of a school headed by Ingres, Meissonier, Couture, and Delacroix, has to say of Mulready, Landseer, Millais, and the rest of the men prominent in the British school.

We may pass rapidly by the contributions from Spain, that once reared a Murillo and a Velasquez; even Italy sends from the great cradle of the arts only evidences of her second childhood. We pause, near the Spanish school, before some elegant portraits of beautiful women, as the Daches de Medina-Celi, the Countess de Robersart, &c., perhaps to regret that subjects so promising have not genius of a high order to deal with them; although the Spanish portrait-painter Madrazo is a more than average painter. He has in moderation some of those popular qualities which are wonderfully developed in Winterhalter.

But we cannot linger in this part of the great Collection. We would even pass direct through the German Department, were we not attracted, in common with hundreds of visitors, to three remarkable pictures from Louis Knaus, of Wiesbaden. The subjects are not new, but the treatment is equal, fully equal, to Wilkie in his best moments. The first—"An Encampment of Gipsies, surprised by the Village Constable," who is reading to them, with great pomp, some prohibitory law—is an exquisitely-conceived picture, full of character, most happily, most delicately rendered. But the second picture—"The Morning of a Village Festival"—is the artist's masterpiece: here, the sad young girl, holding the head of her senseless lover; the shrew pulling her husband home-ward, the said husband insisting upon laying down some very abstruse law first; and the exhausted fiddler leaning into an empty glass; while two fellows, more used to these scenes than the rest of the company, keep up a fierce discussion over a flaring light—all are touches most happily drawn from life. And then the force and harmony of the colours, the vigour of the drawing, and the breadth of the composition, are alike admirable. Wiesbaden should be proud of Herr Knaus.

As we pass through the Prussian room we are reminded of the genius of Cornelius—and are told to regard it with awe, as it lies against the walls. These cartoons, for the Campo Santo at Berlin, are, beyond doubt, finely drawn. But it appeared to us that the attitudes were strained—that every figure appeared determined to earn its place upon the canvas by the most painful activity. Some of the groups looked, to our irreverent eyes, like an exhibition of the industry of all models! We were rather inclined to turn from these pretentious performances to the sweet mountain landscape, only a little too hard and literal in the foreground, of Lindlar, to the exquisitely-finished cabinet pictures of Jean-Georges Meyer, especially "The Mother and Children," or to Auguste Leu's Norwegian landscapes, with aerial effects as good as those of Turner or Jeannot. But, after all, the contention in the Exhibition will remain between the English and French schools. The Americans have sent one or two good pictures; but then they appear to be by artists who study and live in Europe. Rositter's "Venice" is a fine imitation of Turner; but his "Primitive Life in America"—a moonlight scene—is his happiest picture—full and pleasing in colour. The rest of the American contributions exhibit mediocrity, without promise. In the same way we may pass by the gallery devoted to Belgium—pausing to note here one man who, more or less, successfully imitates Claude; then Joseph Stevens, successfully imitating Landseer. Holland, however, sends some pretty-finished studies, reminding the visitor of her old exquisitely literal school. There are, of course, from Prussia and Austria; Belgium and Holland; from the United States; and even from Sweden, Spain, and Italy, some good pictures; but none of these countries exhibits the strength of a local school. Now, when the visitor has passed through all these States, and arrives within the French or English province, he at once feels that he is in a region peculiar to itself. In France, for instance, he at once recognises the masterly little subjects, wonderfully touched, of the incomparable Meissonier; the daring drawing of Vernet; the majestic scintillas of Ingres; the deep feeling for character and beautiful palette of Decamps; the originalities of Delacroix and De la Roche; the stately presences and happy rose-tints of the courtly Winterhalter; the mournful power of Müller; the Ety-like nudities of Diaz; the shore scenes of Jeannot.

In England, come the familiar subjects of Frith and Mulready; the delicacies of Leslie; the peculiarities of palette, the property of Landseer; the high finish of Millais; the equal finish and additional tenderness of Holman Hunt; the green, fresh landscapes of Lee, studded with the wonderful goats and cows of Sidney Cooper; the broken-up landscapes of Gresham; the blood-red sunsets of Danby; and the severities of Madox Jones. To these should be added the humour of Light and Webster, and the sweet colours of Goodall; and the fine sea-dramas of Stanfield. We may even make our additions to this long list, for we have the fresh sea-pieces of Barrett, one of which we have engraved. These, our neighbours as vainly endeavour to imitate as they endeavour to imitate the English school who figure in them.

Between the English and French schools there are broad marks of distinct separation. As there is not an English artist who could paint those scenes which Decamps has brought home from Turkey (that rush from the Turkish boys' school, for instance; and that butcher's shop, with the wondrous white wall), so there is no French artist who could produce the sea of Stanfield, nor the glorious masses of foliage of Lee, Anthony, and others. Theophile Gautier has said, with truth, that the English school is completely original—original as the people among whom it has sprung up. Therefore, to our mind, it has strong vitality in it—even stronger

vitality than that of France. Every man who has any sense of art must bow before the genius of Ingres; must acknowledge the great merits of Meissonier and Decamps; must acknowledge gratefully masters like Delacroix, Delacroix, and even Vernet; must see strong originality in Jeannot and the beautiful landscapes of Rosa Bonheur; and must acknowledge the extraordinary promise that lies in young Gerome's enormous picture: but at the same time he may notice in the paintings of the younger men of the French school—or at all events in those of the less prominent men—a tendency to the extra-severe and the extra-horrible. As a specimen of the former, we would refer the visitor to Flandrin's "Study of a Figure," marked 3076; which represents a youth—completely nude, his limbs marked with the rigidity of death—sitting, with his head upon his knees, at the edge of a precipice. As instances of the extra-horrible, we may cite "A Scene of the Inquisition," by Robert Fleury; and "An Inventor," (who lies dead, having been killed by an explosion), by Penguilly L'Haridon—a wretched, sickening horror. These are the extravagances of the Classic school for which the French professors of art contend. M. L. Desanges' picture, which we have engraved, may be noticed to illustrate, not the extravagance, but the care and drawing—the art, which our neighbours have beyond all poetry of subject or tenderness of colour.

We shall return to this subject; and endeavour to test, by careful and conscientious contrast, the artistic strength of the various countries represented in this most interesting and instructive Exhibition.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. B. Briston.—The composition is meritorious, but the solution too evident. C. W. Sully.—It can be solved in three moves easily—by 1. R. to Q. 3rd. 2. R. to Q. 4th. 3. R. to Q. 5th. 4. R. to Q. 6th. 5. R. to Q. 7th. 6. R. to Q. 8th. 7. R. to Q. 9th. 8. R. to Q. 10th. 9. R. to Q. 11th. 10. R. to Q. 12th. 11. R. to Q. 13th. 12. R. to Q. 14th. 13. R. to Q. 15th. 14. R. to Q. 16th. 15. R. to Q. 17th. 16. R. to Q. 18th. 17. R. to Q. 19th. 18. R. to Q. 20th. 19. R. to Q. 21st. 20. R. to Q. 22nd. 21. R. to Q. 23rd. 22. R. to Q. 24th. 23. R. to Q. 25th. 24. R. to Q. 26th. 25. R. to Q. 27th. 26. R. to Q. 28th. 27. R. to Q. 29th. 28. R. to Q. 30th. 29. R. to Q. 31st. 30. R. to Q. 32nd. 31. R. to Q. 33rd. 32. R. to Q. 34th. 33. R. to Q. 35th. 34. R. to Q. 36th. 35. R. to Q. 37th. 36. R. to Q. 38th. 37. R. to Q. 39th. 38. R. to Q. 40th. 39. R. to Q. 41st. 40. R. to Q. 42nd. 41. R. to Q. 43rd. 42. R. to Q. 44th. 43. R. to Q. 45th. 44. R. to Q. 46th. 45. R. to Q. 47th. 46. R. to Q. 48th. 47. 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THE VILLAGE OF KARANJI, NEAR BALACLAVA.—(SEE PAGE 583.)





AALI PACHA, THE NEW TURKISH MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MILLER, OF VIENNA.



GENERAL OSTEN-SACKEN, COMMANDER OF A RUSSIAN DIVISION AT SEBASTOPOL.

#### RECENT MINISTERIAL CHANGES IN TURKEY.—THE NEW GRAND VIZIER, AALI PACHA.

BEFORE advert to the career of this distinguished person, late Plenipotentiary Extraordinary of the Porte at the Court of Vienna, and now Grand Vizier, it may be as well to glance at that of the illustrious diplomatist whom he has supplanted. The services of Redschid Pacha to his country are universally acknowledged, and it is to be regretted that so able a Minister should be entirely removed from office. Men well acquainted with his talents, and with the spirit of the Turkish nation, consider his dismissal merely temporary. Whether this be the case or not, the good he has done will win for him honourable mention in history, and a place in the hearts of his countrymen.

MOUSTAFA REDSCHID, the ex-Vizier of Turkey, was born at Constantinople in the year 1802. Nearly related to the Vizier Ali, he learnt at an early age the arts of war and diplomacy. After the death of that Minister he received a place under Government through the mediation of the new Vizier, Izza Pacha. A volume of meritorious poems, which he published about that time, won for him the friendship of the celebrated poet, Pertin, then Minister of Foreign Affairs. In 1829 he accompanied the Ottoman Plenipotentiaries on their mission to Adrianople; and in the following year he was made Assedji, or reporter of the Divan, and went in that capacity to Egypt with Khahl Pacha's expedition. On his return to Constantinople he was sent to Kutahie to confer with the Baron de Varennes,

Chargé d'Affaires of France, relative to the conditions of the armistice between the Sultan and Ibrahim Pacha. Fresh honours were heaped upon him successively, till at length he was made a Pacha, and sent in the year 1834 as Ambassador to the Court of France.

"The arrival of Redschid Pacha at Paris," says M. Ubicini, in his "History of Turkey," "caused a great deal of sensation, from the fact of his being the first Turkish Ambassador sent to France since the year 1802. The easy air, polished manners, and natural vivacity of the young diplomatist—so different from what had been expected in an Envoy of the Grand Turk—won for him the friendship of every member of the high circle in which he moved, as well as the favour of the people. Most attentive at the Court, and at diplomatic assemblies and soirées, he yet found time to cultivate the acquaintance of men of art and letters, and left Paris for London universally regretted." A year's residence in the quality of Ambassador at the latter city completed his European education. One morning, on opening his despatches, he discovered a letter, totally unexpected, but most important, worded in the following terms:—

The flower of thy friendship will unfold at the news I send thee.

Khorsen smokes his *narghilé* in his solitary palace at Stamboul, and I sit to-day upon the cushions where he slept last night.

In a word I am *Sadrassan*, and my dear son Redschid is Minister of Foreign Affairs. Let him hasten, then, to quit the land of the infidel and rejoice me.

May the roses and jasmynes of our friendship flourish for ever.

PERTIN.

Redschid wound up his affairs in London, and immediately took his departure for his native country. But great was his dismay and his grief at

finding, on his arrival at Constantinople, that his kind protector was no more. Pertin, overthrown by the intrigues of his rivals, had received at Adrianople the fatal *cordon*, and died like a hero of old.

This unexpected event, although it saddened, did not injure, the prospects of the young Minister. He retained the portfolio of Foreign Affairs until the year 1838, when he was sent to London as Envoy Extraordinary. In the following year he visited Rome, and was presented to the Pope. The death of the Sultan Mahmoud again called him to Constantinople (3rd September, 1839), and he resumed his post of Minister of Foreign Affairs. It was thought that the reforms begun by Mahmoud would follow him to his grave. But this was not the case; for the splendid reign of Abdul-Medjid was inaugurated by many wise acts Redschid Pacha, to whom the best reforms are attributed, was again sent as Ambassador to France, and remained there for three years. In the autumn of 1845 he was again appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs, only, however, to be advanced, a few months afterwards, to a still more important office—that of Grand Vizier. He occupied this distinguished position till the year 1853, when he was for the fourth time elected Minister of Foreign Affairs. On the 23rd Nov., 1854, he was once more elevated to the Vizierat, which he has recently resigned in favour of Aali Pacha.

AALI PACHA, the new Grand Vizier of Turkey, was, in the earlier part of his career, Ambassador at the Court of London. He was recalled to Constantinople in 1846, to fill the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs, which he did for six years. In 1852 he found himself at the head of the Government, but was soon obliged to resign in favour of Mehemet Ali. After having been for several months Governor of Broussa, he was chosen President of the Council of Tanzimat. At the end of the year 1854 he was again made Foreign Minister; and at the commencement of



SUTLERS' WHARF, DALACLAVA.—(SEE PAGE 582.)



the present year he was sent to Vienna as Plenipotentiary Extraordinary—a post which he has recently resigned on his elevation to the Vizierat. He is a man of high character, and diplomatic experience.

FUAD EFFENDI, the New Minister for Foreign Affairs, is a poet, with a whole pedigree of poetical ancestors. He commenced his political career a short time after the death of Mahmoud—his first office being that of Ambassador Extraordinary at the Court of Madrid on the occasion of the Queen's majority. From Madrid he went to Lisbon, and was received in the Peninsula as flatteringly as Redshank had been at the French and English capitals. In the year 1845 he was appointed Grand Interpreter of the Porte; in which quality he gained the friendship of the Duc de Montpensier, and, through his intervention, the title of Commander of the Legion of Honour. Three years afterwards he was chosen Commissary Extraordinary of the Porte in the Danubian Principalities, but was not successful in defending those unfortunate countries against the oppression of their Muscovite protectors. In 1850 he was charged with a mission to St. Petersburg. In 1852 he was made Minister for Foreign Affairs under the Vizierat of Ali Pacha, but sent in his resignation shortly afterwards, on account of the overbearing behaviour of Prince Menschikoff. He was then sent to the Grecian provinces, at that time in a state of insurrection, where, by his moderation and energy, he did much towards restoring the peace. Though abundantly occupied with military and diplomatic business, Fuad Effendi encouraged letters and arts, and became a member of the Imperial Academy, founded in 1851. He is one of the most remarkable men of Turkey; and, although his colleague, Ali Pacha, is not quite so liberal as might be wished, the Allies have no reason to be discontented with the change of Ministry in Turkey.

#### GENERAL OSTEN-SACKEN.

Of the internal organisation of the Russian army less is known than of the civil departments of the State. This may account for the frequent blunders of the English press, on the subject of the personnel and past history of commanders in the service of the Czar. General Osten-Sacken for a long time suffered under this species of misapprehension, having been confounded with another officer, General Otten, who fought against the Turks in the campaign on the Danube. General Osten-Sacken is older in the service, and higher in grade, and in the confidence of the Emperor, than his namesake. He ranks, however, among the younger Generals, of the school of which Lüders and Rüdiger are among the most remarkable members. Unlike other Generals now engaged in the Crimea, General Osten-Sacken cannot point to any laurels gained in the former wars of Russia, except those won in common with other officers who served in a subordinate capacity. The promotion, however, of the younger military chieftains to places of honour, is one of the characteristics of Russian policy especially developed during the present war. At all events our attention has been more drawn to this part of the system of the enemy than when we were mere observers of his campaigns, not sharers in the strife. General Osten-Sacken belongs to the German party in Russia. As his name implies, he is himself of German descent, and is one more instance of the wise policy by which Russia, when she incorporates the territory of other nations, also seeks to amalgamate with her own population and associate with her institutions the people whom she has conquered, and whom thus she seeks so easily to govern.

The past military career of General Osten-Sacken affords no salient points for biographical notice. His name does not appear in any prominent shape in the Russian campaign in Hungary, and his status in the army is too recent to permit his having been engaged in the wars of 1828-1831. He was Governor of Odessa at the time of its bombardment, and distinguished himself by the readiness with which he responded to the humane purpose of the Allies in sparing all those parts of the city that were not Imperial property. His treatment of the English who have fallen into his hands has evinced his appreciation of the motives which led the Allies to effect that change in the ancient modes of warfare. In his government of Sebastopol, General Osten-Sacken has shown some of the rarest qualities of a military commander. In fertility of resource and indomitable perseverance he is not surpassed by any military commander of the present time. Should the war continue we may expect to see him hold a still more important command.

**A RUSSIAN PICTURE OF SEBASTOPOL.**—In spite of all the efforts which the enemy have made, our bulwarks stand as fast as ever. Long before the bombardment began, the journals of the West informed us that our walls and forts were speedily to be put to a new proof. This made us redouble our precautions, and we bore firmly the truly murderous (*hottische*) fire which threatened all with destruction. Nevertheless, thousands were devoted to death, and it made one shudder to see the *Elburus* (the steam-boat) pass every two hours, during the bombardment, from the south to the north, with so many wounded that she could scarcely carry them. While standing in Bastion No. 4—the bastion which suffered most of all—I forgot the danger to which I was exposed in admiration of the cool and stoical conduct of our sailors. They fell and expired without a cry, though racked by the most fearful agonies. The southern side of our town has suffered most severely, and is scarcely to be recognised again. Five hundred houses have been totally destroyed, and grass is growing on their ruins. The beautiful theatre no longer exists. Though the upper districts of the town are not so much damaged, yet there is not a single house to be seen which does not bear manifest traces of the bombardment. The streets are everywhere rooted up by shot, and the pavement is totally destroyed, while at every corner stand whole pyramids of the enemy's cannon balls, and exploded shells, which were daily collected before the opening of the fire. In many streets five or six such pyramids are to be seen, each of them from eight to ten feet high. Nevertheless, business is continued, and booths are opened for the sale of goods. Prices, however, are enormously raised, and sugar costs one silver rouble (2s.) per lb. The supply of meat is more than abundant, but bread is exceedingly scarce. The streets are filled with people, and crowds of children run to and fro, assisting at the construction of barricades, and pelting each other with balls of clay. Our life in Sebastopol is agreeable to us, for use is a second nature. The greatest accommodation prevails in the harbour of Ekaterin, where cannon-balls, powder, fascines, sacks, and provisions are landed in astounding quantities, as they are forwarded from the northern forts. In a word, neither the thunder of the enemy's cannon nor the siege of Sebastopol is suffered to disturb us any longer; we mourn over our adversaries, who are shedding their blood without result before our brazen walls. We read many absurd statements about the condition of the besieged; but the absurdity of all is, undoubtedly, the news that we suffer from want of supplies, and that hundreds of us are daily cut off by death—of all which no trace is to be seen.—*Letter from a Russian Officer, May 13.*

**THE RUSSIAN ARMY FOR INDIA.**—It seems tolerably certain that Russia intended to have tried her hand at a diversion in the direction of India, had we not deranged her plans by the invasion of the Crimea. There is a Russian officer now at headquarters who belonged to a regiment that was actually told off for a march to India last year. There were several other regiments destined for the same expedition, but they, too, found themselves encamped on the Alma on the 19th September, and on the road to Bagchaserai the following evening. The officers had been provided with books relating to India, and had been studying "the manners and customs" of the Hindoos and Mussulmans of the great Peninsula. It is said, to be sure, that it would be impossible for the Russians to transport an army over the torrid wastes which lie between them and India; but there was a certain Alexander, who once moved a very efficient army in the same direction, through regions more sparsely populated and less cultivated; and though modern warfare is waged with more difficulty, and is attended with considerations respecting greater impediments, we might find that, if a Russian Alexander the Great ever arose in these times, our calculations were valueless, as all calculations are which make nought of the inspirations and miracles of military genius. The officer in question "hath a pleasant wit," and gives abundant proofs, in the pleasant couplets he remembers concerning the war, that the Russians are by no means destitute of humour. He sings one song about the proceedings of Prince Menschikoff after the Alma, which is said by those who can appreciate it to be intensely funny. The Prince is represented as having fled to a house in Bagchaserai, out of the window of which he interrogates the passers-by respecting the fate of Sebastopol; and he is at last astonished to hear it has not been taken, and begins to dance with joy, to extol his grand flank march, and to boast of his splendid defence of the place. Another song, from the same mouth, puts the contest in a ludicrous light, and declares that the whole siege is only a struggle in order to see whether the Russians or the Allies are the best diggers and ditchers. "We build one redoubt, they build another; they make one trench, we make its brother, &c." The gentleman is a Pole, and was present at Alma and Inkerman. At the latter battle the company he commanded lost 75 men out of 120. He then served with the external army, but got tired of Tchorghoum and blase with the monotony of life in huts. He collected all his resources, and gave a grand ball to all his friends in the army near Tchorghoum—champagne at 20s. a bottle; claret at 20s., and pickles at 10s.; and next day came into our cavalry pickets, with a brother officer, on the day of the races at Karamji, and has been living here ever since.—*Letter from the Camp.*

**THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW IN NEW YORK.**—An elaborate opinion has been given by Judge Edwards as to the power of the New York Legislature to pass a prohibitory liquor law. He argues the point at great length, and sums up with the following conclusion:—1. That it is competent for the Legislature to prohibit the domestic traffic in intoxicating liquors. 2. That the Act passed is certain and valid, and as applicable to imported liquors after leaving the importers' hands as any other. 3. That the measures provided by the statute for the enforcement of the law are lawful and valid. 4. That the duty of enforcing the law is not confined to the officers specially named in it, but is devolved upon all whose general duty it is to enforce any of the laws of the State against crime.

#### LITERATURE OF THE WAR.\*

AMONGST the numerous busy pens which the Turkish question and the war have already called into operation—treating the subject in the manner historic, descriptive, critical, or speculative, or all combined, as the case may be—none has produced a more decided sensation than that of the gentleman who styles himself—appropriately enough we believe—the "Roving Englishman." With opportunities for observation, both of the diplomatic and military history of the question, beyond those enjoyed by most men, he brings to bear upon it a spirit of independent, unsparing stricture, and a graphic power which few even of our acknowledged classic writers have surpassed. With a humour to condemn rather than praise; to lash with bitter denunciation and pungent sarcasm abuses and blunders, great and small, wherever he finds them; incapable of flattery, regardless of their rank and prescriptive honours; and systems, however sanctioned by time and authority; is it to be wondered at that his pages should be eagerly perused by a public who for nearly two years have been chafing with indignation at the incapacity and obstinacy of their rulers, and are now dearly paying the cost of their misdeeds? Truly and earnestly does the writer plead for those reforms which every friend of the country so earnestly calls for; but which our rulers appear not to appreciate—deaf to the solemn warnings which are daily pouring in their ears. "Ill does the Family Judge of the mournful but determined spirit of the times," says the writer in a powerfully-written preface to his "Pictures from the Battle-fields," "or they would quail before the strong clear intellects of those good and great men who are now so calmly and resolutely hostile to their corrupt and ignorant misrule. The writing which dismayed Belshazzar at his banquet is on their walls, but they read it not."

It is, perhaps, almost unnecessary to remark that in such a field, with such opportunities, and such inducements, there is always risk of overstepping the bounds of exact truth; of handling the lash a little too stoutly and too indiscriminately. This is the error which all who exercise power, without restraining influences, are liable to fall into; and from this error, we must add, the "Roving Englishman" is by no means free, and the result is somewhat to mar the general value of his labours—not merely as regards their moral influence, but their pictorial effect. The able and fearless manner in which he has attacked the larger abuses of our State machinery; drawing aside the dark curtain behind which a family government have endeavoured to conceal the disgraceful and deplorable results of the system of trick, favouritism, and imbecility to which the councils and material interests of the country have been so long sacrificed, is worthy of the cause, and entitles him to the highest honour; but, when he goes from generals to particulars, and vents the vials of his spleen upon individuals—which he does unsparingly on persons in every department and grade of the service—he somewhat spoils his case, and leads one to suspect personal pique, and the undue influence of a jaundiced idiosyncrasy, as the source and origin of his strictures. We agree in much that he says ("Rambles in Turkey") in condemnation of our diplomatic system in the East;—as to the organisation and personnel of our consular establishments, the inefficiency of the staff of the Embassy—particularly their ignorance of languages, which obliges us to resort to hiring foreigners, chiefly Levantine adventurers, as interpreters between us and the Porte; and the impertinent self-importance, the habit of meddling interference, and, too often, the utter bad faith and recklessness, of these mercenaries. But when we find an honest, able, and most laborious diplomatist, who has represented the interests of this country at the Porte, off and on, for the best part of half a century, and who, during that period, has always seen through, and succeeded in thwarting, the intriguing policy of the common enemy—when we find a statesman of this class and character ridiculed in an unseemly manner, under the sobriquet of Sir Hector Stubble—his whole public career sweepingly denounced as either useless or positively mischievous—his personal character and domestic habits made the subject of flippant, we had almost said ribald jests—ay, even to the recesses of his "lonely dressing-room," where, as is said, "he sat angrily" the live-long day; whereas in that lonely dressing-room it would be more truthful to say that he laboured anxiously and unceasingly the live-long day, and often the live-long night;—we turn from the page with a feeling akin to resentment, that age and honoured service should be no protection against such unjustifiable assaults. When, in addition, we recollect that the subject of those laboured philippics is at a distance from home, in the midst of his public labours, and that official etiquette would prevent him from entering upon any defence against them, even if he felt inclined; whilst (as we have reason to believe) the opportunities for these disparaging remarks were obtained by the writer at a time when he was himself in the public service, probably in subordination to, and under the very roof of, that distinguished Minister, our charge against his bad taste almost sinks beneath the more serious charge of breach of faith. Public servants—however high, however humble, their rank—should always bear scrupulously in mind that, on quitting the service, they by no means become exempt from that pledge to secrecy, that honourable confidence, which properly exists as the basis and bond of union of all establishments. Even in private life, do we not listen with misgiving, with doubt, and with some degree of disgust, to the servant who abuses his late master or former colleague? After these observations, which we think do not exceed in severity the just requirements of the case—a case in which not only the personal reputation of an individual functionary, but a whole policy represented in his person, are involved—we may safely give, as a taste of the author's lively humour, a sketch of some of the incidents of a Council of State at Constantinople, the one in question being notably that which immediately led to the rupture between Turkey and Russia:—

There is a great Council sitting on the banks of the Bosphorus. The long hours of a bright summer day have rolled silently on, and the night is already far advanced; but it shows no signs of breaking up. The gilded caiques of the great dignitaries of the empire still remain moored along the quay, and the more modest boats of the lesser pachas still continue to glide noiselessly through them and discharge their occupants, who pace, with measured step and thoughtful looks, through the palace portals. Now and then there is a slight stir among the boatmen and servants, who are waiting so wearily outside. It is when the plain swift boats shoot rapidly up, which bear those important and excitable Levantines, who have contrived to obtain the extremely convenient births of dragomen to the foreign Embassies. It would be amusing at any other time to notice the lofty humour of these fellows; how scornfully they elbow the most dignified Turks, and how they take advantage even of this awful moment to insult them sorely. What low-bred ignorance, what untimely pretensions they show! But the fate of a great empire is at stake, and we, at least, will not smile while the momentous game is being played out.

A rustling of robes and a louder hum of voices is at last making itself heard through the open windows, and comes gratefully to the ears of the listeners beneath. The Council is breaking up. The caidjis begin to unmoor their boats, and the tired servants stretch their weary limbs. Ricketts, the newspaper correspondent, so snubbed by the Embassies, is waiting for the Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs to tell him the result of the Council. The Embassies will be making a mystery for months of the news, which Mr. Ricketts will send off by to-morrow's post to all Europe. The waiting crowd, however, must have patience a little longer; for just at this moment a caïque rows up with the speed of an arrow. A small fussy man springs on shore and runs through the palace gate. As he disappears there is a murmur that he is the first interpreter of the British Embassy.

On trots the little man, through gardens and galleries; through conservatories fragrant with the perfume of rare flowers, and fresh with the coolness of fountains which sparkle in the shade like living things; on, past marble basins

trays of coffee, sweetmeats, sherbet, and water ices; and past others swaying lighted pipes, with costly mouthpieces of richly-jewelled amber; and others, bearing napkins of scarlet velvet, embroidered with gold, upon their left shoulders. These mutes are the only persons who are allowed by the grim guards to pass into the Council-chamber; but even they will find means to show the wicked nonsense of closed doors and secrecy in affairs, for they will betray the little man in mockery of it.

He enters the room where the Council is just breaking up, and his mere presence makes everyone constrained and uneasy. But the little man is conscious of the extent of a power and authority which should never have been confided to him. He loves importance, and he knows that he speaks in the honoured name of mighty England. He delivers his message in a harsh insulting tone in consequence.

Two hours afterwards a mute betrayed that message by signs to the Russians, and its purport the world may now learn during long and bloody wars. Its immediate effect was best known by the instant departure of Prince Menschikoff. He left in a whirlwind of execrations, and the suite of the Russian Ambassador insulted the British Embassy in the streets of Pera.—*Pictures from the Battle-fields.*

All this is very amusingly told, and is just the sort of gossip which a loiterer outside the doors of the Council-chamber might pick up and relish amazingly. As such we have no fault to find with it; but we have fault to find with our friend the "Roving Englishman," when, indulging in reflections of his own upon the merits of the question, he takes such a shallow view of it as to run on thus:—

Secret diplomacy mines and counter-mines ambassadorial dignity; private piques, jealousy, mistakes, ignorance, and want of counsel had all been at work,—and here was the end of them. A little openness and common sense, a little courtesy and good-will, would have made all well, and might still remedy the mischief, though the plot is now thickening, and rage is in the heart of Russia.

As for the Turks, they have been so bought, and sold, and intimidated, that they have lost all heart. The Council-chamber is a melancholy scene of disunion and petty intrigue. Every man fancies he knows the price at which his neighbour has been bought; some calculate if it would be worth while to sell themselves for the same. There is no concord or political honesty, little hope, and much confusion among them. Many ask each other in whispers if Russian rule would really be much worse than the eternal browbeating and humiliating insolence of some half-dozen ill-bred Levantines—all they know of the foreign missions. Under Russian rule they would at least be members of a mighty empire, and enjoy respect and security; now they have neither. Their fortunes and characters are completely at the mercy of vulgar and hostile strangers.

And then he exclaims again, vainly we fear:—"Oh for a little common sense," &c. A little common sense, forsooth! Is it possible that our author, a man who, if he had remained in the diplomatic service, and if that service had been organised according to his views, might possibly have had charge of our interests in this matter; is it possible that any man, for the mere pleasure of gratifying private pique against an individual, can so shut his eyes to the real objects and inducements in this great struggle as to suppose that "a little openness and common sense—a little courtesy and good-will, would have made all well, and might still remedy the mischief;" in other words, that the Emperor of Russia crossed the Truth and threw Europe into commotion, only because Lord Stratford de Redcliffe was personally distasteful to himself, or to his emissary Menschikoff? "A little common sense" would have suggested to the writer not to indulge in such outrageous nonsense at a moment when the people of this country pretty well understand the past inducements to this struggle, and are only indignant that the occasion and necessity for it were too long concealed from them, and the preparations made to meet it so tardy and inefficient.

Pursuing, now, the subject of the war, and the writer's "Pictures from the Battle-fields," we have the more pleasing duty to acknowledge their high merit, their general truthfulness, and, as we think, the good which may result from the revelations conveyed in them. As to their attractiveness for general readers, it is impossible much to overstate them. The writer does not attempt a narrative of the War in the East; he gives only a succession of "Pictures"—word-pictures—but so graphic and life-like in character, so full, so minute in detail, as to fill the mind's-eye with more than any picture could convey. He has been through all the successive scenes, and watched all the successive phases of this exciting but painful drama. "We find him equally 'at home' in his art, in the dirty, uncomfortable quarters at Varna, then in the wretched huddled-up town at Balaklava, in the miserable Camp before Sebastopol, in the externals of the diplomatic muddle and mystery at Constantinople, in the weary journey from Varna to Bucharest, and in the jumble of society in the capital of Wallachia.

We shall select, as our last extract, the author's account of "a Russian soldier," which, admirable as it is, as a piece of descriptive writing, still betrays his irradicable propensity for the sarcastic and depreciatory, to a point which we would gladly have seen qualified with some word of sympathy for the unhappy victim of ruthless, unhalloved oppression. Of the poor, unhappy, but truly brave, Russian soldier, he says:—

He is a sulky, sullen, stupid-looking fellow, with a pale-blue complexion, like that produced by what the doctors call the "administration" of nitrate of silver in cases of disease. Poor wretch! he looks like a felon, for he has been treated all his life as a hound. He has a short straight nose, the nostrils of which are turned outwards, and seem like two small holes in his face. He has little round eyes; but he is too stupefied by ill-treatment to have any expression in them, though he is in the first flush of youth and strength. His hair is of a rusty bay, or reddish brown. It does not dare to curl or wave, and sticks out in points and notches, as though in despair of doing right, turn which way it will. He is a square-built, powerful man, but he is listless, silent, and awkward. He appears susceptible of neither pain nor pleasure; to have no respect or love for himself. He seems to have neither reason nor instinct. He is a machine ready to obey a touch of the impelling rod, or to have something within him which hears and acts at the hoarse shout of command; but of himself he does nothing. He has no will, no energy, no pride of craft. If you speak to him suddenly he starts, and takes an attitude of drilled attention. He will not flinch or stir for a blow; but his eyes darken and his thick lips close. He is dirty in his person and habits, but not untidy or slovenly; for he seems always on parade. God only knows what thoughts pass through his mind, for he never utters any. He appears profoundly impressed with his own insignificance and inferiority to every one who wears a good coat, and he bows down abjectly before a bit of gold lace and a sword, whoever wears them. He has no solitary love of pleasure. He loves drinks, indeed, and he will sit silently soaking raw spirits as long as he can get any, but the liquor has no brightening effect on him. He is as impassive in his cups as when sober. He may drink himself blind, deaf, speechless, motionless, but he cannot drink himself gay. If an officer told him to walk down a precipice, or drink a glass of speedy poison, the idea of remonstrance or disobedience would never occur to him. He would do either as merely a part of his allotted task in life, the object for which he was born. He has been told that the French and English are impious heretics, a sort of plausible devils in human shape; he believes it devoutly, for he has no reasoning powers, no opinions. He believes that he will incur Divine wrath by holding communion with them; that they will poison him if he eats their food; that they will torture instead of healing him, if he is wounded; that their medicines are death in disguise, their benefits a mockery, their kindness a device of the Evil One. He does not think these things distinctly, and one after the other; but such is the general confused impression on his abject mind.

His clothes are ill-made and scanty; they are so thin that they seem all outside; a broad white band is slung over his right shoulder and descends to his left hip; this sustains his sword—it is not a very good one. The mass of the Russian army are of course badly armed, from the organised system of peculation which exists in every department. Indeed, the Russian soldier has, perhaps, never had a full meal of wholesome food even in his lifetime. He was robbed before he was born, like his father before him, and he has been robbed ever since. First, by the Baron and the disponent; since, by every one who

\* Lord Stratford de Redcliffe commenced his diplomatic career in the East under the auspices of his cousin, George Canning, by whose inspirations he has been long guided; that Canning, of whom Count Pozzo di Borgo, in his confidential despatch to his Government, in October, 1825, wrote as follows:—"The introduction of Mr. Canning into the Ministry, and the influence which he exerts, in his character of a popular leader, have weakened the ancient ties between Russia and the British Cabinets. The differences in doctrine have almost destroyed them. His conduct in the affairs of Turkey gave that neither the most perfect confidence on our part, nor the most evident sincerity, have been able to change his sentiments or his policy in regard to us. They have been marked with suspicion and jealousy, which prepares us to the they may become hostile."

\* "Rambles in Turkey." By the Roving Englishman. "Pictures from the Battle-fields." By the same. Routledge.

\* "A Trip to the Trenches." By an Amateur. Saunders and Otley.

\* "The Coming Campaign." By Laurence Oliphant. Blackwood and Sons.

\* "The Crimea; its Town, Inhabitants, and Social Customs." By a Lady. Routledge, Oakey, and Co.



has had to do with him. In the army he has had to digest the last sublimated essence of robbery; for in Russia the Commander-in-Chief robs the Generals, and the Generals, after their degree, rob the Colonels, and the Colonels rob the Majors, and the Majors rob the Captains, and the Captains rob the Lieutenants, but all rob the soldier together. Russia presents, perhaps, the only example in history of a country governed by a military despotism, and in which the soldiers have been successfully kept in the same state of slavery as the rest of the community.

We have said enough to induce the reader to search further into these rattling pages of the "Roving Englishman."

"A Trip to the Trenches," was undertaken by "An Amateur" in the middle of January, and extended over a space of about two months. The author states his object to have been mere "curiosity," but there was some worthier motive than that to induce him to undertake a rough journey, at an unpleasant season; and that we believe was a sincere anxiety to know how our brave army was faring in the Crimea, and whether all the sad stories of privation and misery and mismanagement which had become so rife, were true or not. The result of his observation is to confirm all these reports to their extremest limits; and half the pages of the volume before us are occupied with a methodical iteration of sad details, which most of us have from time to time read disjointedly in the letters of newspaper correspondents, or in the evidence adduced before the Sebastopol Committee. The author's observations are marked with great feeling and good sense; and scattered through the grave revelations are sketches of camp life, and remarks upon military discipline and the policy and prospects of the war now engaged in, which are worthy of attention.

We pass over the painful account of the state of things at the hospital at Scutari, which fully confirms the worst that had been reported of them by Messrs. Stafford and Osborn, and others; only expressing a hope that, as "the sufferings of our noble sick at Scutari will fill one of the darkest pages in our history," the fearful warning afforded by them may lead to the prevention for the future of mismanagement which occasioned them.

The "Amateur," despite all his forebodings on the subject, is absolutely startled at the ragged and wretched condition of our brave soldiers when his eye first fell upon some of them at Balaklava:—

February 2d.—The morning was bitterly cold—wind and snow, and twelve degrees of frost. The sight that met our eyes when we went on deck in the morning was really quite sickening. The stern of our vessel was about twenty yards from the shore, and there we saw scores of miserable, half-clothed, half-starved objects shivering on the wharfs, or trying in vain to keep their blood in circulation by shuffling up and down; no workhouse could have shown a more abject set of paupers than did Balaklava that morning. Good heavens! was one's first thought, can these miserable objects, with scanty ragged coats, clothes in tatters, and boots in holes, or with none at all, be British soldiers, whom the country is informed by their rulers, are at this moment actually borne down with warm clothing, and furnished with every luxury that the mind of the soldier can conceive? How fearfully have the Government been deceived, or how cruelly have they deceived the people of England!

The warm clothing was just now, on the 3rd of February, being served out, slowly enough, Heaven knows! and boots were being issued at the rate of six and seven pairs to each regiment. The distribution of warm clothing was not completed before the middle of February, and many officers' servants and bittmen had not even received them by the 20th of the month!

Miserable as the men were when I arrived, I was assured that their condition had wonderfully improved during the last three weeks. If that was true, in what a pitiable case must they have been during January!

About nine or ten o'clock fatigue parties began to drop in from the front; gaunt, haggard, bearded men, with a reckless, desperate look that was indescribable. Many of these had sheep-skin coats; some of the artillery and cavalry good long blue great-coats, and even long boots; but the majority of the men, especially those of the line, were clothed in every imaginable patched-up, worn-out garment it is possible to conceive; there was not an atom of uniform visible amongst the lot of them.

Of the operations of the siege, and the feeling and spirit of the troops, he says:—

It is said that, when the fire opened on the 17th of last October, strict orders were given to spare the town! *Cui bono?* War cannot be a half-and-half measure. You cannot spare both the enemy and your own men. We spared Odessa, to enable the army to relieve Sebastopol; and we spare the latter in an equally unreasonable manner! And, moreover, it is rather fantastic to issue orders to spare buildings we cannot destroy.

After walking through the trenches—in which, however, nearly all the guns were dismantled, or the embrasures filled with sand-bags—we wended our way to the advanced trench. All these martial arrangements have been so fully described by the press, and so truthfully depicted by the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, that any further description would be superfluous. If I had thought the men wretched and squalid before, those I now saw in the trenches were ten times worse; yet hardened and reckless as they seemed, they could boast of some as noble spirits as ever animated human clay. Miserable, cold, half-clothed, ill-fed, over-worked, the greater portion bearing the seeds of certain dissolution, there was not one of them whose heartiest desire was not to have a "go at them again," as they said. They were all sick of the work, but their thoughts did not turn to peace, as the conclusion of what had occupied them so many weary months—it was victory they required.

That was in January. Since then how many of these brave fellows, rendered reckless by disappointment and neglect, in the midst of severe privation, have been swept away by disease; inasmuch that the whole army may have been said barely to have escaped annihilation. Yes, the old soldiers of six and ten years' service, the men who conquered at Alma and Inkerman; invaluable men, who can never be replaced, are more than half of them gone, and their places filled with boys and raw recruits; youths with sinews and joints scarcely set, with constitutions unformed, and who died off like rotten sheep before they had been many weeks in the Camp. "Of one draught of 150 which came out in January to the Scots Fusilier Guards (I think it was) all died; and many a regiment can tell the same sad tale of their recruits." However, it is to be hoped that this state of things has passed away never to return; and that the vigour and success of the coming campaign may compensate us in some sort for the disasters of that which is past.

Before we lay down the "Amateur's," well-written and interesting volume, we must make one more extract, relating an anecdote of the Scots Fusiliers, which deserves to be remembered:—

Some anecdotes I heard (the author writes) of the constancy of the troops displayed a spirit that would have done credit to the noblest or Rome's noble sons. It appears that at the battle of the Alma, where the 23rd Fusiliers were almost annihilated, the order was given out, "Fusiliers retire!" this order being heard by the Scots Fusiliers, who had always been drilled as Fusiliers, and knew no other regiment of that name, they thought applied to them, and they had retreated a few paces before they discovered their mistake. At Inkerman, an officer, perceiving his men exposed needlessly to fire, and falling in numbers, called out to them to retire behind a low wall that offered some kind of shelter; but on this occasion, although the object was so evident, the men refused point blank, saying, "No, Sir, we retreated at Alma, and found it was a mistake; we will never retreat again." And there these gallant spirits fought till all, or nearly all, were compelled to make that last long retreat from which they could never be rallied!

Mr. Oliphant, the author of the able volume on "The Russian Shores of the Black Sea," has just published a pamphlet on "The Coming Campaign," which will doubtless, and deservedly so, attract attention. Having read this production with some care, we say at once that we do not participate with the author in the views which he propounds; and we will proceed briefly to state the reasons for our disagreement with him. To put Mr. Oliphant's scheme into a nutshell it amounts to this—that the Crimea was not the best point for our first attack and occupation; that the Transcaucasian provinces in Asia were the field in which we ought to have commenced the war; Redoubt Kaleh and Poti being the places of landing, and the base of operations. The writer says:—

It will hardly be questioned that, had we originally landed in the Transcaucasian provinces, a much smaller army than that which has for seven months been cooped up in a corner of the Crimea would have sufficed to drive the Russians beyond those mountain ranges which form the natural boundary of the empire in this direction.

The Crimean expedition, however, having been already actually under-

taken, the writer speculates upon the difficulties attendant upon the occupation of that territory, supposing we should succeed in taking it, and upon the expediency of a partial withdrawal of our troops at the first favourable opportunity, for the purpose of commencing the proposed Asiatic campaign:—

The Isthmus of Perekop (he says), at its narrowest point, is about five miles broad, unapproachable by sea; by no means well supplied with fresh water; unhealthy in its climate, and exposed to the full force of those keen northerly blasts from which our army has already, in a more sheltered situation, suffered so severely. The burning sun of summer, the malaria of autumn, the snows of winter, and the stench exhaled from the Putrid Sea, would render the camp at Perekop a most disagreeable place of abode at all times; while a glance at the map will suffice to show that upon the long narrow Isthmus of Arabat troops would be exposed to still greater inconveniences. The forces at these two points, however, must necessarily be enormous, as upon them would be concentrated the whole strength of the Russian army, enjoying a free and uninterrupted communication with the interior. While, therefore, it may not follow, from a consideration of these circumstances, that a campaign in the Crimea, and the ultimate occupation of that province, is impossible, it is not to be denied that it is encompassed with grave difficulties; and at this particular stage of the war it may not be ill-timed to suggest, whether the fall of Sebastopol might not be advantageously followed by a partial withdrawal of our forces from that district, which is the strongest point upon the whole Russian frontier, preparatory to a descent upon those outlying provinces, which have been universally regarded as its greatest weakness.

The reader need hardly be reminded that, since the above passage was written (about a fortnight ago), glorious successes have attended our arms, giving us the complete command of the Sea of Azoff, and of the whole eastern frontier of the Crimea; thus completely cutting off the Russian army from the source whence it has chiefly derived its supplies, and, at the same time, obviating the difficulties suggested in the way of our occupation. To proceed. Mr. Oliphant says:—

The Crimea might be temporarily occupied, but to hope permanently to annex to Turkey this distant peninsula which is now an integral portion of the Russian empire, would be as absurd as to imagine that it could be organised into an independent kingdom. But none of these objections exists in the case of the provinces beyond the Caucasus.

We apprehend that Mr. Oliphant's suggestions result from an erroneous impression as to the real scope and objects of the war, as far as they have been hitherto developed or propounded. It is not the object or intention of the Allies to permanently occupy the Crimea, much less would they be disposed to a permanent occupation of "the provinces beyond the Caucasus," engaged in an endless guerilla warfare, in company with the brave Schamyl and his mountain hordes. Neither is it their intention to "annex" that distant peninsula to the dominions of the Porte, which has already a greater extent of territory than it can well govern. The sole object now in view with the Allies is to destroy the supremacy of Russia in the Black Sea; and this will be effectually done by the destruction of Sebastopol, and the Russian fleet within its harbours and docks. This end would not even be approached or aided by a campaign in the Transcaucasian provinces; whilst, Sebastopol destroyed, and the Black Sea free from the terror of Russian armaments, apprehensions of further aggression in the Asiatic provinces of Turkey on the part of Russia, would be at an end. Sebastopol is the key to the occupation of the Black Sea, and the base of all contemplated Russian conquest; beside this, the Caucasus is a field of secondary and comparatively small importance. We wonder that when Mr. Oliphant stated that Sebastopol was "the strongest point upon the whole Russian frontier"—whilst the Transcaucasian provinces were "its greatest weakness"—he did not foresee the inevitable deduction to be drawn from this admission.

Mr. Oliphant urges his views not only in the interest of the Ottoman integrity, but of our own Eastern empire; and revives the oft-repeated threat of a Russian invasion of Hindostan. But, after referring to the fact that Lord Metcalfe and many of the best-informed and most cautious observers of Eastern policy have said much to explode that apprehension—showing its utter impracticability, under any condition of affairs which may reasonably be supposed to occur—we need only observe that, as soon as the sting is taken out of Russia at Sebastopol, her powers for aggressive wrong in the East are gone.

A little volume, entitled "The Crimea; its Towns, Inhabitants, and Social Customs," by a Lady, resident near the Alma, although not properly speaking a war publication—making, indeed, no mention of the war, its causes, its policy, or its incidents—is entitled to notice under this head, inasmuch as it refers, and in a very useful and interesting manner too, to the grand seat of present operations. The authoress has resided during a period of nine years in different parts of the Crimea; and has travelled repeatedly over almost the whole of the peninsula; her store of information, therefore, is full and mature, not meagre and hastily collected. She is observant, has an eye to the picturesque, and to character; her style is lively, but unaffected; and those who wish for a genuine picture of the Crimea—its towns, its roads, its seasons, its natural resources, its historical associations, and the character and customs of its inhabitants, all combined within an extremely moderate compass—could not do better than procure this little volume.

The Russian Garrison in Sebastopol.—It is said that one of the privates of the 48th Regiment has given some very valuable information respecting the terrain of Sebastopol, and has corrected a serious misconception under which our engineers were labouring respecting the course of a creek in front of the left attack. The man had been for some years in Russia, and as a stone-mason he laboured at the works of Sebastopol, and knows every street in it. He pointed out the position of the terminus of the waterworks, and of the engines working it; and it is now stated that there are no less than 100 guns all hid from view, defending these works, and making the Russian, so that, had we assaulted and carried that formidable work, we should have met a fire on which none of our officers had calculated. The uncertain reports we receive respecting the strength of the garrison are most perplexing. But how can it be otherwise? Is Ivan Iwanowitch or Stanislas Petrowsky likely to be better informed respecting the strength of the force to which he belongs than John Smith, No. 2,003 of the 88th, or Daniel O'Connor, No. 609 of the 41st Welsh, are with regard to our army? And what do they know? It is ten to one if they could tell you the names of their Generals; and many men, strange as it may seem, can scarcely pronounce the name of the captains of companies. There is a strong conviction that the large camp on the north side of Sebastopol, which has been recently augmented, has very much of a dummy about it, as very few men can be detected in it. On the other hand, it is said that it is a sanitarium we are looking at; if so, there must be many sick and wounded outside Sebastopol. But why should the Russians place their hospital tents in sight of us, and put them in a hollow instead of placing them on the hill above? If I were permitted to state my own opinion, I would say that the principal body of the Russian army, under Osten-Sacken, is encamped and huddled among the forests between the Belbek and the heights to the westward of Mackenzie Khutor. Their signal-posts and telegraphs would enable them to communicate either with Simferopol or Sebastopol in a few minutes, and from these points they could pour down with comparative ease, down to defend the north side, resist any attempt at ours to get round by Inkerman, or cut their entrenched camps and lines over the Tcheruaya by Tchorgoum. As to the army of Baidar, it is no more to be regarded, according to all accounts, than last year's snows. It has melted away; and we hear that it has been absorbed altogether, but no one knows how or where. It is not unlikely that, finding that we were not disposed to make an attempt to force the passes on our right and rear, the corps was withdrawn to Simferopol, or to the forts near Kertch.—Letter from the Camp, May 21.

#### PORTERS OF THE PARISIAN MARKETS.

THE "FORTS" DE LA HALLE, AND THE "DAMES" DE LA HALLE. In the twelfth century the Governor of the Lavaretto of St. Lazare had the privilege of holding upon the high road from Paris to St. Denis, a grand fair, which lasted a week or ten days. Philippe Auguste bought them a monopoly in the year 1183, and transferred the fair to the Champ-de-Mars, or Champ-de-Mars, in Paris—an open space between the Rue St. Denis and the Palais Royal. On the recommendation of one of his balliffs, the King erected two covered halls or market-places, which were surrounded by a wall, and which in course of time became united to those of the city of

Paris. Louis IX., who devoted himself to the extension of commerce and industry, made three proclamations relative to the sale of the fresh and salt fish brought to the Halles, by which no one was allowed to sell those articles of food without first paying a fee, and obtaining the express permission of the Government.

Near the Champeaux stood the Cemetery of the Innocents, along the walls of which, Philippe the Hardy, son of Louis IX., stationed a number of "poor and miserable persons" to sell shoes and leathers. Later a vaulted gallery was erected, called the *Charniers*, or Charnel-houses. The pavements of tombstones, ornamented with epitaphs, were lined with linendrapers' and other shops, and offices of public scribes. Beneath that sombre roof the gay world came and went, "dancing over graves."

Originally this cemetery stood in the outskirts of Paris; but, in the course of a few years it formed the centre of one of the most populous quarters. It was soon found that fumes exhaled from this den of corruption, and that the health of the living was imperilled by so close a fellowship with the dead. Numerous and loud complaints at length awakened those in authority to a sense of the danger that was incurred; and in 1786 it was decided that the cemetery should be cleared out and converted into a public market for the sale of fruit and flowers. During several months the streets leading to it were thronged with carts conveying bones and loam towards the outskirts on the southern side.

At the corner of the Rue St. Denis stood a fountain, built in 1551, by the celebrated architect Pierre Lesnot, and decorated with excellent pieces of sculpture, by Jean Goujon—one of the most illustrious victims of the massacre of St. Bartholemew. In order to preserve so noble a memorial of early French art, the principal stones were employed for the decoration of the fountain which now forms the centre of the market-place. Around it stand the places where the provisions are sold, and which were formerly marked only by large umbrellas fastened in the ground. In 1813 the city of Paris caused wooden galleries to be constructed, of which vestiges still remain. In a short time these again will be replaced by Halles, regularly built and covered over, of which the Emperor Napoleon III. has laid the foundation-stone. "These picturesque stalls," says a French writer—"these primitive tents of umbrellas, will soon disappear, like the baseless fabric of a vision," leaving in their place a fine stone colonnade. What a transformation for the time-honoured Charnier des Innocents!

A similar and not less necessary revolution is being brought about in the manners of the inhabitants of this quarter. An old author, referring to the Halles, says:—"They are thronged with rogues, who make it a practice to rob the passers-by, and cheat their customers. But, perhaps, the worst are those who take to singing lewd songs and to selling fruit. To a poor person these harpies (generally old women) are fair dealing enough; but to the luckless young gentleman who stops to purchase an orange or an apple, they behave most shamefully. Either he must pay ten times as much as the article is worth, or depart amidst sickening imprecations and slang, that brings the blush to the cheek." Berthand in his "Ville de Paris," affords a tolerably good idea of the baneful eloquence of the women of the Halles. Vade, whom flatterers have surnamed the "Tenters of poetry," was particularly fond of hearing this jargon, which by the way, he knew how to talk too, when he liked. The sedate Dumarsais himself, after a sitting of the Academy, is said to have repaired to the Halles to let his jaded intellect run loose among the wild uncouth spirits of those haunts. It is to be hoped, however, that the purifying of their abodes will tend to the purification of their minds also, and that the time will come when the Halles will even be a respectable and a fashionable resort.

Already the greater part of the low taverns and places of vulgar haunt have fallen beneath the hands of the workmen. "Paul Niquet" is no more; and if the rascals and ballad-singers regret the downfall of that establishment, so famous for its *vile vin bleu*, the people of the Halles begin to appreciate the comfort and propriety of the new restaurants, and to accustom themselves to the manners of the bourgeoisie. It must not, however, be supposed that the dealers in fish, butter, fruits, and vegetables, are inferior in rank or in fortune to the bourgeoisie. Let any one who possesses so erroneous an idea cast a glance at those buxom fishwomen snugly ensconced in their stalls, their arms akimbo, and complacently awaiting the coming on of night. To see them in the exercise of their duties, few would imagine that among these women are fine dames who eclipse by the magnificence of their toilet and the lustre of their diamonds, the pretensions even of a duchesse.

This wealth, so laboriously acquired, is often squandered away in the most foolish manner by *parvenus*. Having been brought up in the faith that the sole object of life is the making of money, they find no pleasure when they retire from business, save in showing the world how much they have hoarded. But, although misers and prodigals are both abundant in the Halles, there are persons to be met with in that quarter who would be an honour to any society, and who not only acknowledge, but practise, the divine precept of charity to the poor and the afflicted. "Mauvaise tête et bon cœur" might be the motto of this singular population.

A glance at the history of France will show us that the Halles, under the ancient régime, furnished soldiers for all the insurrections, and that the women even have given the signal of resistance against the spendthrift Kings who exhausted the national Exchequer. During the fourteenth century Paris was the theatre of several revolts, excited by the exactions of Jean, surnamed the Good, and of Charles VI. The Halles lent a firm support to the provost, Etienne Marcel, when that illustrious citizen attempted to obtain for his country a constitutional government. In 1731 it was the Halles that provided the first *maillots*. Great excesses were committed at that time, which were punished in the most cruel manner. The inhabitants of Paris were despoiled of their municipal institutions; while immense numbers of bourgeois perished beneath the axe. The wives of those who were still in prison are said to have rushed in disordered groups—their hair about their backs, and the muddy tears trickling down their cheeks—to beseech the King to have mercy on their families. Among these wretched suppliants were many market-women from the Charnier des Innocents.

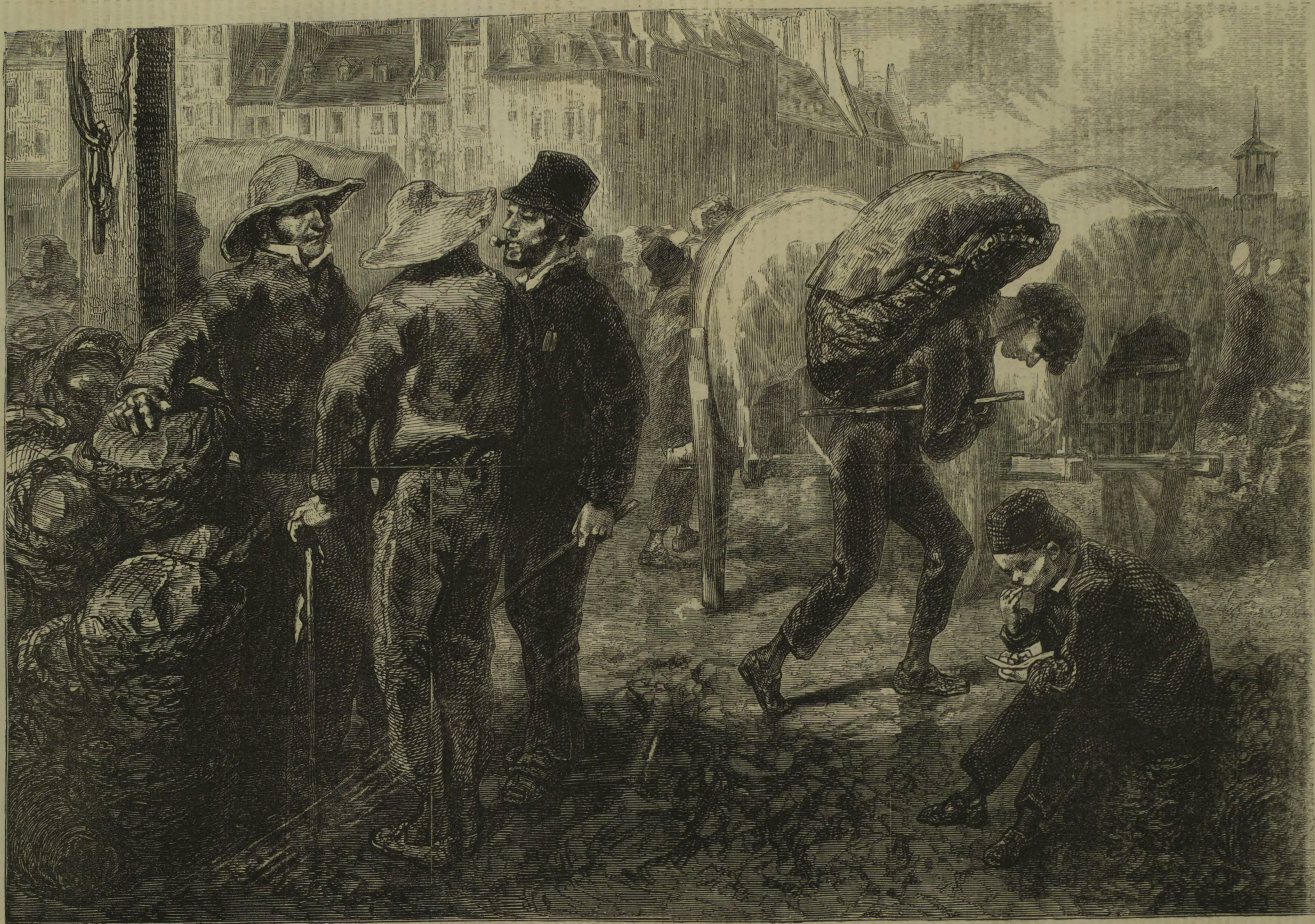
The Halles, always ready for insurrection, took an active part in the struggle between the Armagnacs and the Bourguignons, at the time when the butcher Caboch rode over Paris. In the sixteenth century, when the religious wars broke out, the Halles declared in favour of Catholicism, and openly supported the Guise party against the Royalists. From the year 1588 to the entry of Henri IV. into Paris, they continued faithful to the Sixteen, and supported—with a courage worthy of a better cause—the hardships of a siege which reduced the capital of France to the lowest extremity. During the administration of Richelieu, when the Spaniards were advancing towards the centre of France, the inhabitants of the Halles, together with the lackeys and workmen of the town, put themselves in readiness to defend the frontiers. Other occasions were not wanting for the exercise of their energies. They did not remain neutral during the struggles between Mazarin and his enemies. They were, if not the first, certainly not the last, to exclaim "Vive Broussel! the friend of France! the father of the people!" In 1648, when the mother of Louis XIV. was compelled to capitulate with the insurgents, the streets in the Quartier des Innocents were seen to glisten with spears and flags. The Duke of Beaufort, the unworthy successor of the popularity of the Duke of Guise, was surnamed the King of the Halles. With the exception of a few small disturbances, Paris was tranquil after the defeat of the Fronde, and the Halles do not again figure in history till the time of the first Revolution. The women of the Halles, in particular, were distinguished by the ardour and enthusiasm with which they embraced the popular cause. On the 3th of October, 1789, they assembled at the Faubourg St. Antoine, and marched in order to the Hôtel de Ville, amidst the sound of fifes and drums, crying, with voices that rose clear above the din, "Du pain! du pain!" They forced open the gates of the Commune, seized whatever weapons lay within reach, sounded the tocsin, and, armed with "clubs, broomsticks, muskets, and knives," put themselves in readiness to do battle to the body-guard. Maillart was obliged to put himself at their head, and conduct them to Versailles—a movement which led to the return of Louis XVI. into Paris. Marat, the "Friend of the People," became in a short time the favourite hero of the dames of the Halles. They crowned him with laurel-leaves; they carried him about in triumph after he had been acquitted by the Revolutionary Tribunal; they mourned for him after his death as the Martyr of Liberty. Constant frequenters of the Jacobin assemblies, they were called the "Tricolours" of Kobespierre. The revolution which put an end to the Reign of Terror only tended to exasperate their political fanaticism; and, on the 1st of April, 1793, they were among the mob who penetrated, notwithstanding the soldiery, into the midst of the Convention, crying, "Give us peace, and the Constitution of 1793!" The Jacobin party was definitively vanquished. The Directory succeeded the Convention, and the Consulate the Directory. When Napoleon made himself master of Paris the Halles were not behind-hand in yielding him their votes. From that time they have invariably supported the uppermost cause. Their enthusiasm for Napoleon I. did not prevent them from manifesting joy on the occasion of the Restoration; nor have they been lukewarm in their adherence to the present Emperor.





PARIS.—"DAMES DE LA HALLE"—DRAWN BY GAVARNI.—(SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)





"FORTS DE LA HALLE," PARIS.—DRAWN BY GAVARNI.—(SEE PAGE 587.)



## ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM.

THE disasters of war, a noble army wasted by overwork, disease, and the want of the common necessities of life while within reach of our abundance of men and wealth—the national honour tarnished, and the national greatness diminished—ridicule abroad, and indignation at home, have apparently made the people forget the mal-administration of peace. It can, however, only be necessary to remind them of such matters as the public sewerage, as railway legislation, as our complicated and unequal system of taxation, to at once convince them that mal-administration of public affairs is our normal condition. War has only brought the mismanagement to a climax, and it can no longer be tolerated. Private affairs are well managed. Commerce is successful, manufactures flourish, enterprise is ever renewed with vigour, knowledge is continually extended, and labour increases in skill; but the administration of public affairs satisfies nobody. Even those who administer them find many faults, and before the war began, had proposed a great reform in the civil service. Long ago the Marquis of Lansdowne admitted that every business undertaken by the Government was mismanaged. Sir Robert Peel described the torpid hand of Government as unable to impart life to the things it touched. Mr. Macaulay, too, summed up an elaborate contrast between the exertions of our Government—which is in advance of other Governments—and the exertions of the people, and he emphatically and eloquently declared "that the barbarism of society belongs to the Government, and the civilisation to the people." The evil now complained of, and which it is now proposed to remedy, is not superficial and temporary but deep seated and long existing.

The contrast, be it remembered, which makes the nation dissatisfied and indignant is with the successful management of private affairs at home, not with the successful management of public affairs abroad. From the complaints continually made in the United States, we have reason to believe that public affairs are not better managed there than here. Referring to our ally and our enemy—and there are no other States in Europe in which the management of public affairs is not obviously worse than our own—it is notorious that a fine detachment of the French army perished in the Dobruška from mismanagement, and equally notorious, that in general public affairs are in greater disorder in France than in England. Every traveller in Russia, since Dr. Clarke, is utterly unworthy of trust, if public affairs there be not one mass of corruption. Great as are our losses, and sorrowful our disasters, the sufferings and losses of the Russians from the time they entered the Principalities estimated at 250,000 men are ten times greater than ours. Even in peace, as we know from our own experience and from the testimony of others, public affairs are nowhere well and skilfully managed; and when nations go to war, in which General Napier says, "error is the rule, not the exception;" when they try to foil and defeat each other, their habitual mismanagement becomes, as we have lately experienced, terribly disastrous. Disorders so general must have a general cause; and, though found in details, must be traced up to principles. Not troubling ourselves further, however, with foreign nations—to which this brief reference is made merely as an illustration and as a warning against seeking improvement by following the system established in them—let us try, step by step, to trace our own faults to their source.

Our Commissariat has been deservedly blamed. What is the explanation of its deficiency? It was numerous enough for its duties, or, if not, the persons in society capable of performing them are so plentiful, that the want of proper persons cannot be alleged. But the Commissariat were really ignorant and negligent. Their duties for a long time were trivial and matters of routine. Their pay was regular and assured to them, and they had no interest in performing their duties well. Merit was not the path to promotion in the Commissariat, but parliamentary or official influence. The bulk of the commissaries were, in consequence, ignorant and supine; and, when a necessity arose for exertions dictated by knowledge, the Commissariat was found to be ruinously inefficient.

What is true of the Commissariat is equally true of every other branch of the public service. In no one is merit the invariable passport to success. In every branch, each public servant, unless he commit some flagrant offence, receives his salary regularly, and it is secured to him for life. In most offices, too, some kind of promotion goes on till it ends in a pension or superannuation allowance. In private life affairs are managed on a totally different principle. Merit there ensures success. The industrious, the intelligent, the zealous, the skilful—be they merchants, manufacturers, artists, or authors—as the rule, are sure to get on, and the reward of every man mainly depends on his own exertions. He receives what in his station and condition he honestly earns and neither more nor less. We do not mean to say there is no dishonesty in private life, that there is no fraud nor chicanery nor oppression amongst dealers and masters—but these cases are the exceptions. The business of society is, in the main, carried on honestly—and each man obtains what he deserves. The public servant is paid, whether he earns his salary or not. His reward depends very little, and often not at all on his own exertions; and hence he does not exert himself, and the public service is ill done. In private life, whatever some unobserving grumblers may say, merit and reward go together; every man's fate depends mainly on himself. In the public service reward and merit are habitually disassociated, and the consequence is the mal-administration now with so much justice complained of. This is not the fault of individuals; it is the inevitable result of the laws of human nature, and the false system on which public affairs have been managed for a considerable period.

We must not throw the blame on the hereditary principle: the Crown is hereditary; property is hereditary; but the monopoly of office and political power is a usurpation. It begins with the oligarchy, it is continued by Parliament, and is tolerated by the people. From the accession of William III.—followed, after the reign of Anne, by the house of Hanover—in consequence of the Sovereign having been a foreigner, and having had neither property nor influence in the country, of which, till George III., the Monarch did not understand the language, the Government has really been made a property of by a few families heading political parties. The members of Parliament were not chosen, the Ministers were not appointed, subsequent to the accession of William III., because they were men of great capacity—consummate public administrators, who could and ought to regulate all the departments of the State on some reasonable and homogeneous principle—but because they served the purposes and preserved the power of the oligarchy. To that the public service has been made entirely subservient. Now and then an individual like the first Pitt or Mr. Huskisson forced himself by his merit to the top of the tree; but such cases were always exceptions to the general rule. The oligarchy which got hold of the Government when the foreign King came to the throne, kept it as long and as exclusively as possible in their own hands. They monopolised the bulk of the seats in the House of Commons, and still possess a large portion of them. They or their creatures always filled all the highest offices of the State, and appropriated to themselves all its emoluments. They were not appointed to these high places because they were efficient public servants, or men of commanding talents; but they seized them and kept them by means of their Parliamentary power. Thus the administration of public affairs has been for upwards of a century and a half vitiated at its source, and, in spite of considerable improvement continually introduced in its details, has now become the national opprobrium.

It begins to be supposed and said that this is the inevitable consequence of Parliamentary government, and of permitting the people to participate largely in the public business. But this is a palpable error. Similar or worse management prevails in Spain and Naples. The management, also, was far worse among ourselves at the period of the American War, at the begin-

ning of the Revolutionary War, and all through the contest in the Peninsula, and the subsequent peace, before the Parliament was reformed and the liberties of the people were extended, than since. The Administration, in all its branches, is now purity, vigour, and perfection, compared to its condition under the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Bute, Lord North, or Lord Castlereagh. If the evil were an essential attribute of Parliamentary government or freedom, it would have increased in modern times; but unbearable as we find it, tested by our improved knowledge, it has very much diminished. In fact we are suffering from the neglect, ignorance, and corruption of our predecessors as much as from our own.

No persons have been more deservedly blamed, not even the Commissariat, than the Cabinet, which hastily dispatched an expedition without any adequate comprehension of the services it would have to perform, and the difficulties it would have to encounter. In their negotiations, as well as in carrying on the war, they have shown themselves inefficient. They, like all the subordinate officers of the Government, receive and hold their appointments from some other reason than their capacity, fitness, and merit. The first Secretary of State for War never evinced any talent for the post; but he had high rank and many connexions. The Ministers, therefore, receive and are assured of receiving large salaries without deserving them. They are, consequently, careless and negligent in performing their duties. They act, too, in carrying on the public service on the same principle on which they acquire office, and bestow all the subordinate situations on their friends and connexions. The whole public service is made private property. Ministers endeavour to serve themselves, to secure Parliamentary influence, and to enrich their friends—not to serve the public. Throughout the service, from top to bottom—from the Prime Minister to the humblest commissary—reward and merit are, as the rule, dissociated, and no man gets what he honestly earns. A great moral laxity is the consequence. The sense of duty and of responsibility, essential in public life, is weakened; exertions are always limited, by the bare necessity of the case, and very often fall short of that. To get as much as possible out of the public, and do for it as little as possible—to plunder it whenever it can be safely plundered—has become a general rule for every class in society. This is the necessary consequence of the corrupt principle on which Ministers are appointed—on which they appoint all their subordinates, and on which the whole administration of public affairs is framed. To speak plainly of the system, but making no personal allusion, it is palpably dishonest from beginning to end, and totally at variance with the system which ensures success to private undertakings, and makes the rewards of every man mainly depend on his own exertions.

From this explanation of the origin of the disorder, the theory of the remedy, however difficult may be the cure in practice, is obvious; but, not to crowd our columns with one subject, we shall postpone further remarks to another opportunity.

## THE POSTAGE ON NEWSPAPERS AND BOOKS.

(From the *Gazette* of Tuesday, June 5.)

## TREASURY WARRANT.

Whereas, by an Act passed in the fourth year of the reign of her present Majesty, entitled "An Act for the Regulation of the Duties of Postage," certain scales of weight and rates of postage were fixed and made chargeable and payable upon, for, or in respect of, letters, newspapers, Parliamentary proceedings, and printed papers, transmitted and forwarded by the post, and various regulations were made for facilitating the transmission of such letters and papers by the post; and by the same Act powers were given to the Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury, from time to time, by warrant under their hands, to alter and fix any of the rates of postage therein mentioned;

And whereas further powers were given to the Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury by an Act passed in the eleventh year of the reign of her present Majesty, entitled "An Act for giving further facilities for the Transmission of Letters by Post, and for the Regulating the Duties of Postage thereon, and for other purposes relating to the Post-office;"

And whereas by a certain warrant of the Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury, dated the 23rd day of January, 1855, it was ordered and directed that packets consisting of books, publications, or works of literature or art, might be transmitted by the post within the United Kingdom, subject to the several rates of postage and regulations therein contained;

And whereas it is expedient that the said warrant should be repealed, and that such other rates of postage should be charged, and such other regulations made, with respect to certain packets sent by the post as are hereinafter contained;

1. Now we, the Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury, in exercise of the powers vested in us in and by the said before-mentioned Acts, or either of them, and of all other powers enabling us in this behalf, do by this warrant (under the hands of two of us, the said Commissioners, by the authority of the Statute in that case made and provided) order and direct that the said warrant, dated the 23rd day of January, 1855, and the several rates of postage and the several orders, directions, and regulations therein mentioned and set forth relating to the transmission by the post of packets consisting of books, publications, or works of literature and art within the United Kingdom shall cease and determine, and shall be, and the same are, hereby repealed and revoked. Nevertheless, no Treasury warrant repealed by the said warrant of the 23rd day of January, 1855, shall be revived by this warrant.

2. And we do further order and direct, that all packets consisting of books, publications, or works of literature or art, posted in the United Kingdom, may be transmitted by the post within the United Kingdom, subject to the several rates and regulations hereinafter contained; that is to say—

On every such packet, if not exceeding 4 oz. in weight, there shall be charged and taken one uniform rate of postage of 1d.

And on every such packet, if exceeding 4 oz., and not exceeding 8 oz. in weight, there shall be charged and taken one uniform rate of postage of 2d.

And on every such packet, if exceeding 8 oz., and not exceeding 1 lb. in weight, there shall be charged and taken one uniform rate of postage of 4d.

And on every such packet, if exceeding 1 lb. and not exceeding 1 lb. and one-half of another pound in weight, there shall be charged and taken one uniform rate of postage of 6d.

And on every such packet, if exceeding 1 lb. and one-half of another pound, and not exceeding 2 lb. in weight, there shall be charged and taken one uniform rate of postage of 8d.

And for every additional  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. in weight of any such packet above the weight of 2 lb., there shall be charged and taken an additional rate of postage of 2d.

And every fractional part of every such additional  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. in weight shall be charged as  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. in weight.

3. And we do further order and direct that no such packet which in length or width or depth shall exceed the dimensions of two feet shall be forwarded by the post under the provisions aforesaid.

4. And we do further order and direct that the postage of all such packets as aforesaid shall in every case be paid at the time of the same being posted, not in money, but by being duly stamped with the proper postage stamp or stamps affixed thereto, which stamp or stamps shall in every case be affixed or appear on the outside of every such packet, near the address or direction, and shall be of the value or amount of the postage duty payable thereon under or by virtue of this warrant, unless any such packet be sent from any department or office in or connected with the public service of her Majesty which shall keep a postage account with the General Post-office in London, in which case the same shall be forwarded post-paid, and the postage thereof shall be charged in such postage account.

5. And we further order and direct, that for the purposes of this warrant the terms "books, publications, or works of literature or art," shall mean, comprise, and include all books (whether printed, written, or plain), publications or compilations (whether in print or in manuscript), almanacks, prints, maps (whether on paper or canvas or cloth, and whether printed or written), and any description of paper, parchment, or vellum (whether printed, written upon, or plain, or any mixture of the three), together with any binding, mounting, or covering of or upon or belonging to any book or publication or work, or any cases or rollers of prints or maps, book-markers (whether of paper or otherwise), pencils, pens, or other articles usually appertaining to any such book, publication, or work, paper, parchment, or vellum, or necessary for its safe transmission, except where any such packet shall be transmitted by the post upon or in respect of which a less rate of postage than a minimum rate of 4d. shall be paid, and in all cases where any such packet shall be transmitted by the post upon or in respect of which a less rate of postage than a minimum rate of 4d. shall be paid, every such packet shall consist of and comprise all such before-mentioned books, publications, or compilations, almanacks, prints, maps, paper, parchment, or vellum, only as shall be printed or contain printed matter only (whether bound or unbound), and shall not comprise, extend to, or include any packet consisting or containing any writing (except the address), nor any cases or rollers of prints or maps or book-markers, pencils, pens, or other articles.

6. And we do further order and direct, that every such packet shall be sent open at the ends or sides, and either without a cover or in a cover or envelope open at the ends or sides, and that there shall be no letter, either closed or open, nor any communication in the nature of a letter, nor any enclosure, sealed or otherwise closed against inspection, nor any other enclosure not authorised by this warrant, sent in or with any such packet, nor shall there be any letter or communication in the nature of a letter written or printed in or upon any such packet, or on the cover or envelope thereof, nor (unless a minimum rate of postage of 4d. shall be paid upon or in respect of such packet) any writing whatever written in or upon any such packet, or upon the cover or envelope thereof, except the address.

7. And, in order to prevent any obstacles to the due and regular transmission of letters by the post, we do further order and direct that it shall be lawful for any officer of the Post-office to delay the transmission of any packet posted or forwarded by the post under the provisions of this warrant for the space of twenty-four hours after the time at which the same ought to be dispatched in due course of the post, or (at his option) until the dispatch of the mail next after that by which the same ought, in due course of the post, to be forwarded by him.

8. And we do further order and direct that the transmission of the packets aforesaid under this present warrant shall be restricted to such as shall be sent by the post between places within the United Kingdom, and by the post of any post town in the United Kingdom, and that nothing herein contained shall be construed to extend to interfere with or in anywise to affect any privileges beyond those granted by this warrant which may relate to the transmission by the post of printed votes and proceedings of Parliament, or of newspapers or other periodical publications, which are allowed to pass by the post between places within the United Kingdom under the newspaper privilege, nor shall this present warrant be construed to extend to any packet sent by the post between the United Kingdom and places beyond the seas.

9. And we do further order and direct that if any packet, or the cover or envelope of any packet, sent or tendered, or delivered in order to be sent by the post, under the provisions of this present warrant shall not be open at the ends or sides, or shall in length or width or depth exceed the dimensions of two feet, or if there shall be any letter or any communication in the nature of a letter, written or printed in or upon any such packet, or on the cover or envelope thereof, every such packet shall and may be detained and opened, and at the option of the Postmaster-General shall be either returned or given up to the sender thereof, or be given up to the person to whom it shall be addressed, or be forwarded to the place of its destination; and every such packet, on being so returned, given up, or forwarded, shall be chargeable with a postage of double the amount of postage to which it would have been liable as a letter if the postage had been paid by stamps when posted, and such double postage may be either paid by the sender or be charged to the person to whom such packet shall be forwarded.

10. And we do further order and direct that, if any packet sent, or tendered or delivered in order to be sent, by the post, under the provisions of this warrant, shall contain any writing whatever (such writing not being a letter, or any communication in the nature of a letter), either enclosed in or written upon any such packet, or upon the cover or envelope thereof (except the address), and a rate of postage less than a minimum rate of 4d. shall have been paid upon or in respect of such packet, every such packet shall be forwarded charged with the amount of the difference between the postage paid thereon and the postage to which such packet would be liable as a book-packet under this warrant, together with a further and additional rate of 4d.

11. And we do further order and direct that, if any packet sent, or tendered or delivered in order to be sent, by the post, under the provisions of this warrant, shall contain any letter, or any communication in the nature of a letter, whether closed or open, or any enclosure sealed or otherwise closed against inspection, or any other enclosure not authorised by this warrant, every such letter or communication, or enclosure, may be taken out by any officer of the Post-office, and forwarded to the address on the packet, charged not only with the full rates of postage as an unpaid letter, but also with a further and additional rate of 4d., and the remainder of the packet, if duly prepaid with stamps, may be forwarded to the place of its address without any extra charge.

12. And we do further order and direct, that if any packet sent, or tendered or delivered in order to be sent, by the post, under the provisions of this warrant (any such packet sent from any department or office in or connected with the public service of her Majesty which shall keep a postage account with the General Post-office in London, and the postage thereof being charged in such account, only excepted), shall be posted, having thereon, or affixed thereto a stamp or stamps, the value of which shall be less in amount than the rate of postage to which such packet would be liable under and by virtue of the several regulations, orders, directions, and conditions hereinafter contained, but equal in amount to 1d. at the least, every such last-mentioned packet shall be forwarded, charged with the amount of the difference between the value of such stamp or stamps so being thereon, or affixed thereto, and the postage to which such packet would be liable as aforesaid, together with a further and additional rate of 4d.; and if any such packet shall be posted without having thereon or affixed thereto any postage-stamp, every such last-mentioned packet shall and may be detained and opened at any place in the United Kingdom, and, at the option of the Postmaster-General, shall be dealt with and chargeable in like manner as is hereinafter directed with respect to any packet not open at the ends or sides, or exceeding in length, or width, or depth, the dimensions of two feet.

13. And we do hereby further order and direct, that in every case in which the postage chargeable on any packet, under the provisions of this warrant, shall exceed the rates of postage to which any such packet would be liable as a letter, no higher amount than the letter rates shall be charged thereon.

14. And we do hereby further order and direct that the several packets transmitted by the post under the provisions of this warrant shall be subject to the several orders, directions, regulations, and rates of postage respectively contained in a certain warrant of the Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury bearing date the 19th day of February, 1855, relating to re-directed rates of postage upon letters and packets which shall be re-directed and again forwarded by the post.

15. And we do further order and direct that the terms and expressions used in this warrant shall be construed to have the like meaning in all respects as they would have had if inserted in the said Act passed in the fourth year of the reign of her present Majesty.

16. And we do further order and direct that this warrant shall come into operation on the 11th day of June inst.

17. And we do further order and direct that it shall be lawful for the Commissioners for the time being of her Majesty's Treasury, by warrant duly made at any time hereafter, to alter or repeal any of the rates hereby fixed or altered, or the regulations hereby made, and to make and establish any new or other rates or regulations in lieu thereof, and from time to time to appoint at what time the rates that may be payable are to be paid.

MONCK.

Treasury-chambers, June 4, 1855.

G. CORNEWALL LEWIS.

**THE PRINCIPALITIES.**—A letter from Constantinople, of the 24th May, in the *Sémaphore* of Marseilles, says:—"The situation of Wallachia excites some anxiety here. In the evening of the 22nd the Ministers held a meeting on the subject; and M. Benedetti, Chargé d'Affaires of France, and other diplomatists, attended it. It is alleged that the Austrians expect from the Principalities all persons whom they distrust, without regard to their nationality. It is said that some French subjects have received orders to leave. Complaints are said to have been addressed on the subject to the French Embassy and to the Porte; and it is this circumstance which is stated to have caused the presence of M. Benedetti at the last Ministerial Council. The English, on their part, are said to have made very strong complaints against Prince Sirby; so that this affair threatens to occasion new complications. The Government is continuing to occupy itself with a good deal of activity in obtaining recruits and horses in all the provinces of the empire."

**MEDICAL PRACTICE IN THE EAST.**—A very remarkable case, in which I was personally interested, has just come under my notice. My friend came here from the Camp, pale, emaciated, and in a state of complete exhaustion. I scarcely knew him; his breathing laborious, a dull pain on the right side, and his general aspect such as might lead a common observer to suspect the incipient stage of a consumption. I induced him to recur, without a moment's delay, to the advice of a civilian and experienced member of the Byzantine faculty. This was done; and, after examining the symptoms, the doctor declared at once, with the sinister solemnity of his art, that the case was rather serious, but hoped that, under proper treatment and strict regimen, he should be enabled in about three weeks to restore my friend to perfect health. The case, he further remarked, was one of intermittent fever, which had already assumed an almost continued form, and was complicated besides with an enlargement of the liver—all resulting, in his opinion, from general mismanagement, the immoderate use of quinine, strong cathartics, as well as wine, stimulants, and animal food, which, in the general run of acute disorders, are never employed in these latitudes. My friend was got promptly into bed on Sunday evening, the 13th instant, and, having called in on the following Friday, to my inexpressible surprise, I found him in that short interval "himself again," right on his legs and restored apparently to life and vigour. The following is the course of treatment to which he had been subject. Notwithstanding the extreme degree of prostration whereof my friend complained, leeches were thrice abundantly supplied across the hepatic region, which was subsequently rubbed in with mercurial ointment. The pain was thus promptly subdued, and the fever likewise began to subside, and finally yielded, although of long standing, to light doses of quinine, which, however, dating from the last attack, was continued for several days in gradually diminishing proportions. No wine, brandy, nor stimulant of any description, was employed in this case to combat extreme debility, nor was one morsel of animal food tasted; and the whole bill of fare consisted in a water decoction of rice and arrowroot, for which was substituted about the fifth day weak chicken broth, which was the sole sustenance allowed until my friend got finally out of bed and was triumphantly "launched into life." On that day I saw him, to my great delight, up and in high spirits, and meditating an attack upon a potent dish of doctor's broth, with a stout red mullet in the rear.—*Letter from Constantinople.*



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